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MISCELLANIES.

By Dr. SWIFT.

THE

ELEVENTH VOLUME.

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POETRY.

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DIREC-

DIRECTIONS TO SERVANTS In GENERAL;

And in particular to the

BUTLER,	PORTER,
COOK,	DAIRY-MAID,
FOOTMAN,	CHAMBER-MAID,
COACHMAN,	NURSE,
GROOM,	LAUNDRESS,
HOUSE-STEWARD,	HOUSE-KEEPER,
and	TUTORESS, or
LAND-STEWARD,	GOVERNESS.

By the Rev. Dr. SWIFT, D. S. P. D.

I have a Thing in the Preſs, begun above Twenty-eight Years ago, and almoſt finiſhed: It will make a Four Shilling Volume; and is ſuch a PERFECTION OF FOLLY, *that you ſhall never hear of it, till it is printed, and then you ſhall be left to gueſs. Nay, I have* ANOTHER OF THE SAME AGE, *which will require a long Time to perfect, and is worſe than the former, in which I will ſerve you the ſame Way.* Letters to and from Dr. *Swift*, &c. Lett. LXI. alluding to POLITE CONVERSATION and DIRECTIONS TO SERVANTS.

MAID-SERVANT'S DIRECTIONS TO PORTABLE COOKERY.

Of Roasting	Of Boiling
Of Baking	Of Frying
Of Broiling	Of Soups
Of Stewing	Of Gravies
Of Hashing	Of Sauces
Of Potting	Of Pickling
Of Collaring	Of Preserving
Of Pastry	Of Confectionary
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Of ROASTING.

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Of ROASTING MUTTON.

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Of CUSTARDS POULTRY.

Of CUSTARDS GAME.

Of DIRECTIONS FOR MARKETING.

RULES
THAT CONCERN
All SERVANTS in general.

WHEN your Master or Lady calls a Servant by Name, if that Servant be not in the Way, none of you are to answer, for then there will be no end of your Drudgery: And Masters themselves allow, that, if a Servant comes when he is called, it is sufficient.

WHEN you have done a Fault, be always pert and insolent, and behave yourself as if you were the injured Person; this will immediately put your Master or Lady off their Mettle.

IF you see your Master wronged by any of your Fellow-Servants, be sure to conceal it, for fear of being called a Tell-tale: How-

ever there is one Exception, in case of a favourite Servant, who is justly hated by the whole Family; who therefore are bound in Prudence to lay all the Faults you can upon the Favourite.

THE Cook, the Butler, the Groom, the Market-man, and every other Servant who is concerned in the Expences of the Family, should act as if his Master's whole Estate ought to be applied to that Servant's particular Business. For instance, if the Cook computes his Master's Estate to be a Thousand Pounds a Year, he reasonably concludes that a Thousand Pounds a Year will afford Meat enough, and therefore he need not be sparing; the Butler makes the same Judgment, so may the Groom, and the Coachman, and thus every Branch of Expence will be filled to your Master's Honour.

WHEN you are chid before Company, (which with Submission to our Masters and Ladies, is an unmannerly Practice) it often happens that some Stranger will have the Good-nature to drop a Word in your Excuse; in such a Case, you will have a good Title to justify yourself, and may rightly conclude, that, whenever he chides you afterwards on other Occasions, he may be in the wrong; in which Opinion you will be the better confirmed by stating the Case to your Fellow-servants in your own Way, who

who will certainly decide in your Favour. Therefore, as I have said before, whenever you are chidden, complain as if you were injured.

It often happens, that Servants sent on Messages are apt to stay out somewhat longer than the Message requires, perhaps, two, four, six, or eight Hours, or some such Trifle, for the Temptation to be sure was great, and Flesh and Blood cannot always resist? When you return, the Master storms, the Lady scolds; stripping, cudgelling, and turning off, is the Word. But here you ought to be provided with a Set of Excuses, enough to serve on all occasions. For instance, your Uncle came Fourscore Miles to Town this Morning, on purpose to see you, and goes back by Break of Day To-morrow. A Brother-servant, that borrowed Money of you when he was put of Place, was running away to *Ireland*. You were taking Leave of an old Fellow-Servant, who was shipping for *Barbadoes*. Your Father sent a Cow to you to sell, and you could not get a Chapman till Nine at Night. You were taking Leave of a dear Cousin, who is to be hanged next *Saturday*. You wrencht your Foot against a Stone, and were forced to stay three Hours in a Shop, before you could stir a Step. Some Nastiness was thrown on you out of a Garret-Window, and you were ashamed to

come Home before you were cleaned, and the Smell went off: You were preſſed for the Sea-ſervice, and carried before a Juſtice of Peace, who kept you three Hours before he examined you, and you got off with much a-do: A Bailiff by miſtake ſeized you for a Debtor, and kept you the whole Evening in a Spunging-houſe: You were told your Maſter had gone to a Tavern, and came to ſome Miſchance, and your Grief was ſo great that you enquired for his Honour in a hundred Taverns between *Pall-mall* and *Temple-bar*.

TAKE all Tradeſmens Parts againſt your Maſter, and when you are ſent to buy any Thing, never offer to cheapen it, but generouſly pay the full Demand. This is highly to your Maſter's Honour; and may be ſome Shillings in your Pocket; and you are to conſider, if your Maſter hath paid too much, he can better afford the Loſs than a poor Tradeſman.

NEVER ſubmit to ſtir a Finger in any Buſineſs but that for which you were particularly hired. For Example, if the Groom be drunk, or abſent, and the Butler be ordered to ſhut the Stable Door, the Anſwer is ready, An pleaſe your Honour, I don't underſtand Horſes: If a Cornice of the Hanging wants a ſingle Nail to faſten it, and the Footman be directed to tack it up, he may

say, he doth not understand that sort of Work, but his Honour may send for the Upholsterer.

MASTERS and Ladies are usually quarrelling with the Servants for not shutting the Doors after them: But neither Masters nor Ladies consider, that those Doors must be open before they can be shut, and that the Labour is double to open and shut the Doors; therefore the best, and shortest, and easiest Way is to do neither. But, if you are so often teized to shut the Door, that you cannot easily forget it, then give the Door such a Clap as you go out, as will shake the whole Room, and make every Thing rattle in it, to put your Master and Lady in Mind that you observe their Directions.

If you find yourself to grow into Favour with your Master or Lady, take some Opportunity, in a very mild Way, to give them Warning, and when they ask the Reason, and seem loth to part with you, answer that you would rather live with them, than any body else, but a poor Servant is not to be blamed if he strives to better himself; that Service is no Inheritance, that your Work is great, and your Wages very small. Upon which, if your Master hath any Generosity, he will add Five or Ten Shillings a Quarter, rather than let you go. But,

if you are baulked, and have no Mind to go off, get some Fellow-servant to tell your Master, that he had prevailed upon you to stay.

WHATEVER good Bits you can pilfer in the Day, save them to junket with your Fellow-servants at Night, and take in the Butler, provided he will give you Drink.

WRITE your own Name, and your Sweet-heart's, with the Smoak of a Candle, on the Roof of the Kitchen, or the Servants Hall, to shew your Learning.

IF you are a young sightly Fellow, whenever you whisper your Mistress at the Table, run your Nose full in her Cheek; or if your Breath be good, breathe full in her Face; this I have known to have had very good Consequences in some Families.

NEVER come till you have been called three or four Times; for none but Dogs will come at the first Whistle: And when the Master calls [*Who's there?*] no Servant is bound to come; for [*Who's there*] is nobody's Name.

WHEN you have broken all your Earthen Drinking Vessels below Stairs (which is usually done in a Week) the Copper Pot will do as well; it can boil Milk, heat Porridge, hold Small-Beer, or, in Case of Necessity, serve for a Jordan; therefore apply it indifferently to all these Uses; but never

wash or scour it, for fear of taking off the Tin.

ALTHOUGH you are allowed Knives for the Servants Hall, at Meals, yet you ought to spare them, and make use only of your Master's.

LET it be a constant Rule, that no Chair, Stool, or Table, in the Servants Hall, or the Kitchen, shall have above three Legs, which hath been the ancient, and constant Practice in all the Families I ever knew, and is said to be founded upon two Reasons; first, to shew that Servants are ever in a tottering Condition; secondly, it was thought a Point of Humility that the Servants Chairs and Tables should have at least one Leg fewer than those of their Masters. I grant there hath been an Exception to this Rule, with regard to the Cook, who by old Custom was allowed an easy Chair to sleep in after Dinner; and yet I have seldom seen them with above three Legs. Now this epidemical Lameness of Servants Chairs is by Philosophers imputed to two Causes, which are observed to make the greatest Revolutions in States and Empires, I mean Love and War. A Stool, a Chair, or a Table is the first Weapon taken up in a general Romping or Skirmish; and after a Peace, the Chairs, if they be not very strong, are apt to suffer in the Conduct of an Amour, the Cook being usually

usually fat and heavy, and the Butler a little in Drink.

I COULD never endure to see Maid Servants so ungenteel as to walk the Streets with their Petticoats pinned up; it is a foolish Excuse to alledge, their Petticoats will be dirty, when they have so easy a Remedy as to walk three or four Times down a clean Pair of Stairs after they come home.

WHEN you stop to tattle with some crony Servant in the same Street, leave your own Street-Door open, that you may get in without knocking, when you come back; otherwise your Mistress may know you are gone out, and you must be chidden.

I DO most earnestly exhort you all to Unanimity and Concord. But mistake me not: You may quarrel with each other as much as you please, only bear in Mind, that you have a common Enemy, which is your Master and Lady, and you have a common Cause to defend. Believe an old Practitioner; whoever, out of Malice to a Fellow-Servant, carries a Tale to his Master, shall be ruined, by a general Confederacy against him.

THE general Place of Rendezvous for all the Servants, both in Winter and Summer, is the Kitchen; there the grand Affairs of the Family ought to be consulted; whether they concern the Stable, the Dairy, the Pantry, the

the Laundry, the Cellar, the Nursery, the Dining-room, or my Lady's Chamber: There, as in your own proper Element, you can laugh, and squall, and romp, in full Security.

WHEN any Servant comes home drunk, and cannot appear, you must all join in telling your Master, that he is gone to Bed very sick; upon which your Lady will be so good-natured, as to order some comfortable Thing for the poor Man, or Maid.

WHEN your Master and Lady go abroad together, to Dinner, or on a Visit for the Evening, you need leave only one Servant in the House, unless you have a Black-guard boy to answer at the Door, and attend the Children, if there be any. Who is to stay at home is to be determined by short and long Cuts, and the Stayer at home may be comforted by a Visit from a Sweet-heart, without Danger of being caught together. These Opportunities must never be miss'd, because they come but sometimes; and you have always safe enough while there is a Servant in the House.

WHEN your Master or Lady comes home, and wants a Servant who happens to be abroad, your Answer must be, that he had but just that Minute stept out, being sent for by a Cousin who was dying.

IF your Maſter calls you by Name, and you happen to anſwer at the fourth Call, you need not hurry yourſelf; and if you be chidden for ſtaying, you may lawfully ſay, you came no ſooner, becauſe you did not know what you were called for.

WHEN you are chidden for a Fault, as you go out of the Room, and down Stairs, mutter loud enough to be plainly heard; this will make him believe you are innocent.

WHOEVER comes to viſit your Maſter or Lady when they are abroad, never burthen your Memory with the Perſon's Name, for indeed you have too many other Things to remember. Beſides, it is a Porter's Buſineſs, and your Maſter's Fault, he does not keep one; and who can remember Names? and you will certainly miſtake them; and you can neither write nor read.

IF it be poſſible, never tell a Lye to your Maſter or Lady, unleſs you have ſome Hopes that they cannot find it out in leſs than half an Hour. When a Servant is turned off, all his Faults muſt be told, altho' moſt of them were never known by his Maſter or Lady; and all Miſchiefs done by others, charge to him. [Inſtance them.] And when they aſk any of you, why you never acquainted them before? the Anſwer is, Sir, or Madam, really I was afraid it would make

make you angry; and beſides, perhaps you might think it was Malice in me. Where there are little Maſters and Miſſes in a Houſe, they are uſually great Impediments to the Diverſions of the Servants; the only Remedy is to bribe them with Goody Goodyes, that they may not tell Tales to Papa and Mamma.

I ADVISE you of the Servants, whoſe Maſter lives in the Country, and who expect Valet, always to ſtand Rank and File when a Stranger is taking his Leave; ſo that he muſt of Neceſſity paſs between you, and he muſt have more Confidence, or leſs Money, than uſual, if any of you let him eſcape; and, according as he behaves himſelf, remember to treat him the next Time he comes.

IF you are ſent with ready Money to buy any Thing at a Shop, and happen at that Time to be out of Pocket, ſink the Money, and take up the Goods on your Maſter's Account. This is for the Honour of your Maſter and yourſelf; for he becomes a Man of Credit at your Recommendation.

WHEN your Lady ſends for you up to her Chamber, to give you any Orders, be ſure to ſtand at the Door, and keep it open, fiddling with the Lock all the while ſhe is talking to you, and keep the Button in

in your Hand, for fear you should forget to shut the Door after you.

If your Master or Lady happen once in their Lives to accuse you wrongfully, you are a happy Servant, for you have nothing more to do, than, for every Fault you commit while you are in their Service, to put them in mind of that false Accusation, and protest yourself equally innocent in the present Case.

When you have a Mind to leave your Master, and are too bashful to break the Matter for fear of offending him, the best Way is to grow rude and fancy of a sudden, and beyond your usual Behaviour, till he finds it necessary to turn you off, and when you are gone, to revenge yourself, give him and his Lady such a Character to all your Brother-Servants, who are out of place, that none will venture to offer their Service.

Some nice Ladies, who are afraid of catching Cold, having observed that the Maids and Fellows below Stairs often forget to shut the Door after them, as they come in, or go out into the back Yards, have contrived that a Pulley and a Rope, with a large Piece of Lead at the End, should be so fixt, as to make the Door shut of itself, and require a strong Hand to open it, which is an immense Toil to Servants, whose Business may force them to go in and out fifty Times in a Morn-

a Morning: But Ingenuity can do much, for prudent Servants have found out an effectual Remedy againſt this inſupportable Grievance, by tying up the Pully in ſuch a Manner, that the weight of the Lead ſhall have no Effect; however, as to my own Part, I would rather chuſe to keep the Door always open, by laying a heavy Stone at the Bottom of it.

THE Servants Candleſticks are generally broken, for Nothing can laſt for ever. But you may find out many Expedients: You may conveniently ſtick your Candle in a Bottle, or with a Lump of Butter againſt the Wainſcot, in a Powder-horn, or in an old Shoe, or in a cleft Stick, or in the Barrel of a Piſtol, or upon its own Greaſe on a Table, in a Coffee-Cup, or a Drinking-Glaſs, a Horn Can, a Tea Pot, a twiſted Napkin, a Muſtard Pot, an Inkhorn, a Marrowbone, a Piece of Dough, or you may cut a Hole in the Loaf, and ſtick it there.

WHEN you invite the neighbouring Servants to junket with you at home in an Evening, teach them a peculiar Way of tapping or ſcraping at the Kitchen Window, which you may hear, but not your Maſter or Lady, whom you muſt take Care not to diſturb or frighten at ſuch unſeaſonable Hours.

LAY

LAY all Faults upon a Lap-Dog, or favourite Cat, a Monkey, a Parrot, a Child; or on the Servant who was last turned off. By this Rule you will excuse yourself, do no Hurt to any body else, and save your Master or Lady from the Trouble and Vexation of chiding.

WHEN you want proper Instruments for any Work you are about, use all Expedients you can invent, rather than leave your Work undone. For Instance, if the Poker be out of the Way, or broken, stir the Fire with the Tongs; if the Tongs be not at Hand, use the Muzzle of the Bellows, the wrong End of the Fire-shovel, the Handle of the Fire Brush, the End of a Mop, or your Master's Cane. If you want Paper to singe a Fowl, tear the first Book you see about the House. Wipe your Shoes, for Want of a Clout, with the Bottom of a Curtain, or a Damask Napkin. Strip your Livery Lace for Garters. If the Butler wants a Jordan, he may use the great Silver Cup.

THERE are several Ways of putting out Candles, and you ought to be instructed in them all. You may run the Candle End against the Wainscot, which puts the Snuff out immediately. You may lay it on the Ground, and tread the Snuff out with your Foot: You may hold it upside down, until

it

it is choak'd with its own Grease; or cram it into the Socket of the Candlestick. You may whirle it round in your Hand till it goes out. When you go to Bed, after you have made Water, you may dip the Candle End into the Chamber Pot: You may spit on your Finger and Thumb, and pinch the Snuff till it goes out. The Cook may run the Candle's Nose into the Meal-Tub, or the Groom into a Vessel of Oats, or a Lock of Hay, or a Heap of Litter. The House-maid may put out her Candle by running it against a Looking-Glass, which nothing cleans so well as Candle-Snuff. But the quickest and best of all Methods, is to blow it out with your Breath, which leaves the Candle clear, and ready to be lighted.

THERE is Nothing so pernicious in a Family as a Tell-tale, against whom it must be the principal Business of you all to unite: Whatever Office he serves in, take all Opportunities to spoil the Business he is about, and to cross him in every Thing. For Instance, if the Butler be the Tell-tale, break his Glasses [illegible] leave the Pantry-Door open; or [illegible] the Cat or the Mastiff in it, who will do as well: Mislay a Fork or a Spoon so as he may never find it. If it be the Cook, whenever she turns her Back, throw a Lump of Soot, or a Handful of Salt in the Pot, or smoaking Coals into the

Dripping-Pan, or daub the roaſt Meat with the Back of the Chimney, or hide the Key for the Jack. If a Footman be ſuſpected, let the Cook daub the Back of his new Livery; or when he is going up with a Diſh of Soup, let her follow him ſoftly with a Ladle-full, and dribble it all the Way up Stairs to the Dining-room; and then let the Houſe-maid make ſuch a Noiſe, that her Lady may hear it. The Waiting-Maid is very likely to be guilty of this Fault, in hopes to ingratiate herſelf. In this Caſe, the Laundreſs muſt be ſure to tear her Smocks in the waſhing, and yet waſh them but half; and, when ſhe complains, tell all the Houſe that ſhe ſweats ſo much, and her Fleſh is ſo naſty, that ſhe fouls a Smock more in one Hour, than the Kitchen-maid doth in a Week.

DIRECTIONS
TO
SERVANTS.

CHAP. I.

Directions to the BUTLER.

IN my Directions to Servants, I find from my long Observation, that you Butlers are the principal Persons concerned.

YOUR Business being of the greatest Variety, and requiring the greatest Exactness, I shall, as well as I can recollect, run thro' the several Branches of your Office, and order my Instructions accordingly.

IN waiting at the Side-board, take all possible Care to save your own Trouble, and

your Master's Drinking-Glasses: Therefore, first, since those who dine at the same Table are supposed to be Friends, let them all drink out of the same Glass, without washing, which will save you much Pains, as well as the Hazard of breaking them; give no Person any Liquor until he hath called for it thrice at least; by which Means, some out of Modesty, and others out of Forgetfulness, will call the seldomer, and thus your Master's Liquor be saved.

If any one desires a Glass of Bottled Ale, first shake the Bottle, to see whether any thing be in it; then taste it, to see what Liquor it is, that you may not be mistaken; and lastly, wipe the Mouth of the Bottle with the Palm of your Hand, to shew your Cleanliness.

Be more careful to have the Cork in the Belly of the Bottle than in the Mouth; and, if the Cork be musty, or White Fryers in your Liquor, your Master will save the more.

If an humble Companion, a Chaplain, a Tutor, or a dependent Cousin happen to be at Table, whom you find to be little regarded by the Master and the Company, which nobody is readier to discover and observe than we Servants, it must be the Business of you and the Footman, to follow the Example of your Betters, by treating him many

many Degrees worſe than any of the reſt, and you cannot pleaſe your Maſter better, or at leaſt your Lady.

If any one calls for Small-beer towards the End of Dinner, do not give yourſelf the Pains of going down to the Cellar, but gather the Droppings and Leavings, out of the ſeveral Cups and Glaſſes and Salvers, into one; but turn your Back to the Company, for fear of being obſerved. On the contrary, when any one calls for Ale towards the End of Dinner, fill the largeſt Tankard-cup top-full, by which you will have the greateſt Part left to oblige your Fellow-Servants, without the Sin of ſtealing from your Maſter.

THERE is likewiſe a Perquiſite full as honeſt, by which you have a Chance of getting every Day the beſt Part of a Bottle of Wine for yourſelf; for, you are to ſuppoſe, that Gentlefolks will not care for the Remainder of a Bottle; therefore, always ſet a freſh one before them after Dinner, although there hath not been above a Glaſs drank of the other.

TAKE ſpecial Care that your Bottles be not muſty before you fill them; in order to which blow ſtrongly into the Mouth of every Bottle, and then, if you ſmell nothing but your own Breath, immediately fill it.

IF you are ſent down in Haſte to draw any Drink, and find it will not run, do not be at the Trouble of opening a Vent, but blow ſtoutly into the Faſſet, and you will find it immediately pour into your Mouth; or take out the Vent, but do not ſtay to put it in again, for fear your Maſter ſhould want you.

IF you are curious to taſte ſome of your Maſter's choice Bottles, empty as many of them juſt below the Neck as will make the Quantity you want; but then take Care to fill them up again with clean Water, that you may not leſſen your Maſter's Liquor.

THERE is an excellent Invention found out of late Years in the Management of Ale and Small-beer at the Side-board: For Inſtance, a Gentleman calls for a Glaſs of Ale and drinks but half; another calls for Small-beer: you immediately turn out the Remainder of the Ale into the Tankard, and fill the Glaſs with Small-beer, and ſo backwards and forwards, as long as Dinner laſts, by which you anſwer three great Ends: Firſt, you ſave yourſelf the Trouble of waſhing, and conſequently the Danger of breaking your Glaſſes: Secondly, you are ſure not to be miſtaken in giving Gentlemen the Liquor they call for: And laſtly, by this Method you are certain that Nothing is loſt.

BECAUSE Butlers are apt to forget to bring up their Ale and Beer Time enough, be sure you remember to have up yours two Hours before Dinner, and place them in the Sunny Part of the Room, to let People see that you have not been negligent.

SOME Butlers have a Way of decanting (as they call it) bottled Ale, by which they lose a good Part of the Bottom: Let your Method be to turn the Bottle directly upside down, which will make the Liquor appear double the Quantity; by this means, you will be sure not to lose one Drop, and the Froth will conceal the Muddiness.

CLEAN your Plate, wipe your Knives, and rub the dirty Tables, with the Napkins and Table-cloths used that Day; for, it is but one washing, and besides it will save you wearing out the coarse Rubbers; and in Reward of such good Husbandry, my Judgment is, that you may lawfully make use of the finest Damask Napkins for Night-caps for yourself.

WHEN you clean your Plate, leave the Whiting plainly to be seen in all the Chinks, for fear your Lady should not believe you had cleaned it.

THERE is nothing wherein the Skill of a Butler more appears, than in the Management of Candles, whereof although some Part may fall to the Share of the other Ser-

vants, yet your being the principal Person concerned, I shall direct my Instructions upon this Article to you only, leaving it to your Fellow-servants to apply them upon Occasion.

FIRST, to avoid burning Day-light, and to save your Master's Candles, never bring them up till Half an Hour after 'tis be dark, although they are called for never so often.

LET your Sockets be full of Grease to the Brim, with the old Snuff at the Top, and then stick on your fresh Candles. It is true, this may endanger their falling, but the Candles will appear so much the longer and handsomer before Company. At other Times, for Variety, put your Candles loose in the Sockets, to shew they are clean to the Bottom.

WHEN your Candle is too big for the Socket, melt it to a right Size in the Fire; and to hide the Smoke, wrap it in Paper half way up.

YOU cannot but observe of late Years the great Extravagancy among the Gentry upon the Article of Candles, which a good Butler ought by all means to discourage, both to save his own Pains and his Master's Money: This may be contrived several Ways: As when you are ordered to put Candles into the Sconces.

SCONCES

SCONCES are great Waſters of Candles, and you, who are always to conſider the Advantage of your Maſter, ſhould do your utmoſt to diſcourage them: Therefore, your Buſineſs muſt be to preſs the Candle with both your Hands into the Socket, ſo as to make it lean in ſuch a manner, that the Greaſe may drop all upon the Floor, if ſome Lady's Head-dreſs or Gentleman's Perriwig be not ready to intercept it: You may likewiſe ſtick the Candle ſo looſe, that it will fall upon the Glaſs of the Sconce, and break it into Shatters; this will ſave your Maſter many a fair Penny in the Year, both in Candles, and to the Glaſs-man, and yourſelf much Labour; for the Sconces ſpoiled cannot be uſed.

NEVER let the Candles burn too low, but give them, as a lawful Perquiſite, to your Friend the Cook, to increaſe her Kitchen-ſtuff; or, if this be not allowed in your Houſe, give them in Charity to the poor Neighbours, who often run on your Errands.

WHEN you cut Bread for a Toaſt, do not ſtand idly watching it, but lay it on the Coals, and mind your other Buſineſs, then come back, and if you find it toaſted quite through, ſcrape off the burnt Side, and ſerve it up.

WHEN you dreſs up your Side-board, ſet the beſt Glaſſes as near the Edge of the Table

ble as you can; by which means they will caſt a double Luſtre, and make a much finer Figure; and the Conſequence can be at moſt, but the breaking half a dozen, which is a Trifle in your Maſter's Pocket.

WASH the Glaſſes with your own Water, to ſave your Maſter's Salt.

WHEN any Salt is ſpilt on the Table, do not let it be loſt, but when Dinner is done, fold up the Table-cloth with the Salt in it, then ſhake the Salt out into the Salt-cellar to ſerve next Day: But the ſhorteſt and ſureſt Way is, when you remove the Cloth, to wrap the Knives, Forks, Spoons, Salt-cellars, broken Bread, and Scraps of Meat all together in the Table-cloth, by which you will be ſure to loſe nothing, unleſs you think it better to ſhake them out of the Window amongſt the Beggars, that they may with more Conveniency eat the Scraps.

LEAVE the Dregs of Wine, Ale, and other Liquors in the Bottles: To rinſe them is but Loſs of Time, ſince all will be done at once in a general Waſhing; and you will have a better Excuſe for breaking them.

IF your Maſter hath many muſty, or very foul, and crufted Bottles, I adviſe you, in point of Conſcience, that thoſe may be the firſt you truck at the next Ale-houſe for Ale or Brandy.

WHEN

WHEN a Meſſage is ſent to your Maſter, be kind to your Brother-ſervant who brings it; give him the beſt Liquor in your keeping, for your Maſter's Honour; and at the firſt Opportunity he will do the ſame to you.

AFTER Supper, if it be dark, carry your Plate and China together in the ſame Baſket, to ſave Candle-light, for you know your Pantry well enough to put them up in the Dark.

WHEN Company is expected at Dinner, or in the Evenings, be ſure to be abroad, that nothing may be got which is under your Key, by which your Maſter will ſave his Liquor, and not wear out his Plate.

I COME now to a moſt important Part of your Economy, the bottling of a Hogſhead of Wine, wherein I recommend three Virtues, Cleanlineſs, Frugality, and brotherly Love. Let your Corks be of the longeſt Kind you can get; which will ſave ſome Wine in the Neck of every Bottle: As to your Bottles, chuſe the ſmalleſt you can find, which will increaſe the Number of Dozens, and pleaſe your Maſter; for a Bottle of Wine is always a Bottle of Wine, whether it hold more or leſs; and if your Maſter hath his proper Number of Dozens, he cannot complain.

EVERY

EVERY Bottle muſt be firſt rinced with Wine, for fear of any Moiſture left in the Waſhing: Some, out of miſtaken Thrift, will rince a Dozen Bottles with the ſame Wine; but I would adviſe you, for more Caution, to change the Wine at every ſecond Bottle; a Gill may be enough. Have Bottles ready by to ſave it; and it will be a good Perquiſite either to ſell or drink with the Cook.

NEVER draw your Hogſhead too low; nor tilt it for fear of diſturbing your Liquor. When it begins to run flow, and before the Wine grows cloudy, ſhake the Hogſhead, and carry a Glaſs of it to your Maſter, who will praiſe you for your Diſcretion, and give you all the reſt as a Perquiſite of your Place. You may tilt the Hogſhead the next Day, and in a Fortnight get a Dozen or two of good clear Wine, to diſpoſe of as you pleaſe.

IN Bottling Wine, fill your Mouth full of Corks, together with a large Plug of Tobacco, which will give to the Wine the true Taſte of the Weed, ſo delightful to all good Judges in drinking.

WHEN you are ordered to decant a ſuſpicious Bottle, if a Pint be out, give your Hand a dextrous Shake, and ſhew it in a Glaſs, that it begins to be muddy.

WHEN a Hogſhead of Wine or any other Liquor is to be bottled off, waſh your Bottles imme-

immediately before the begin; but be sure not to drain them, by which good Management your Master will save some Gallons in every Hogshead.

THIS is the Time that, in Honour to your Master, you ought to shew your Kindness to your Fellow-servants, and especially to the Cook: for what signifies a few Flagons out of a whole Hogshead? But make them drink in your Presence, for fear they should be given to other Folks, and so your Master be wronged: But advise them, if they get drunk, to go to Bed, and leave Word they are sick; which last Caution I would have all the Servants observe, both Male and Female.

IF your Master finds the Hogshead to fall short of his Expectation, what is plainer, than that the Vessel leaked? That the Wine-Cooper had not filled it in proper Time: That the Merchant cheated him with a Hogshead below the common Measure?

WHEN you are to get Water on for Tea after Dinner (which in many Families is Part of your Office) to save Firing, and to make more Haste, pour it into the Tea-pot, from the Pot where Cabbage or Fish have been boiling, which will make it much wholesomer, by curing the

the acid and corroding Quality of the Tea.

Be saving of your Candles, and let those in the Sconces of the Hall, the Stairs, and in the Lanthorn, burn down into the Sockets, until they go out of themselves, for which your Master and Lady will commend your Thriftiness, as soon as they shall smell the Snuff.

If a Gentleman leaves a Snuff-box or Pick-tooth-case on the Table after Dinner, and goeth away, look upon it as Part of your Vails; for so it is allowed by all Servants, and you do no Wrong to your Master or Lady.

If you serve a Country 'Squire, when Gentlemen and Ladies come to dine at your House, never fail to make their Servants drunk, and especially the Coachman, for the Honour of your Master: to which, in all your Actions, you must have a special Regard, as being the best Judges. For the Honour of every Family is deposited in the Hands of the Cook, the Butler, and the Groom, as I shall hereafter demonstrate.

Snuff the Candles at Supper as they stand on the Table, which is much the securest Way; because, if the burning Snuff happens to get out of the Snuffers, you have a Chance that it may fall into a Dish of Soup,

Sack-posset, Rice-milk, or the like, where it will be immediately extinguished with very little Stink.

When you have snuffed the Candle, always leave the Snuffers open, for the Snuff will of itself burn away to Ashes, and cannot fall out and dirty the Table, when you snuff the Candles again.

Take care the Salt may lie smooth in the Salt-cellar, press it down with your moist Palm.

When a Gentleman is going away after dining with your Master, be sure to stand full in View, and follow him to the Door, and as you have Opportunity look full in his Face, perhaps it may bring you a Shilling; but, if the Gentleman hath lain there a Night, get the Cook, the House-maid, the Stable-men, the Scullion, and the Gardiner, to accompany you, and to stand in his Way to the Hall in a Line on each Side of him: If the Gentleman performs handsomly, it will do him Honour, and suit your Master nothing.

You need not wipe your Knife to cut Bread for the Table, because, in cutting a Slice or two, it will wipe itself.

Put your Finger into every Bottle, to feel whether it be full, which is the surest Way, for feeling hath no fellow.

WHEN you go down to the Cellar to draw Ale or Small-beer, take care to observe directly the following Method: Hold the Veſſel between the Finger and Thumb of your Right Hand, with the Palm upwards, then hold the Candle between your Fingers, but a little leaning towards the Mouth of the Veſſel, then take the Spiggot with your Left Hand, and [illegible] of it in your Mouth, and keep your [illegible] Hand to watch Accidents; when the Veſſel is full, withdraw the Spiggot from your Mouth, well wetted with Spittle, which, being of a ſlimy Conſiſtence, will make it ſtick faſter in the Foſſet. If any Tallow drops into the Veſſel, you may eaſily (if you think of it) remove it with a Spoon, or rather with your Finger.

ALWAYS lock up a Cat in the Cloſet where you keep your China Plates, for fear the Mice may ſteal in and break them.

A good Butler always breaks off the Point of his Bottle-ſcrew in two Days, by trying which is hardeſt, the Point of the Screw, or the Neck of the Bottle: In this Caſe, to ſupply the Want of a Screw, after the Stump hath torn the Cork in Pieces, make uſe of a Silver Fork, and when the Scraps of the Cork are almoſt drawn out, ſtirt the Mouth of the Bottle into the Ciſtern until you quite clear it.

If a Gentleman dines often with your Maſter, and gives you nothing when he goes away, you may uſe ſeveral Methods to ſhew him ſome Marks of your Diſpleaſure, and quicken his Memory: If he calls for Bread or Drink, you may pretend not to hear, or ſend it to another who called after him: If he aſks for Wine, let him ſtay a while, and then ſend him Small-beer; give him always foul Glaſſes; ſend him a Spoon when he wants a Knife; wink at the Footman to leave him without a Plate: By theſe, and the like Expedients you may probably be a better Man by Half a Crown before he leaves the Houſe, provided you watch an Opportunity of ſtanding by when he is going.

If your Lady loves Play, your Fortune is fixed for ever: Moderate Gaming will be a Perquiſite of ten Shillings a Week; and in ſuch a Family I would rather chuſe to be Butler than Chaplain, or even rather than the Steward: It is all ready Money, and got without Labour, unleſs your Lady happens to be one of thoſe, who either obligeth you to find Wax-Candles, or forceth you to divide it with ſome favourite Servants; but at worſt, the old Cards are your own; and, if the Gameſters play deep or grow peeviſh, they will change the Cards ſo often, that the old ones will be a conſiderable Advantage by ſelling to Coffee-Houſes, or Families who love

Play, but cannot afford better than Cards at second Hand: When you attend at the Service, be sure to leave new Packs within the Reach of the Gamesters, which those who have ill Luck will readily take to change their Fortune; and now and then an old Pack mingled with the rest will easily pass. Be sure to be very officious on Play Nights, and ready with your Candles to light out your Company, and have Salvers of Wine at Hand to give them when they call; but manage so with the Cook, that there be no Supper, because it will be so much saved in your Master's Family; and, because a Supper will considerably lessen your Gains.

NEXT to Cards there is nothing so profitable to you as Bottles, in which Perquisite you have no Competitors, except the Footmen, who are apt to steal and vend them for Pots of Beer. But you are bound to prevent any such Abuses in your Master's Family: The Footmen are not to answer for what are broken at a general Bottling; and those may be as many as your Discretion will make them.

THE Profit of Glasses is so very inconsiderable, that it is hardly worth mentioning: It consists only in a small Present made by the Glassman, and about four Shillings in the Pound added to the Prices for your Trouble and Skill in chusing them. If your Master

hath a large Stock of Glaſſes, and you or your Fellow-ſervants happen to break any of them without your Maſter's Knowledge, keep it a Secret till there are not enough left to ſerve the Table, then tell your Maſter that the Glaſſes are gone; this will be but one Vexation to him, which is much better than fretting once or twice a Week; and it is the Office of a good Servant to diſcompoſe his Maſter and his Lady as ſeldom as he can; and here the Cat and Dog will be of great Uſe to take the Blame from you. Note, That Bottles miſſing are ſuppoſed to be half ſtolen by Stragglers and other Servants, and the other half broken by Accident, and a general Waſhing.

WHET the Backs of your Knives until they are as ſharp as the Edge, which will have this Advantage, that, when Gentlemen find them blunt on one Side, they may try the other; and to ſhew you ſpare no Pains in ſharpening the Knives, whet them ſo long, till you wear out a good Part of the Iron, and even the Bottom of the Silver-Handle. This doth Credit to your Maſter, for it ſhews good Houſe-keeping, and the Goldſmith may one Day make you a preſent.

YOUR Lady, when ſhe finds the Small-beer or Ale dead, will blame you for not remembring to put the Peg into the Vent-hole. This is a great Miſtake, nothing being plainer, than

that the Peg keeps the Air in the Veſſel, which ſpoils the Drink, and therefore ought to be let out; but if ſhe inſiſts upon it, to prevent the Trouble of pulling out the Vent, and putting it in a Dozen Times a Day, which is not to be borne by a good Servant, leave the Spiggot half out at Night, and you will find, with only the Loſs of two or three Quarts of Liquor, the Veſſel will run freely.

WHEN you prepare your Candles, wrap them up in a Piece of brown Paper, and ſo ſtick them into the Socket: Let the Paper come half way up the Candle, which looks handſome, if any Body ſhould come in.

Do all in the Dark to ſave your Maſter's Candles.

CHAP. II.

Directions to the COOK.

ALTHO' I am not ignorant that it hath been a long Time ſince the Cuſtom began among People of Quality to keep Men Cooks, and generally of the *French* Nation; Yet becauſe my Treatiſe is chiefly calculated

for the general Run of Knights, 'Squires, and Gentlemen both in Town and Country, I shall therefore apply to you, Mrs. Cook, as a Woman: However, a great Part of what I intend may serve for either Sex; and your Part naturally follows the former, because the Butler and you are joined in Interest; your Vails are generally equal, and paid when others are disappointed: You can junket together at Nights upon your own Progue, when the rest of the House are a-bed; and have it in your power to make every Fellow-servant your Friend; you can give a good Bit or a good Sup to the little Masters and Misses, and gain their Affections: A Quarrel between you is very dangerous to you both, and will probably end in one of you being turned off; in which fatal Case, perhaps, it will not be so easy in some Time to cotton with another. And now, Mrs. Cook, I proceed to give you my Instructions, which I desire you will get some Fellow-servant in the Family to read to you constantly one Night in every Week when you are going to Bed, whether you serve in the Town or Country, for my Lessons shall be fitted for both.

If your Lady forgets at Supper that there is any cold Meat in the House, do not you be so officious as to put her in Mind; it is plain she did not want it; and if she recollects it the next Day, say she gave you no

Orders, and it is spent; therefore, for fear of telling a Lye, dispose of it with the Butler, or any other Crony, before you go to Bed.

NEVER send up a Leg of a Fowl at Supper, while there is a Cat or a Dog in the House, that can be accused for running away with it: But, if there happen to be neither, you must lay it upon the Rats, or a strange Greyhound.

'Tis ill Housewifry to foul your Kitchen Rubbers with wiping the Bottoms of the Dishes you send up, since the Table-cloth will do as well, and is changed every Meal.

NEVER clean your Spits after they have been used; for the Grease left upon them by Meat, is the best thing to preserve them from Rust; and when you make use of them again, the same Grease will keep the Inside of the Meat moist.

IF you live in a rich Family, roasting and boiling are below the Dignity of your Office, and which it becomes you to be ignorant of; therefore leave that Work wholly to the Kitchen Wench, for fear of disgracing the Family you live in.

IF you are employed in Marketing, buy your Meat as cheap as you can, but when you bring in your Accounts, be tender of your Master's Honour, and set down the

higheſt Rate; which beſides is but Juſtice, for nobody can afford to ſell at the ſame Rate that he buys, and I am confident that you may charge ſafely; ſwear that you gave no more than what the Butcher and Poulterer aſked. If your Lady orders you to ſet up a Piece of Meat for Supper, you are not to underſtand that you muſt ſet it up all, therefore you may give Half to yourſelf and the Butler.

Good Cooks cannot abide what they juſtly call fiddling Work, where Abundance of Time is ſpent and little done: Such, for Inſtance, is the dreſſing Small-birds, requiring a World of Cookery and Clutter, and a ſecond or third Spit, which by the Way, is abſolutely needleſs; for it will be a very ridiculous Thing indeed, if a Spit which is ſtrong enough to turn a Surloin of Beef, ſhould not be able to turn a Lark; however, if your Lady be nice, and is afraid that a large Spit will tear them, place them handſomely in the Dripping-pan, where the Fat of roaſted Mutton or Beef falling on the Birds, will ſerve to baſte them, and ſo ſave both Time and Butter; for what Cook of any Spirit, would loſe her Time in picking Larks, Wheat-ears, and other ſmall Birds? Therefore, if you cannot get Maids, or the young Miſſes to aſſiſt you, e'en make ſhort Work, and either ſinge or

ſlay them; there is no great Loſs in the Skins, and the Fleſh is juſt the ſame.

If you are employed in Market, do not accept a Treat of a Beef-Stake and a Pot of Ale from the Butcher, which I think in Conſcience is no better than wronging your Maſter; but do you always take that Perquiſite in Money, if you do not go in Truſt, or in Poundage, when you pay the Bills.

The Kitchen Bellows being uſually out of Order, with ſtirring the Fire with the Muzzle, to ſave the Tongs and Poker, borrow the Bellows out of your Lady's Bed-chamber, which being leaſt uſed, are commonly the beſt in the Houſe; and if you happen to damage or greaſe them, you have a Chance to have them left entirely for your own Uſe.

Let a Black-guard Boy be always about the Houſe, to ſend on your Errands, and go to Market for you on rainy Days, which will ſave your Cloaths, and make you appear more creditable to your Miſtreſs.

If your Miſtreſs allows you the Kitchen-ſtuff, in Return of her Generoſity, take Care to boil and roaſt your Meat ſufficiently. If ſhe keeps it for her own Profit, do her Juſtice, and rather than let a good Fire be wanting, enliven it now and then with the Dripping and the Butter that happens to turn to Oil.

SEND up your Meat well ſtuck with Scewers, to make it look round and plump; and an Iron Scewer rightly employed now and then, will make it look handſomer.

WHEN you roaſt a long Joint of Meat, be careful only about the Middle, and leave the two extreme Parts raw, which may ſerve another Time, and will alſo ſave Firing.

WHEN you ſcour your Plates and Diſhes, bend the Brim inward, ſo to make them hold the more.

ALWAYS keep a large Fire in the Kitchen, when there is a ſmall Dinner, or the Family dines abroad, that the Neighbours ſeeing the Smoak, may commend your Maſter's Houſe-keeping: But when much Company is invited, then be as ſparing as poſſible of your Coals, becauſe a great deal of the Meat being half raw will be ſaved, and ſerve next Day.

BOIL your Meat conſtantly in Pump Water, becauſe you muſt ſometimes want River or Pipe Water, and then your Miſtreſs obſerving your Meat of a different Colour, will chide you when you are not in Fault.

WHEN you have Plenty of Fowl in the Larder, leave the Door open, in pity to the poor Cat, if ſhe be a good Mouſer.

IF you find it neceſſary to market in a wet Day, take out your Miſtreſs's Riding-Hood and Cloak to ſave your Cloaths.

GET

GET three or four Chair-women to attend you constantly in the Kitchen, whom you pay at small Charges, only with the broken Meat, a few Coals, and all the Cinders.

TO keep troublesome Servants out of the Kitchen, always leave the Winder sticking on the Jack, to fall on their Heads.

IF a Lump of Soot falls into the Sopp, and you cannot conveniently get it out, stir it well, and it will give the Soup a high *French* Taste.

IF you melt your Butter to Oil, be under no Concern, but send it up, for Oil is a genteeler Sauce than Butter.

SCRAPE the Bottoms of your Pots and Kettles with a Silver Spoon, for fear of giving them a Taste of Copper.

WHEN you send up Butter for Sauce, be so thrifty as to let it be half Water; which is also much wholesomer.

IF your Butter, when it is melted, tastes of Brass, it is your Master's Fault, who will not allow you a Silver Sauce-pan; besides, the less of it will go further, and new Tinning is very chargeable. If you have a Silver Sauce-pan, and the Butter smells of Smoak, lay the Fault upon the Coals.

NEVER make use of a Spoon in any thing that you can do with your Hands, for fear of wearing out your Master's Plate.

WHEN

WHEN you find that you cannot get Dinner ready at the Time appointed, put the Clock back, and then it may be ready to a Minute.

LET a red-hot Coal now and then fall into the Dripping-Pan, that the Smoak of the Dripping may aſcend, and give the roaſt Meat a high Taſte.

YOU are to look upon your Kitchen as your Dreſſing-room; but, you are not to waſh your Hands till you have gone to the Neceſſary-Houſe, and ſpitted your Meat, truſſed your Fowl, pickt your Sallad, nor indeed till after you have ſent up your ſecond Courſe; for your Hands will be ten times fouler with the many Things you are forced to handle; but when your Work is over, one waſhing will ſerve for all.

THERE is but one Part of your Dreſſing that I would admit while the Victuals are boiling, roaſting, or ſtewing; I mean the combing your Head, which loſeth no Time, becauſe you can ſtand over your Cookery, and watch it with one Hand, while you are uſing your Comb in the other.

IF any of the Combings happen to be ſent up with the Victuals, you may ſafely lay the Fault upon any of the Footmen that hath vexed you: As thoſe Gentlemen are ſometimes apt to be malicious, if you refuſe them a Sop in the Pan, or a Slice

from

from the Spit, much more when you discharge a Ladle-full of hot Porridge on their Legs, or send them up to their Masters with a Dish-clout pinned at their Tails.

In roasting and boiling, order the Kitchen-maid to bring none but the large Coals, and save the small ones for the Fires above Stairs; the first are propereſt for dreſſing Meat, and when they lard out, if you happen to miscarry in any Diſh, you may lay the Fault upon Want of Coals: Beſides, the Cinder-Pickers will be ſure to ſpeak ill of your Maſter's Houſe-keeping, where they do not find Plenty of large Cinders mixt with freſh large Coals: Thus you may dreſs your Meat with Credit, do an Act of Charity, raiſe the Honour of your Maſter, and ſometimes get Share of a Pot of Ale for your Bounty to the Cinder-woman.

As ſoon as you have ſent up the ſecond Courſe, you have Nothing to do (in a great Family) until Supper: Therefore, ſcour your Hands and Face, put on your Hood and Scarfe, and take your Pleaſure among your Cronies, till Nine or Ten at Night. But dine firſt.

Let there be always a ſtrict Friendſhip between you and the Butler, for it is both your Intereſts to be united: The Butler often wants a comfortable Tit-bit, and you much oftner a cool Cup of good Liquor. However,

However, be cautious of him, for he is ſometimes an inconſtant Lover, becauſe he hath great Advantage to allure the Maids with a Glaſs of Sack, or White Wine and Sugar.

WHEN you roaſt a Breaſt of Veal, remember your Sweet-heart the Butler loves a Sweet-bread; therefore ſet it aſide till Evening: You can ſay, the Cat or the Dog has run away with it, or you found it tainted, or fly-blown; and beſides, it looks as well at the Table without it as with it.

WHEN you make the Company wait long for Dinner, and the Meat be over-done, which is generally the Caſe, you may lawfully lay the Fault upon your Lady, who hurried you ſo to ſend up Dinner, that you was forced to ſend it up too much boiled and roaſted.

IF your Dinner miſcarries in almoſt every Diſh, how could you help it? You were teized by the Footmen coming into the Kitchen; and, to prove it true, take Occaſion to be angry, and throw a Ladle-full of Broth on one or two of their Liveries; beſides, *Friday* and *Childermas-day* are two croſs Days in the Week, and it is impoſſible to have good Luck on either of them; therefore on thoſe two Days you have a lawful Excuſe.

WHEN you are in Haſte to take down your Diſhes, tip them in ſuch a Manner, that

that a Dozen will fall together upon the Dreſſer, juſt ready for your Hand.

TO ſave Time and Trouble cut your Apples and Onions with the ſame Knife; and well-bred Gentry love the Taſte of an Onion in every Thing they eat.

LUMP three or four Pounds of Butter together with your Hand, then daſh it againſt the Wall juſt over the Dreſſer, ſo as to have it ready to pull by Pieces as you have occaſion for it.

IF you have a Silver Sauce-pan for the Kitchen Uſe, let me adviſe you to batter it well, and keep it always black; this will be for your Maſter's Honour, for it ſhews there has been conſtant good Houſekeeping: And make room for the Sauce-pan by wriggling it on the Coals, *&c.*

IN the ſame Manner, if you are allowed a large Silver Spoon for the Kitchen, let half the Bole of it be worn out with continual ſcraping and ſtirring, and often ſay merrily, This Spoon owes my Maſter no Service.

WHEN you ſend up a Meſs of Broth, Water-gruel, or the like, to your Maſter in a Morning, do not forget with your Thumb and two Fingers to put Salt on the Side of the Plate; for, if you make Uſe of a Spoon, or the End of a Knife, there may be Danger that the Salt would fall, and that would be a

Sign

Sign of ill Luck. Only remember to lick your Thumb and Fingers clean, before you offer to touch the Salt.

CHAP. III.

Directions to the FOOTMAN.

YOUR Employment being of a mixt Nature, extends to a great Variety of Buſineſs, and you ſtand in a fair Way of being the Favourite of your Maſter or Miſtreſs, or of the young Maſters and Miſſes; you are the fine Gentleman of the Family, with whom all the Maids are in Love. You are ſometimes a Pattern of Dreſs to your Maſter, and ſometimes he is ſo to you. You wait at Table in all Companies, and conſequently have the Opportunity to ſee and know the World, and to underſtand Men and Manners; I confeſs your Vails are but few, unleſs you are ſent with a Preſent, or attend the Tea in the Country; but you are called Mr. in the Neighbourhood, and ſometimes pick up a Fortune; perhaps your Maſter's Daughter; and I have known many of your Tribe to have good Commands in the Army. In Town you have a Seat reſerved for you in the Play-

House, where you have an Opportunity of becoming Wits and Criticks: You have no profeſſed Enemy except the Rabble, and my Lady's Waiting-woman, who are ſometimes apt to call you Skip-kennel. I have a true Veneration for your Office, becauſe I had once the Honour to be one of your Order, which I fooliſhly left, by demeaning myſelf with accepting an Employment in the Cuſtom-Houſe. But, that you, my Brethren, may come to better Fortunes, I ſhall here deliver my Inſtructions, which have been the Fruits of much Thought and Obſervation, as well as of ſeven Years Experience.

In order to learn the Secrets of other Families, tell them thoſe of your Maſter's; thus you will grow a Favourite both at Home and abroad, and be regarded as a Perſon of Importance.

Never be ſeen in the Streets with a Baſket or Bundle in your Hands, and carry nothing but what you can hide in your Pocket, otherwiſe you will diſgrace your Calling: To prevent which, always retain a Blackguard-boy to carry your Loads; and if you want Farthings, pay him with a good Slice of Bread, or Scrap of Meat.

Let a Shoe-boy clean your own Shoes firſt, for fear of fouling the Chamber, then let him clean your Maſter's; keep him on Purpoſe for that Uſe, and to run of Errands,

rands, and pay him with Scraps. When you are ſent on an Errand, be ſure to hedge in ſome Buſineſs of your own, either to ſee your Sweet-heart, or drink a Pot of Ale with ſome Brother-ſervants, which is ſo much Time clear gained.

THERE is a great Controverſy about the moſt convenient and genteel Way of holding your Plate at Meals; ſome ſtick it between the Frame and the Back of the Chair, which is an excellent Expedient, where the Make of the Chair will allow it. Others, for Fear the Plate ſhould fall, graſp it ſo firmly, that their Thumb reacheth to the Middle of the Hollow; which however, if your Thumb be dry, is no ſecure Method; and therefore in that Caſe, I adviſe your wetting the Bowl of it with your Tongue: As to that abſurd Practice of letting the Back of the Plate lye leaning on the Hollow of your Hand, which ſome Ladies recommend, it is univerſally exploded, being liable to ſo many Accidents. Others again are ſo refined, that they hold their Plate directly under the Left Arm-pit, which is the beſt Situation for keeping it warm; but this may be dangerous in the Article of taking away a Diſh, where your Plate may happen to fall upon ſome of the Company's Heads. I confeſs my ſelf to have objected againſt all theſe Ways, which I have frequently tryed; and therefore I recommend a Fourth, which is to ſtick your Plate up to

the Rim inclusive, in the Left Side between your Waistcoat and your Shirt: This will keep it at least as warm as under your Armpit, or Ockster, (as the *Scots* call it;) this will hide it so, as Strangers may take you for a better Servant, too good to hold a Plate; this will secure it from falling, and thus disposed, it lies ready for you to whip it out in a Moment, ready warmed, to any Guest within your Reach, who may want it. And lastly, there is another Convenience in this Method, that if, any Time during your waiting, you find yourselves going to cough or sneeze, you can immediately snatch out your Plate, and hold the hollow Part close to your Nose or Mouth, and thus prevent spirting any Moisture from either, upon the Dishes or the Ladies Head-dress: You see Gentlemen and Ladies observe a like Practice on such an Occasion, with a Hat or a Handkerchief; yet a Plate is less fouled and sooner cleaned than either of these; for, when your Cough or Sneeze is over, it is but returning your Plate to the same Position, and your Shirt will clean it in the Passage.

Take off the largest Dishes, and set them on with one Hand, to shew the Ladies your Vigour and Strength of Back; but always do it between two Ladies, that, if the Dish happens to slip, the Soup or Sauce may fall on their Cloaths, and not daub the Floor; By this Practice, two of our Brethren, my worthy

worthy Friends, got conſiderable Fortunes.

LEARN all the new-fashion Words, and Oaths, and Songs, and ſcraps of Plays that your Memory can hold. Thus, you will become the Delight of Nine Ladies in Ten, and the Envy of Ninety-nine Beaux in a Hundred.

TAKE Care, that at certain Periods, during Dinner eſpecially, when Perſons of Quality are there, you and your Brethren be all out of the Room together, by which you will give yourſelves ſome Eaſe from the Fatigue of waiting, and at the ſame time leave the Company to converſe more freely, without being conſtrained by your Preſence.

WHEN you are ſent on a Meſſage, deliver it in your own Words, altho' it be to a Duke or a Ducheſs, and not in the Words of your Maſter or Lady; for how can they underſtand what belongs to a Meſſage as well as you, who have been bred to the Employment? But never deliver the Anſwer till it is called for, and then adorn it with your own Style.

WHEN Dinner is done, carry down a great Heap of Plates to the Kitchen, and when you come to the Head of the Stairs, trundle them all before you: There is not a more agreeable Sight or Sound, eſpecially if they be Silver, beſides the Trouble they ſave you, and there they will lie ready near the Kitchen Door, for the Scullion to waſh them.

IF you are bringing up a Joint of Meat in a Dish, and it falls out of your Hands, before you get into the Dining Room, with the Meat on the Ground, and the Sauce ſpilled, take up the Meat gently, wipe it with the Lap of your Coat, then put it again into the Dish, and ſerve it up; and when your Lady miſſes the Sauce, tell her, it is to be ſent up in a Plate by itſelf.

WHEN you carry up a Diſh of Meat, dip your Fingers in the Sauce, or lick it with your Tongue, to try whether it be good, and fit for your Maſter's Table.

YOU are the beſt Judge of what Acquaintance your Lady ought to have, and therefore, if ſhe ſends you on a Meſſage of Compliment or Buſineſs to a Family you do not like, deliver the Anſwer in ſuch a Manner, as may breed a Quarrel between them, not to be reconciled. Or, if a Footman comes from the ſame Family on the like Errand, turn the Anſwer ſhe orders you to deliver, in ſuch a manner, as the other Family may take it for an Affront.

WHEN you are in Lodgings, and no Shoe-boy to be got, clean your Maſter's Shoes with the Bottom of the Curtains, and clean Napkins on your Landlady's Apron.

EVER wear your Hat in the Houſe, but when your Maſter calls, and as ſoon as you come into his Preſence, pull it off, to ſhew your Manners.

NEVER clean your Shoes on the Scraper, but in the Entry, or at the Foot of the Stairs, by which you will have the Credit of being at home, almoſt a Minute ſooner, and the Scraper will laſt the longer.

NEVER aſk leave to go abroad, for then it will be always known that you are abſent, and you will be thought an idle rambling Fellow; whereas, if you go out, and nobody obſerves, you have a Chance of coming home without being miſſed, and you need not tell your Fellow-ſervants where you are gone, for they will be ſure to ſay, you were in the Houſe but two Minutes ago, which is the Duty of all Servants.

SNUFF the Candles with your Fingers, and throw the Snuff on the Floor, then tread it out to prevent ſtinking: This Method will very much ſave the Snuffers from wearing out. You ought alſo to ſnuff them cloſe to the Tallow, which will make them run, and ſo encreaſe the Perquiſite of the Cook's Kitchen-ſtuff; for ſhe is the Perſon you ought in Prudence to be well with.

WHILE Grace is ſaying after Meat, do you and your Brethren take the Chairs from behind the Company, ſo that, when they go to it again, they may fall backwards, which will make them all merry; but be you ſo diſcreet as to hold your Laughter till you get to the Kitchen, and then divert your Fellow-ſervants.

WHEN you know your Maſter is moſt buſy in Company, come in and pretend to ſettle about the Room, and if he chides, ſay, you thought he rung the Bell. This will divert him from plodding on Buſineſs too much, or ſpending himſelf in Talk, or racking his Thoughts, all which are hurtful to his Conſtitution.

IF you are ordered to break the Claw of a Crab or a Lobſter, clap it between the Sides of the Dining Room Door between the Hinges: Thus you can do it gradually without maſhing the Meat, which is often the Fate of the Street-Door Key, or the Peſtle.

WHEN you take a foul Plate from any of the Gueſts, and obſerve the foul Knife and Fork lying on the Plate, ſhew your Dexterity, take up the Plate, and throw off the Knife and Fork on the Table without ſhaking off the Bones or broken Meat that are left: Then the Gueſt, who hath more Time than you, will wipe the Fork and Knife already uſed.

WHEN you carry a Glaſs of Liquor to any Perſon who hath called for it, do not bob him on the Shoulder, or cry, Sir, or Madam, here's the Glaſs, that would be unmannerly, as if you had a Mind to force it down one's Throat; but ſtand at the Perſon's Right Shoulder, and wait his Time; and if he ſtrikes it down with his Elbow by Forgetfulneſs, that was his Fault and not yours.

WHEN your Miſtreſs ſends you for a Hackney Coach in a wet Day, come back in the Coach to ſave your Cloaths and the Trouble of walking; it is better the Bottom of her Petticoats ſhould be daggled with your dirty Shoes, than your Livery be ſpoiled, and yourſelf get a Cold.

THERE is no Indignity ſo great to one of your Station, as that of lighting your Maſter in the Streets with a Lanthorn; and therefore, it is very honeſt Policy to try all Arts how to evade it: Beſides, it ſhews your Maſter to be either poor or covetous, which are the two worſt Qualities you can meet with in any Service. When I was under theſe Circumſtances, I made uſe of ſeveral wiſe Expedients, which I here recommend to you: Sometimes I took a Candle ſo long, that it reached to the very Top of the Lanthorn and burned it: But my Maſter, after a good Beating, ordered me to paſte the Top with Paper. I then uſed a middling Candle, but ſtuck it ſo looſe in the Socket that it leaned towards one Side, and burned a whole Quarter of the Horn. Then I uſed a Bit of Candle of half an Inch, which ſunk in the Socket, and melted the Solder, and forced my Maſter to walk half the Way in the Dark. Then he made me ſtick two Inches of Candle in the Place where the Socket

man; after which, I pretended to ſtumble, put out the Candle, and broke all the Tin Part to Pieces. At laſt, he was forced to make uſe of a Lanthorn-boy out of perfect good Husbandry.

It is much to be lamented, that Gentlemen of our Employment have but two Hands to carry Plates, Diſhes, Bottles, and the like out of the Room at Meals; and this Misfortune is ſtill the greater, becauſe one of thoſe Hands is required to open the Door, while you are encumbred with your Load: Therefore, I adviſe, that the Door may be always left ajar, ſo as to open it with your Foot, and then you may carry out Plates and Diſhes from your Belly up to your Chin, beſides a good Quantity of Things under your Arms, which will ſave you many a weary Step; but take Care that none of the Burthen falls till you are out of the Room, and, if poſſible, out of Hearing.

If you are ſent to the Poſt-Office with a Letter in a cold rainy Night, ſtep to the Ale-houſe, and take a Pot, until it is ſuppoſed you have done your Errand, but take the next fair Opportunity to put the Letter in carefully, as becomes an honeſt Servant.

If you are ordered to make Coffee for the Ladies after Dinner, and the Pot happens to boil over, while you are running up for a Spoon to ſtir it, or thinking of ſomething

elſe,

elſe, or ſtruggling with the Chamber-maid for a Kiſs, wipe the Sides of the Pot clean with a Diſhclout, carry up your Coffee boldly, and when your Lady finds it too weak, and examines you whether it has not run over, deny the Fact abſolutely, ſwear you put in more Coffee than ordinary, that you never ſtirred an Inch from it, that you ſtrove to make it better than uſual, becauſe your Miſtreſs had Ladies with her, that the Servants in the Kitchen will juſtify what you ſay: Upon this, you will find that the other Ladies will pronounce your Coffee to be very good, and your Miſtreſs will confeſs that her Mouth is out of Taſte, and ſhe will for the future ſuſpect herſelf, and be more cautious in finding Fault. This I would have you do from a Principle of Conſcience, for Coffee is very unwholſome; and out of Affection to your Lady, you ought to give it her as weak as poſſible: And upon this Argument, when you have a Mind to treat any of the Maids with a Diſh of freſh Coffee, you may, and ought to ſubſtract a third Part of the Powder, on account of your Lady's Health, and getting her Maids Good-will.

If your Maſter ſends you with a ſmall trifling Preſent to one of his Friends, be as careful of it as you would be of a Diamond Ring. Therefore, if the Preſent be only Half a Dozen Pippins, ſend up the Servant who received

ceived the Meſſage to ſay, that you were ordered to deliver them with your own Hands. This will ſhew your Exactneſs and Care to prevent Accidents or Miſtakes; and the Gentleman or Lady cannot do leſs than give you a Shilling: So, when your Maſter receives the like Preſent, teach the Meſſenger who brings it to do the ſame, and give your Maſter Hints that may ſtir up his Generoſity; for Brother Servants ſhould aſſiſt one another, ſince it is all for your Maſter's Honour, which is the chief Point to be conſulted by every good Servant, and of which he is the beſt Judge.

WHEN you ſtep but a few Doors off to tattle with a Wench, or take a running Pot of Ale, or to ſee a Brother Footman going to be hanged, leave the Street Door open, that you may not be forced to knock, and your Maſter diſcover you are gone out; for a Quarter of an Hour's Time can do his Service no Injury.

WHEN you take away the remaining Pieces and preſs them down with other Plates of Bread after Dinner, put them on foul Plates over them, ſo as no body can touch them; and ſo, they will be a good Perquiſite to the Blackguard Boy in ordinary.

WHEN you are forced to clean your Maſter's Shoes with your own Hand, uſe the Edge of the ſharpeſt Caſe Knife, and dry them with the Toes an Inch from the Fire, becauſe

wet

wet Shoes are dangerous, and beſides, by theſe Arts you will get them the ſooner for yourſelf.

In ſome Families the Maſter often ſends to the Tavern for a Bottle of Wine, and you are the Meſſenger: I adviſe you, therefore, to take the ſmalleſt Bottle you can find; but however, make the Drawer give you a full Quart, then you will get a good Sup for yourſelf, and your Bottle will be filled. As for a Cork to ſtop it, you need be at no Trouble, for the Thumb will do as well, or a Bit of dirty chewed Paper.

In all Diſputes with Chairmen and Coachmen, for demanding too much, when your Maſter ſends you down to chaffer with them, take Pity of the poor Fellows, and tell your Maſter that they will not take a Farthing leſs: It is more for your Intereſt to get Share of a Pot of Ale, than to ſave a Shilling for your Maſter, to whom it is a Trifle.

When you attend your Lady in a dark Night, if ſhe uſeth her Coach, do not walk by the Coach Side, ſo as to tire and dirt yourſelf, but get up into your proper Place, behind it, and ſo hold the Flambeau ſloping forward over the Coach Roof; and when it wants ſnuffing, daſh it againſt the Corners.

When you leave your Lady at Church on *Sundays*, you have two Hours ſafe to ſpend with your Companions at the Ale-Houſe, or

over a Beef Stake and a Pot of Beer at home with the Cook, and the Maids; and indeed poor Servants have so few Opportunities to be happy, that they ought not to lose any.

NEVER wear Socks when you wait at Meals, on Account of your own Health, as well as of them who sit at Table; because as most Ladies like the Smell of young Men's Toes, so it is a sovereign Remedy against the Vapours.

CHUSE a Service, if you can, where your Livery Colours are least tawdry and distinguishing: Green and Yellow immediately betray your Office, and so do all Kinds of Lace, except Silver, which will hardly fall to your Share, unless with a Duke or some Prodigal just come to his Estate. The Colours you ought to wish for, are Blue, or Filemot turned up with Red; which with a borrowed Sword, a borrowed Air, your Master's Linen, and a natural and improved Confidence, will give you what Title you please, where you are not known.

WHEN you carry Dishes or other Things out of the Room at Meals, fill both your Hands as full as possible; for, although you may sometimes spill, and sometimes let fall, yet you will find at the Year's End, you have made great Dispatch, and saved Abundance of Time.

If your Master or Mistress happens to walk the Streets, keep on one Side, and as much on the Level with them as you can, which People observing, will either think you do not belong to them, or that you are one of their Companions; but if either of them happen to turn back and speak to you, so that you are under the Necessity to take off your Hat, use but your Thumb and one Finger, and scratch your Head with the rest.

In Winter Time light the Dining-Room Fire but two Minutes before Dinner is served up, that your Master may see, how saving you are of his Coals.

When you are ordered to stir up the Fire, clean away the Ashes from betwixt the Bars with the Fire-brush.

When you are ordered to call a Coach, although it be Midnight, go no further than the Door, for Fear of being out of the Way when you are wanted; and there stand bawling, Coach, Coach, for half an Hour.

Although you Gentlemen in Livery have the Misfortune to be treated scurvily by all Mankind, yet you make a Shift to keep up your Spirits, and sometimes arrive at considerable Fortunes. I was an intimate Friend to one of our Brethren, who was Footman to a Court Lady: She had an honourable Employment, was Sifter to an Earl, and the Widow of a Man of Quality. She observed something

so

so polite in my Friend, the Gracefulness with which he tript before her Chair, and put his Hair under his Hat, that she made him many Advances; and one Day taking the Air in her Coach with *Tom* behind it, the Coachman mistook the Way, and stopt at a privileged Chapel, where the Couple were marry'd, and *Tom* came home in the Chariot by his Lady's Side; But he unfortunately taught her to drink Brandy, of which she died, after having pawned all her Plate to purchase it, and *Tom* is now a Journeyman Malster.

BOUCHER, the famous Gamester, was another of our Fraternity, and when he was worth 50000 *l.* he damned the Duke of *B——n* for an Arrear of Wages in his Service; and I could instance many more, particularly another, whose Son had one of the chief Employments at Court; and sufficient to give you the following Advice, which is to be pert and saucy to all Mankind, especially to the Chaplain, the Waiting-woman, and the better Sort of Servants in a Person of Quality's Family, and value not now and then a Kicking, or a Caning; for your Insolence will at last turn to good Account; and from wearing a Livery, you may probably soon carry a Pair of Colours.

WHEN you wait behind a Chair at Meals, keep constantly wriggling the Back of the Chair, that the Person behind whom you stand,

ſtand, may know you are ready to attend him.

WHEN you carry a Parcel of *China* Plates, if they chance to fall, as it is a frequent Misfortune, your Excuſe muſt be, that a Dog ran acroſs you in the Hall; that the Chamber-maid accidentally puſhed the Door againſt you; that a Mop ſtood acroſs the Entry, and tript you up; that your Sleeve ſtuck againſt the Key, or Button of the Lock.

WHEN your Maſter and Lady are talking together in their Bed-chamber, and you have ſome Suſpicion that you or your Fellow-ſervants are concerned in what they ſay, liſten at the Door for the publick Good of all the Servants, and join all to take proper Meaſures for preventing any Innovations that may hurt the Community.

BE not proud in Proſperity: You have heard that Fortune turns on a Wheel; if you have a good Place, you are at the Top of the Wheel. Remember how often you have been ſtripped, and kicked out of Doors, your Wages all taken up before-hand, and ſpent in tranſlated red-heel'd Shoes, ſecond-hand Toupees, and repair'd Lace Ruffles, beſides a ſwinging Debt to the Ale-wife and the Brandy-ſhop. The neighbouring Tapſter, who before would beckon you over to a ſavoury Bit of Ox Cheek in the Morning,

ing, give it you gratis, and only ſcore you up for the Liquor, immediately after you were pack'd off in Diſgrace, carried a Petition to your Maſter, to be paid out of your Wages, whereof not a Farthing was due, and then purſued you with Bailiffs into every blind Cellar. Remember how ſoon you grew ſhabby, thread-bare, and out-at-heels; was forced to borrow an old Livery Coat, to make your Appearance, while you were looking for a Place; and ſneak to every Houſe where you have an old Acquaintance to ſteal you a Scrap, to keep Life and Soul together; and, upon the whole, were in the loweſt Station of human Life, which, as the old Ballad ſays, is that of a Skip-kennel turned out of Place; I ſay, remember all this now in your flouriſhing Condition. Pay your Contributions duly to your late Brothers the Cadets, who were left to the wide World: Take one of them as your Dependant, to ſend on your Lady's Meſſages, when you have a Mind to go to the Alehouſe; ſlip him out privately now and then a Slice of Bread, and a Bit of cold Meat; your Maſter can afford it; and, if he be not yet put upon the Eſtabliſhment for a Lodging, let him lye in the Stable, or the Coach-houſe, or under the Back-ſtairs, and recommend him to all the Gentlemen who

who frequent your Houſe, as an excellent Servant.

To grow old in the Office of a Footman, is the higheſt of all Indignities: Therefore, when you find Years coming on, without Hopes of a Place at Court, a Command in the Army, a Succeſſion to the Stewardſhip, an Employment in the Revenue, (which two laſt you cannot obtain without Reading and Writing) or running away with your Maſter's Niece or Daughter; I directly adviſe you to go upon the Road, which is the only Poſt of Honour left you: There you will meet many of your old Comrades, and live a ſhort Life and a merry one, and make a Figure at your Exit, wherein I will give you ſome Inſtructions.

The laſt Advice I give you, relates to your Behaviour when you are going to be hanged; which, either for robbing your Maſter, for Houſe-breaking, or going upon the Highway, or in a drunken Quarrel, by killing the firſt Man you meet, may very probably be your Lot, and is owing to one of theſe three Qualities, either a Love of good Fellowſhip, a Generoſity of Mind, or too much Vivacity of Spirits. Your good Behaviour on this Article will concern your whole Community: Deny the Fact with all Solemnity of Imprecations: A Hundred of

your Brethren; if they can be admitted, will attend about the Bar, and be ready upon Demand to give you a good Character before the Court: Let nothing prevail on you to confess, but the Promise of a Pardon for discovering your Comrades: But, I suppose all this to be in vain; for, if you escape now, your Fate will be the same another Day. Get a Speech to be written by the best Author of *Newgate*: Some of your kind Wenches will provide you with a *Holland* Shirt, and white Cap, crown'd with a crimson or black Ribbon: Take Leave chearfully of all your Friends in *Newgate*: Mount the Cart with Courage; fall on your Knees; lift up your Eyes; hold a Book in your Hands, although you cannot read a Word; deny the Fact at the Gallows; kiss and forgive the Hangman, and so farewel: You shall be buried in Pomp, at the Charge of the Fraternity: The Surgeon shall not touch a Limb of you; and your Fame shall continue until a Successor of equal Renown succeeds in your Place.

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

Directions to the COACHMAN.

YOU are ſtrictly bound to Nothing, but to ſtep into the Box, and carry your Maſter or Lady.

LET your Horſes be ſo well trained, that, when you attend your Lady at a Viſit, they will wait until you ſlip into a neighbouring Ale-houſe, to take a Pot with a Friend.

WHEN you are in no Humour to drive, tell your Maſter that the Horſes have got a Cold, that they want ſhoeing, that Rain does them Hurt, and roughens their Coat, and rots the Harneſs. This may likewiſe be applied to the Groom.

IF your Maſter dines with a Country Friend, drink as much as you can get; becauſe it is allowed, that a good Coachman never drives ſo well as when he is drunk; and then ſhew your Skill, by driving to an Inch by a Precipice; and ſay, you never drive ſo well as when drunk.

IF you find any Gentleman fond of one of your Horſes, and willing to give you a Conſideration beſide the Price; perſuade your Maſter to ſell him, becauſe he is ſo vicious

that you cannot undertake to drive with him, and is founder'd into the Bargain.

GET a Blackguard-boy to watch your Coach at the Church Door on *Sundays*, that you and your Brother Coachmen may be merry together at the Alehouſe, while your Maſter and Lady are at Church.

TAKE care that your Wheels be good; and get a new Set bought as often as you can, whether you are allowed the old as your Perquiſite or not: In one Caſe it will turn to your honeſt Profit, and in the other it will be a juſt Puniſhment on your Maſter's Covetouſneſs; and probably, the Coach-maker will conſider you too.

CHAP. V.

Directions to the GROOM.

YOU are the Servant upon whom the Care of your Maſter's Honour in all Journeys entirely depends: Your Breaſt is the ſole Repoſitory of it. If he travels the Country, and lodgeth at Inns, every Dram of Brandy, every Pot of Ale extraordinary that you drink, raiſeth his Character; and therefore his Reputation ought to be dear to you; and, I hope, you will not ſtint yourſelf

yourſelf in either. The Smith, the Saddler's Journeyman, the Cook at the Inn, the Oſtler, and the Boot-catcher, ought all by your Means to partake of your Maſter's Generoſity: Thus, his Fame will reach from one Country to another; and what is a Gallon of Ale, or a Pint of Brandy in his Worſhip's Pocket? And, although he ſhould be in the Number of thoſe who value their Credit leſs than their Purſe, yet your Care of the former ought to be ſo much the greater. His Horſe wanted two Removes; your Horſe wanted Nails; his Allowance of Oats and Beans was greater than the Journey required; a third Part may be retrench'd, and turned into Ale or Brandy; and thus his Honour may be preſerved by your Diſcretion, and leſs Expence to him; or, if he travels with no other Servant, the Matter is eaſily made up in the Bill between you and the Tapſter.

THEREFORE, as ſoon as you alight at the Inn, deliver your Horſes to the Stable-boy, and let him gallop them to the next Pond; then call for a Pot of Ale, for it is very fit that a Chriſtian ſhould drink before a Beaſt. Leave your Maſter to the Care of the Servants in the Inn, and your Horſes to thoſe in the Stable: Thus both he and they are left in the propereſt Hands; but you are to provide for yourſelf; therefore get you a

Supper, drink freely, and go to Bed without troubling your Maſter, who is in better Hands than yours. The Oſtler is an honeſt Fellow, and loves Horſes in his Heart; and would not wrong the dumb Creatures for the World. Be tender of your Maſter, and order the Servants not to wake him too early. Get your Breakfaſt before he is up, that he may not wait for you; make the Oſtler tell him the Roads are very good, and the Miles ſhort; but adviſe him to ſtay a little longer till the Weather clears up, for he is afraid there will be Rain, and he will be Time enough after Dinner.

Let your Maſter mount before you, out of Good-manners. As he is leaving the Inn drop a good Word in Favour of the Oſtler, what Care he took of the Cattle, and add, that you never ſaw civiller Servants. Let your Maſter ride on before, and do you ſtay until your Landlord has given you a Dram; then gallop after him through the Town or Village with full Speed, for fear he ſhould want you, and to ſhew your Horſemanſhip.

If you are a Piece of a Farrier, as every good Groom ought to be, get Sack, Brandy, or Strong-beer to rub your Horſes Heels every Night, and be not ſparing, for (if any be ſpent) what is left, you know how to diſpoſe it.

CONSI-

CONSIDER your Maſter's Health, and, rather than let him take long Journeys, ſay the Cattle are weak, and fallen in their Fleſh with hard riding; tell him of a very good Inn five Miles nearer than he intended to go; or leave one of his Horſe's Foreſhoes looſe in the Morning; or contrive that the Saddle may pinch the Beaſt in his Withers; or keep him without Corn all Night and Morning, ſo that he may tire on the Road; or wedge a thin Plate of Iron between the Hoof and the Shoe, to make him halt; and all this in perfect Tenderneſs to your Maſter.

WHEN you are going to be hired, and the Gentleman aſks you, Whether you are apt to be drunk? own freely that you love a Cup of good Ale; but that it is your Way, drunk or ſober, never to neglect your Horſes.

WHEN your Maſter hath a Mind to ride out for the Air, or for Pleaſure, if any private Buſineſs of your own makes it inconvenient for you to attend him; give him to underſtand, that the Horſes want Bleeding or Purging; that his own Bed hath got a Surfeit; or, that the Saddle wants ſtuffing, and his Bridle is gone to be mended: This you may honeſtly do, becauſe it will be no Injury to the Horſes or your

Maſter; and at the ſame Time ſhews the great Care you have of the poor dumb Creatures.

If there be a particular Inn in the Town whither you are going, and where you are well acquainted with the Oſtler or Tapſter, and the People of the Houſe; find Fault with the other Inns, and recommend your Maſter thither; it may probably be a Pot and a Dram or two more in your Way, and to your Maſter's Honour.

If your Maſter ſends you to buy Hay, deal with thoſe who will be the moſt liberal to you; for, Service being no Inheritance, you ought not to let ſlip any lawful and cuſtomary Perquiſite. If your Maſter buys it himſelf, he wrongs you, and to teach him his Duty, be ſure to find Fault with the Hay as long as it laſts; and, if the Horſes thrive with it, the Fault is yours.

Hay and Oats, in the Management of a ſkilful Groom, will make excellent Ale, as well as Brandy; but this I only hint.

When your Maſter dines, or lies at a Gentleman's Houſe in the Country, altho' there be no Groom, or he be gone abroad, or that the Horſes have been quite neglected, be ſure employ ſome of the Servants to hold the Horſe when your Maſter mounts. This I would have you do, when your Maſter only alights, to call in for a few Minutes;

nutes: For Brother-ſervants muſt always befriend one another, and that alſo concerns your Maſter's Honour; becauſe he cannot do leſs than give a Piece of Money to him who holds his Horſe.

In long Journies, aſk your Maſter Leave to give Ale to the Horſes; carry two Quarts full to the Stable, pour Half a Pint into a Bowl, and, if they will not drink it, you and the Oſtler muſt do the beſt you can; perhaps they may be in a better Humour at the next Inn, for I would have you never fail to make the Experiment.

When you go to air your Horſes in the Park, or the Fields, give them to a Horſe-boy, or one of the Black-guards, who being lighter than you, may be truſted to run Races with leſs Damage to the Horſes, and teach them to leap over Hedges and Ditches, while you are drinking a friendly Pot with your Brother Grooms: But ſometimes you and they may run Races yourſelves for the Honour of your Horſes, and of your Maſters.

Never ſtint your Horſes at home in Hay and Oats, but fill the Rack to the Top, and the Manger to the Brim, for you would take it ill to be ſtinted yourſelf; although, perhaps, they may not have the Stomach to eat; conſider, they have no Tongues to aſk. If the Hay be thrown down,

down, there is no Loſs, for it will make Litter, and ſave Straw.

WHEN your Maſter is leaving a Gentleman's Houſe in the Country, where he hath lain a Night; then conſider his Honour: Let him know how many Servants there are of both Sexes, who expect Vails; and give them their Cue to attend in two Lines, as he leaves the Houſe; but, deſire him not to truſt the Money with the Butler, for fear he ſhould cheat the reſt: This will force your Maſter to be more generous; and then you may take Occaſion to tell your Maſter, that 'Squire ſuch a one, whom you lived with laſt, always gave ſo much apiece to the common Servants, and ſo much to the Houſe-keeper, and the reſt, naming at leaſt double to what he intended to give; but, be ſure to tell the Servants what a good Office you did them: This will gain you Love, and your Maſter Honour.

YOU may venture to be drunk much oftener than the Coachman, whatever he pretends to alledge in his own Behalf, becauſe you hazard Nobody's Neck but your own; for, the Horſe will probably take ſo much Care of himſelf, as to come off with only a Strain or a Shoulder-ſlip.

WHEN you carry your Maſter's Riding-Coat in a Journey, wrap your own in it, and buckle them up cloſe with a Strap,

but

but turn your Maſter's Inſide out, to preſerve the Outſide from Wet and Dirt; thus, when it begins to rain, your Maſter's Coat will be firſt ready to be given him; and, if it get more Hurt than yours, he can afford it better, for your Livery muſt always ſerve its Year's Apprenticeſhip.

When you come to your Inn with the Horſes wet and dirty after hard riding, and ate very hot, make the Oſtler immediately plunge them into Water up to their Bellies, and allow them to drink as much as they pleaſe; but, be ſure to gallop them full-ſpeed a Mile at leaſt, to dry their Skins and warm the Water in their Bellies. The Oſtler underſtands his Buſineſs, leave all to his Diſcretion, while you get a Pot of Ale and ſome Brandy at the Kitchen Fire to comfort your Heart.

If your Horſe drop a Fore-Shoe, be ſo careful to alight and take it up: Then ride with all the Speed you can (the Shoe in your Hand, that every Traveller may obſerve your Care) to the next Smith on the Road, make him put it on immediately, that your Maſter may not wait for you, and that the poor Horſe may be as ſhort a Time as poſſible without a Shoe.

When your Maſter lies at a Gentleman's Houſe, if you find the Hay and Oats are good, complain aloud of their Badneſs; this will get you

you the Name of a diligent Servant; and be ſure to cram the Horſes with as much Oats as they can eat, while you are there, and you may give them ſo much the leſs for ſome Days at the Inns, and turn the Oats into Ale. When you leave the Gentleman's Houſe, tell your Maſter what a covetous Huncks that Gentleman was, that you got nothing but Butter-milk or Water to drink, this will make your Maſter, out of Pity, allow you a Pot of Ale the more at the next Inn: But if you happen to get drunk in a Gentleman's Houſe, your Maſter cannot be angry, becauſe it coſt him nothing; and ſo you ought to tell him as well as you can in your preſent Condition, and let him know it is both for his and the Gentleman's Honour to make a Friend's Servant welcome.

A Maſter ought always to love his Groom, to put him into a handſome Livery, and to allow him a Silver-laced Hat. When you are in this Equipage, all the Honours he receives on the Road are owing to you alone: That he is not turned out of the Way by every Carrier, is cauſed by the Civility he receives at ſecond Hand from the Reſpect paid to your Livery.

You may now and then lend your Maſter's Pad to a Brother Servant, or your favourite Maid, for a ſhort Jaunt, or hire him for a Day, becauſe the Horſe is ſpoiled for want of Exerciſe;

eiſe: And if your Maſter happens to want his Horſe, or hath a Mind to ſee the Stable, curſe that Rogue the Helper who is gone out with the Key.

WHEN you want to ſpend an Hour or two with your Companions at the Ale-Houſe, and that you ſtand in need of a reaſonable Excuſe for your Stay, go out of the Stable Door, or the back Way, with an old Bridle, Girth, or Stirrup Leather in your Pocket, and on your Return come home by the Street Door with the ſame Bridle, Girth, or Stirrup Leather dangling in your Hand, as if you came from the Saddler's, where you were getting the ſame mended; (if you were not miſſed all is well) but, if you are met by your Maſter, you will have the Reputation of a careful Servant. This I have known practiſed with good Succeſs.

CHAP. VI.

Directions to the HOUSE-STEWARD, *and* LAND-STEWARD.

LORD *Peterborough*'s Steward that pulled down his Houſe, ſold the Materials, and charged my Lord with Repairs. Take Money for

for Forbearance from Tenants. Renew Leases and get by them, and sell Woods. Lend my Lord his own Money. (*Gil Blas* said much of this, to whom I refer.)

CHAP. VII.

Directions to the PORTER.

IF your Master be a Minister of State, let him be at Home to none but his Pimp, or Chief Flatterer, or one of his Pensionary Writers, or his hired Spy, and Informer, or his Printer in ordinary, or his City Solicitor, or a Land-jobber, or his Inventor of new Funds, or a Stock-jobber.

CHAP. VIII.

Directions to the CHAMBER-MAID.

THE Nature of your Employment differs according to the Quality, the Pride, or the Wealth of the Lady you serve; and this Treatise is to be applied to all Sorts of Families; so that I find myself under great Difficulty

ficulty to adjuſt the Buſineſs for which you are hired. In a Family where there is a tolerable Eſtate, you differ from the Houſe-Maid, and in that View I give my Directions. Your particular Province is your Lady's Chamber, where you make the Bed, and put Things in Order; and if you live in the Country, you take Care of Rooms where Ladies lie who come into the Houſe, which brings in all the Vails that fall to your Share. Your uſual Lover, as I take it, is the Coachman; but, if you are under Twenty, and tolerably handſome, perhaps a Footman may caſt his Eyes on you.

Get your favourite Footman to help you in making your Lady's Bed; and, if you ſerve a young Couple, the Footman and you, as you are turning up the Bed Cloaths, will make the prettieſt Obſervations in the World, which whiſpered about, will be very entertaining to the whole Family, and get among the Neighbourhood.

Do not carry down the neceſſary Veſſels for the Fellows to ſee, but empty them out of the Window, for your Lady's Credit. It is highly improper for Men Servants to know that fine Ladies have Occaſion for ſuch Utenſils; and do not ſcour the Chamber-pot, becauſe the Smell is wholeſome.

If you happen to break any China, with the Top of the Whiſk on the Mantle-tree or the Cabinet,

Cabinet, gather up the Fragments, put them together as well as you can, and place them behind the reſt, ſo that, when your Lady comes to diſcover them, you may ſafely ſay they were broke long ago, before you came to the Service. This will ſave your Lady many an Hour's Vexation.

It ſometimes happens that a Looking-Glaſs is broken by the ſame Means, while you are looking another Way. As you ſweep the Chamber, the long End of the Bruſh ſtrikes againſt the Glaſs, and breaks it to Shivers. This is the extremeſt of all Misfortunes, and all Remedy deſperate in Appearance, becauſe it is impoſſible to be concealed. Such a fatal Accident once happened in a great Family where I had the Honour to be a Footman; and I will relate the Particulars, to ſhew the Ingenuity of the poor Chamber-maid on ſo ſudden and dreadful an Emergency, which perhaps may help to ſharpen your Invention, if your evil Star ſhould ever give you the like Occaſion: The poor Girl had broken a large Japan Glaſs of great Value, with a Stroke of her Bruſh: She had not conſidered long, when, by a prodigious Preſence of Mind, ſhe locked the Door, ſtole into the Yard, brought a Stone of three Pound Weight into the Chamber, laid it on the Hearth juſt under the Looking-Glaſs, then broke a Pane in the Saſh-Window

Window that looked into the ſame Yard, ſo ſhut the Door, and went about her other Affairs. Two Hours after, the Lady goes into the Chamber, ſees the Glaſs broken, the Stone lying under, and a whole Pane in the Window deſtroyed; from all which Circumſtances, ſhe concluded, juſt as the Maid could have wiſhed, that ſome idle Straggler in the Neighbourhood, or perhaps one of the Out-Servants, had, through Malice, Accident, or Careleſſneſs, flung in the Stone, and done the Miſchief. Thus far all Things went well, and the Girl concluded herſelf out of Danger: But it was her ill Fortune, that a few Hours after in came the Parſon of the Pariſh, and the Lady (naturally) told him the Accident, which you may believe had much diſcompoſed her; but the Miniſter, who happened to underſtand Mathematics, after examining the Situation of the Yard, the Window, and the Chimney, ſoon convinced the Lady, that the Stone could never reach the Looking-Glaſs, without taking three Turns in its Flight from the Hand that threw it; and the Maid being proved to have ſwept the Room the ſame Morning, was ſtrictly examined, but conſtantly denied that ſhe was guilty upon her Salvation, offering to take her Oath upon the Bible, before his Reverence, that ſhe was as innocent as the Child unborn; yet the poor

Wench was turned off, which I take to have been hard Treatment, considering her Ingenuity: However, this may be a Direction to you in the like Case, to contrive a Story that will better hang together. For Instance, you might say, that while you were at Work with the Mop or Brush, a Flash of Lightning came suddenly in at the Window, which almost blinded you; that you immediately heard the ringing of broken Glass on the Hearth; that as soon as you recovered your Eyes, you saw the Looking-Glass all broken to Pieces: Or, you may alledge, that observing the Glass a little covered with Dust, and going very gently to wipe it, you suppose the Moisture of the Air had dissolved the Glue or Cement, which made it fall to the Ground: Or, as soon as the Mischief is done, you may cut the Cords that fastened the Glass to the Wainscot, and so let it fall flat on the Ground; run out in a Fright, tell your Lady, curse the Upholsterer; and declare how narrowly you escaped, that it did not fall upon your Head. I offer these Expedients, from a Desire I have to defend the Innocent; for innocent you certainly must be, if you did not break the Glass on Purpose, which I would by no Means excuse, except upon great Provocations.

OIL the Tongs, Poker, and Fire-shovel up to the Top, not only to keep them from rusting, but likewise to prevent meddling People from wasting your Master's Coals with stirring the Fire.

WHEN you are in haste, sweep the Dust into a Corner of the Room, but leave your Brush upon it, that it may not be seen, for that would disgrace you.

NEVER wash your Hands, or put on a clean Apron, 'till you have made your Lady's Bed, for fear of rumpling your Apron, or fouling your Hands again.

WHEN you bar the Window-shuts of your Lady's Bed-chamber at Nights, leave open the Sashes, to let in the fresh Air, and sweeten the Room against Morning.

IN the Time when you leave the Windows open for Air, leave Books, or something else on the Window-seat, that they may get Air too.

WHEN you sweep your Lady's Room, never stay to pick up Foul Smocks, Handkerchiefs, Pinners, Pin-cushions, Tea-spoons, Ribbons, Slippers, or whatever lies in your Way; but sweep all into a Corner, and then you may take them up in a Lump, and save Time.

MAKING Beds in hot Weather is very laborious Work, and you will be apt to sweat; therefore, when you find the Drops

running down from your Forehead, wipe them off with the Corner of the Sheet, that they may not be ſeen on the Bed.

WHEN your Lady ſends you to waſh a China-Cup, and it happen to fall, bring it up, and ſwear you did but juſt touch it with your Hand, when it broke into *three Halves*: And here I muſt inform you, as well as all your Fellow-Servants, that you ought never to be without an Excuſe; it doth no Harm to your Maſter, and it leſſens your Fault: As in this Inſtance, I do not commend you for breaking the Cup; it is certain you did not break it on Purpoſe; and the Thing is poſſible, that it might break in your Hand.

YOU are ſometimes deſirous to ſee a Funeral, a Quarrel, a Man going to be hanged, a Wedding, a Bawd carted, or the like: As they paſs by in the Street, you lift up the Saſh ſuddenly, there by Misfortune it ſticks: This was no Fault of yours; young Women are curious by Nature; you have no Remedy, but to cut the Cord, and lay the Fault upon the Carpenter, unleſs no Body ſaw you, and then you are as innocent as any Servant in the Houſe.

WEAR your Lady's Smock when ſhe has thrown it off; it will do you Credit, ſave your own Linen, and be not a Pin the worſe.

WHEN you put a clean Pillow-case, on your Lady's Pillow, be sure to fasten it well with three corking Pins, that it may not fall off in the Night.

WHEN you spread Bread and Butter for Tea, be sure that all the Holes in the Loaf be left full of Butter, to keep the Bread moist again Dinner; and let the Mark of your Thumb be seen only upon one End of every Slice, to shew your Cleanliness.

WHEN you are ordered to open or lock any Door, Trunk, or Cabinet, and miss the proper Key, or cannot distinguish it in the Bunch, try the first Key that you can thrust in, and turn it with all your Strength, till you open the Lock, or break the Key; for your Lady will reckon you a Fool, to come back and do nothing.

CHAPTER IX.

Directions to the WAITING-MAID.

TWO Accidents have happened to lessen the Comforts and Profits of your Employment; First, that execrable Custom got among Ladies, of trucking their old Cloaths for China, or turning them to cover easy Chairs, or making them into Patch-

work for Screens, Stools, Cuſhions, and the like. The Second is, the Invention of ſmall Cheſts and Trunks, with Lock and Key, wherein they keep the Tea and Sugar, without which it is impoſſible for a Waiting-Maid to live! For, by this Means, you are forced to buy brown Sugar, and pour Water upon the Leaves, when they have loſt all their Spirit and Taſte. I cannot contrive any perfect Remedy againſt either of theſe two Evils. As to the former, I think there ſhould be a general Confederacy of all the Servants in every Family, for the publick Good, to drive thoſe China-Huckſters from the Doors; and as to the latter, there is no other Method to relieve yourſelves, but by a falſe Key, which is a Point both difficult and dangerous to compaſs; but, as to the Circumſtance of Honeſty in procuring one, I am under no Doubt, when your Miſtreſs gives you ſo juſt a Provocation, by refuſing you an ancient and legal Perquiſite. The Miſtreſs of the Tea-ſhop may now and then give you half an Ounce, but that will be only a Drop in the Bucket: Therefore, I fear you muſt be forced, like the reſt of your Sifters, to run in Truſt, and pay for it out of your Wages, as far as they will go, which you can eaſily make up other Ways, if your Lady be handſome, or her Daughters have good Fortunes.

If you are in a great Family, and my Lady's Woman, my Lord may probably like you, although you are not half so handſome as his own Lady. In this Caſe, take Care to get as much out of him as you can; and never allow him the ſmalleſt Liberty, not the ſqueezing of your Hand, unleſs he puts a Guinea into it; ſo, by degrees, make him pay accordingly for every new Attempt, doubling upon him in proportion to the Conceſſions you allow, and always ſtruggling, and threatning to cry out, or tell your Lady, although you receive his Money. Five Guineas for handling your Breaſt is a cheap Pennyworth, although you ſeem to reſiſt with all your Might; but never allow him the laſt Favour under a hundred Guineas, or a Settlement of twenty Pounds a Year for Life.

In ſuch a Family, if you are handſome, you will have the choice of three Lovers; the Chaplain, the Steward, and my Lord's Gentleman. I would adviſe you to chuſe the Steward; but, if you happen to be young with Child by my Lord, you muſt take up with the Chaplain. I like my Lord's Gentleman the leaſt of the three; for he is uſually vain and ſawcy from the Time he throws off his Livery; and if he miſſeth a Pair of Colours, or a Tide-waiter's Place, he hath no Remedy but the Highway.

I MUST caution you particularly against my Lord's eldeſt Son: If you are dextrous enough, it is odds that you may draw him in to marry you, and make you a Lady: If he be a common Rake (and he muſt be one or t'other) avoid him like *Satan*; for he ſtands leſs in Awe of a Mother, than my Lord doth of a Wife; and, after ten thouſand Promiſes, you will get nothing from him, but a big Belly or a Clap, and probably both together.

WHEN your Lady is ill, and, after a very bad Night, is getting a little Nap in the Morning, if a Footman comes with a Meſſage to enquire how ſhe doth, do not let the Compliment be loſt, but ſhake her gently until ſhe wakes; then deliver the Meſſage, receive her Anſwer, and leave her to ſleep.

IF you are ſo happy as to wait on a young Lady with a great Fortune, you muſt be an ill Manager if you cannot get Five or Six hundred Pounds for diſpoſing of her. Put her often in Mind, that ſhe is rich enough to make any Man happy; that there is no real Happineſs but in Love; that ſhe hath Liberty to chuſe wherever ſhe pleaſeth, and not by the Direction of Parents, who never give Allowances for an innocent Paſſion; that there are a World of handſome, fine, ſweet, young Gentlemen in Town, who would be glad to die at her Feet; that the Converſation of two

Lovers

Lovers is a Heaven upon Earth; that Love, like Death, equals all Conditions; that, if she should cast her Eyes upon a young Fellow below her in Birth and Estate, his marrying her would make him a Gentleman; that you saw Yesterday on the *Mall* the prettiest Ensign; and that, if you had forty thousand Pounds, it should be at his Service. Take Care that every Body should know what Lady you live with; how great a Favourite you are; and, that she always takes your Advice. Go often to *St. James's* Park, the fine Fellows will soon discover you, or contrive to slip a Letter into your Sleeve or your Bosom: Pull it out in a Fury, and throw it on the Ground, unless you find at least two Guineas along with it; but in that Case, seem not to find it, and to think he was only playing the Wag with you: When you come home, drop the Letter carelessly in your Lady's Chamber; she finds it, is angry; protest you know nothing of it, only you remember, that a Gentleman in the Park struggled to kiss you, and you believe it was he that put the Letter into your Sleeve or Petticoat; and, indeed, he was as pretty a Man as ever she saw: That she may burn the Letter if she pleaseth. If your Lady be wise, she will burn some other Paper before you, and read the Letter when you are gone down. You must follow this Practice as often as you safely can; but, let him who

pays

pays you best with every Letter, be the handsomest Man. If a Footman presumes to bring a Letter to the House, to be delivered to you, for your Lady, although it come from your best Customer, throw it at his Head; call him impudent Rogue and Villain, and shut the Door in his Face; run up to your Lady, and as a Proof of your Fidelity, tell her what you have done.

I could enlarge very much upon this Subject, but I trust to your own Discretion.

If you serve a Lady who is a little disposed to Gallantries, you will find it a Point of great Prudence how to manage: Three Things are necessary. First, how to please your Lady; Secondly, how to prevent Suspicion in the Husband, or among the Family; and lastly, but principally, how to make it most for your own Advantage. To give you full Directions in this important Affair, would require a large Volume. All Assignations at home are dangerous, both to your Lady and yourself; and therefore contrive, as much as possible, to have them in a third Place; especially, if your Lady, as it is a hundred odds, entertains more Lovers than one, each of whom is often more jealous than a thousand Husbands; and, very unlucky Rencounters may often happen under the best Management. I need not warn you to employ your good Offices chiefly in favour

of

of thoſe, whom you find moſt liberal; yet, if your Lady ſhould happen to caſt an Eye upon a handſome Footman, you ſhould be generous enough to bear with her Humour, which is no Singularity, but a very natural Appetite: It is ſtill the ſafeſt of all home Intrigues, and was formerly the leaſt ſuſpected, until of late Years it hath grown more common. The great Danger is, leſt this Kind of Gentry, dealing too often in bad Ware, may happen not to be ſound; and then your Lady and you are in a very bad Way, although not altogether deſpetate.

But, to ſay the Truth, I confeſs it is a great Preſumption in me, to offer you any Inſtructions in the Conduct of your Lady's Amours, wherein your whole Siſterhood is already ſo expert, and deeply learned; although it be much more difficult to compaſs, than that Aſſiſtance which my Brother Footmen give their Maſters on the like Occaſions; and therefore, I leave this Affair to be treated by ſome abler Pen.

WHEN you lock up a Silk Manteau or laced Head in a Trunk or Cheſt, leave a Piece out, that, when you open the Trunk again, you may know where to find it.

CHAP.

CHAP. X.

Directions to the HOUSE-MAID.

IF your Maſter and Lady go into the Country for a Week or more, never waſh the Bed-chamber or Dining-room until juſt the Hour before you expect them to return: Thus the Rooms will be perfectly clean to receive them, and you will not be at the Trouble to waſh them ſo ſoon again.

I AM very much offended with thoſe Ladies, who are ſo proud and lazy, that they will not be at the Pains of ſtepping into the Garden to pluck a Roſe, but keep an odious Implement, ſometimes in the Bed-chamber itſelf, or at leaſt in a dark Cloſet adjoining, which they make Uſe of to eaſe their worſt Neceſſities; and you are the uſual Carriers away of the Pan, which maketh not only the Chamber, but even their Cloaths, offenſive to all who come near. Now, to cure them of this odious Practice, let me adviſe you, on whom this Office lies, to convey away this Utenſil, that you will do it openly, down the great Stairs, and in the Preſence of the Footmen, and, if any Body knocks, to open the Street-door, while you have the Veſſel filled in your Hands: This, if any Thing can, will make your Lady take the Pains of evacuating her Perſon in the proper Place,

Place, rather than expoſe her Filthineſs to all the Men Servants in the Houſe.

LEAVE a Pail of dirty Water with the Mop in it, a Coal-box, a Bottle, a Broom, a Chamber-pot, and ſuch other unſightly Things, either in a blind Entry, or upon the darkeſt Part of the Back-ſtairs, that they may not be ſeen; and if People break their Shins by trampling on them, it is their own Fault.

NEVER empty the Chamber-pots until they are quite full: If that happeneth in the Night, empty them into the Street; if in the Morning, into the Garden; for it would be an endleſs Work to go a dozen Times from the Garret and upper Rooms, down to the Back-ſides; but, never waſh them in any other Liquor except their own: What cleanly Girl would be dabbling in other Folks Urine? and beſides, the Smell of Stale, as I obſerved before, is admirable againſt the Vapours; which, a hundred to one, may be your Lady's Caſe.

BRUSH down the Cobwebs with a Broom that is wet and dirty, which will make them ſtick the faſter to it, and bring them down more effectually.

WHEN you rid up the Parlour Hearth in a Morning, throw the laſt Night's Aſhes into a Sieve; and what falls through, as you carry it

it down, will ſerve inſtead of Sand for the Room and the Stairs.

WHEN you have ſcoured the Braſſes and Irons in the Parlour Chimney, lay the foul wet Clout upon the next Chair, that your Lady may ſee you have not neglected your Work: Obſerve the ſame [illegible] when you clean the Braſs Locks, only with this Addition, to leave the Marks of your Fingers on the Doors, to ſhew you have not forgot.

LEAVE your Lady's Chamber-pot in her Bed-chamber Window all Day, to air.

BRING up none but large Coals to the Dining-Room and your Lady's Chamber; they make the beſt Fires, and if you find them too big, it is eaſy to break them on the Marble Hearth.

WHEN you go to Bed, be ſure take Care of Fire; and, therefore blow the Candle out with your Breath, and then thruſt it under your Bed. Note, The Smell of the Snuff is very good againſt Vapours.

PERSUADE the Footman who got you with Child, to marry you before you are ſix Months gone; and if your Lady aſks you, why you would take a Fellow who was not worth a Groat? let your Anſwer be, That Service is no Inheritance.

WHEN your Lady's Bed is made, put the Chamber-pot under it, but in ſuch a Manner, as to thruſt the Valence along with it, that it may

may be full in Sight, and ready for your Lady when ſhe hath Occaſion to uſe it.

Lock up a Cat or a Dog in ſome Room or Cloſet, ſo as to make ſuch a Noiſe all over the Houſe, as may frighten away the Thieves, if any ſhould attempt to break or ſteal in.

When you waſh any of the Rooms towards the Street, over Night, throw the foul Water out of the Street-door; but, be ſure not to look before you, for fear thoſe on whom the Water lights, may think you uncivil, and that you did it on purpoſe. If he who ſuffers, breaks the Window in revenge, and your Lady chides you, and gives poſitive Orders that you ſhould carry the Pail down, and empty it in the Sink, you have an eaſy Remedy: When you waſh an upper Room, carry down the Pail ſo as to let the Water dribble on the Stairs all the way down to the Kitchen; by which not only your Load will be lighter, but you will convince your Lady, that it is better to throw the Water out of the Windows, or down the Street-door Steps: Beſides, this latter Practice will be very diverting to you and the Family in a froſty Night, to ſee a hundred People falling on their Noſes or Backſides before your Door, when the Water is frozen.

Polish and brighten the Marble Hearths and Chimney-pieces with a Clout dipt in Greaſe;

Greaſe; nothing maketh them ſhine ſo well; and, it is the Buſineſs of the Ladies to take Care of their Petticoats.

If your Lady be ſo nice that ſhe will have the Room ſcoured with Freeſtone, be ſure to leave the Marks of the Freeſtone ſix Inches deep round the Bottom of the Wainſcot, that your Lady may ſee your Obedience to her Orders.

CHAP. XI.

Directions to the DAIRY-MAID.

FATIGUE of making Butter: Put ſcalding Water in your Churn, although in Summer, and churn cloſe to the Kitchen Fire, and with Cream of a Week old. Keep Cream for your Sweet-heart.

CHAP. XII.

Directions to the CHILDRENS MAID.

IF a Child be ſick, give it whatever it wants to eat or drink, although particularly forbid by the Doctor: For what we long for in Sickneſs, will do us good; and throw the Phyſick out of the Window; the Child will love you the better; but bid it not tell. Do the ſame for your Lady when ſhe longs for any thing in Sickneſs, and engage it will do her good.

IF your Miſtreſs cometh to the Nurſery, and offers to whip a Child, ſnatch it out of her Hands in a Rage, and tell her ſhe is the cruelleſt Mother you ever ſaw: She will chide, but love you the better. Tell the Children Stories of Spirits, when they offer to cry, *&c.*

BE ſure to wean the Children, *&c.*

CHAP. XIII.

Directions to the NURSE.

IF you happen to let the Child fall, and lame it, be ſure never confeſs it; and, if it dies, all is ſafe.

CONTRIVE to be with Child as ſoon as you can, while you are giving Suck, that you may be ready for another Service, when the Child you nurſe dies, or is weaned.

CHAP. XIV.

Directions to the LAUNDRESS.

IF you ſinge the Linen with the Iron, rub the Place with Flour, Chalk, or white Powder; and if nothing will do, waſh it ſo long till it be either not to be ſeen, or torn to Rags.

ABOUT tearing Linen in waſhing.

WHEN your Linen is pinned on the Line, or on a Hedge, and it rains, whip it off, although you tear it, *&c.* But the Place for hanging

hanging them, is on young Fruit Trees, eſpecially in Bloſſom; the Linen cannot be torn, and the Trees give them a fine Smell.

CHAP. XV.

Directions to the HOUSE-KEEPER.

YOU muſt always have a favourite Footman whom you can depend upon; and order him to be very watchful, when the Second Courſe is taken off, that it be brought ſafely to your Office, that you and the Steward may have a Bit-bit together.

CHAP. XVI.

Directions to the TUTORESS, *or* GOVERNESS.

SAY the Children have ſore Eyes; Miſs *Betty* won't take to her Book, *&c.*

MAKE the Misses read *French* and *English* Novels, and *French* Romances, and all the Comedies writ in King *Charles* II's and King *William*'s Reigns, to soften their Nature, and make them tender-hearted, *&c.*

THE STORY OF THE INJURED LADY.

Written by HERSELF.

In a LETTER to her FRIEND, with his ANSWER.

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SIR,

BEING ruined by the Inconſtancy and Unkindneſs of a Lover, I hope, a true and plain Relation of my Misfortunes may be of Uſe and Warning to credulous Maids, never to put too much Truſt in deceitful Men.

A GENTLEMAN in the Neighbourhood had two Miſtreſſes, another and myſelf; and he pretended honourable Love to us both. Our three Houſes ſtood pretty near one another; his was parted from mine by a River, and from my Rival's by an old broken Wall. But before I enter into the Particulars of this Gentleman's hard Uſage of me, I will give a very juſt and impartial Character of my Rival and Myſelf.

As to her Perſon, ſhe is tall and lean, and very ill-ſhaped; ſhe hath bad Features, and a worſe Complexion; ſhe hath a ſtinking Breath, and twenty ill Smells about her beſides; which are yet more unſufferable by her natural Sluttiſhneſs: for ſhe is always louſy, and never without the Itch. As to her other Qualities, ſhe hath no Reputation either for Virtue, Honeſty, Truth, or Manners; and it is no Wonder, conſidering what her Education hath been. Scolding and Curſing are her common Converſation. To ſum up all; ſhe is poor and beggarly, and gets a ſorry Maintenance by pilfering wherever ſhe comes. As for this Gentleman, who is now ſo fond of her, ſhe ſtill beareth him an invincible Hatred; revileth him to his Face, and raileth at him in all Companies. Her Houſe is frequented by a Company of Rogues and Thieves, and Pick-pockets, whom ſhe encourageth to rob his Hen-

Hen-roosts, steal his Corn and Cattle, and do him all Manner of Mischief. She hath been known to come at the Head of these Rascals, and beat her Lover until he was sore from Head to Foot, and then force him to pay for the Trouble she was at. Once, attended with a Crew of Raggamuffins, she broke into his House, turn'd all Things topsy-turvy, and then set it on Fire. At the same Time she told so many Lies among his Servants, that it set them all by the Ears, and his poor Steward was knock'd on the Head; for which I think, and so doth all the Country, that she ought to be answerable. To conclude her Character; she is of a different Religion, being a Presbyterian, of the most rank and virulent Kind, and consequently having an inveterate Hatred to the Church; yet, I am sure, I have been always told, that in Marriage there ought to be an Union of Minds as well as of Persons.

I WILL now give my own Character, and shall do it in few Words, and with Modesty and Truth.

I WAS reckoned to be as handsome as any in our Neighbourhood, until I became pale and thin with Grief and ill Usage. I am still fair enough, and have, I think, no very ill Feature about me. They that see me now, will hardly allow me ever to have

had any great Share of Beauty; for, beſides being ſo much altered, I go always mobb'd, and in an Undreſs, as well out of Neglect, as indeed for want of Cloaths to appear in. I might add to all this, that I was born to a good Eſtate, although it now turneth to little Account under the Oppreſſions I endure, and hath been the true Cauſe of all my Misfortunes.

Some Years ago this Gentleman taking a Fancy either to my Perſon or Fortune, made his Addreſſes to me; which, being then young and fooliſh, I too readily admitted; he ſeemed to uſe me with ſo much Tenderneſs, and his Converſation was ſo very engaging, that all my Conſtancy and Virtue were too ſoon overcome; and to dwell no longer upon a Theme that cauſeth ſuch bitter Reflections, I muſt confeſs with Shame, that I was undone by the common Arts practiſed upon all eaſy credulous Virgins, half by Force, and half by Conſent, after ſolemn Vows and Proteſtations of Marriage. When he had once got Poſſeſſion, he ſoon began to play the uſual Part of a too fortunate Lover, affecting on all Occaſions to ſhew his Authority, and to act like a Conqueror. Firſt, he found Fault with the Government of my Family, which I grant was none of the beſt, conſiſting of ignorant illiterate Creatures; for at that Time I knew

I knew but little of the World. In Compliance to him, therefore, I agreed to fall into his Ways and Methods of Living; I conſented that his Steward ſhould govern my Houſe, and have Liberty to employ an Under-Steward, who ſhould receive his Directions. My Lover proceeded farther, turning away ſeveral old Servants and Tenants, and ſupplying me with others from his own Houſe. Theſe grew ſo domineering and unreaſonable, that there was no Quiet, and I heard of Nothing but perpetual Quarrels, which although I could not poſſibly help, yet my Lover laid all the Blame and Puniſhment upon me; and upon every Falling-out, ſtill turned away more of my People, and ſupplied me in their Stead with a Number of Fellows and Dependents of his own, whom he had no other Way to provide for. Overcome by Love, and to avoid Noiſe and Contention, I yielded to all his Uſurpations, and finding it in vain to reſiſt, I thought it my beſt Policy to make my Court to my new Servants, and draw them to my Intereſts; I fed them from my own Table with the beſt I had, put my new Tenants on the choice Parts of my Land, and treated them all ſo kindly, that they began to love me as well as their Maſter. In Proceſs of Time all my old Servants were gone, and I had

not

not a Creature about me, nor above one or two Tenants but what were of his chuſing; yet I had the good Luck, by gentle Uſage, to bring over the greateſt Part of them to my Side. When my Lover obſerved this, he began to alter his Language; and, to thoſe who enquired about me, he would anſwer, that I was an old Dependent upon his Family, whom he had plac'd on ſome Concerns of his own; and he began to uſe me accordingly, neglecting, by Degrees, all common Civility in his Behaviour. I ſhall never forget the Speech he made me one Morning, which he deliver'd with all the Gravity in the World. He put me in Mind of the vaſt Obligations I lay under to him, in ſending me ſo many of his People for my own Good, and to teach me Manners: That it had coſt him ten times more than I was worth to maintain me: That it had been much better for him, if I had been damned, or burnt, or ſunk to the Bottom of the Sea: That it was but reaſonable I ſhould ſtrain myſelf as far as I was able, to reimburſe him ſome of his Charges: That from henceforward he expected his Word ſhould be a Law to me in all Things: That I muſt maintain a Pariſh-Watch againſt Thieves and Robbers, and give Salaries to an Overſeer, a Conſtable,

and

and Others, all of his own chuſing, whom he would ſend from Time to Time to be Spies upon me: That, to enable me the better in ſupporting theſe Expences, my Tenants ſhall be obliged to carry all their Goods croſs the River to his own Town-market, and pay Toll on both Sides, and then ſell them at half Value. But becauſe we were a naſty Sort of People, and that he could not endure to touch any thing we had a Hand in, and likewiſe, becauſe he wanted Work to employ his own Folks, therefore we muſt ſend all our Goods to his Market juſt in their Naturals; the Milk immediately from the Cow, without making it into Cheeſe or Butter; the Corn in the Ear; the Graſs as it is mowed; the Wool as it cometh from the Sheep's Back; and bring the Fruit upon the Branch, that he might not be oblig'd to eat it after our filthy Hands: That, if a Tenant carried but a Piece of Bread and Cheeſe to eat by the Way, or an Inch of Worſted to mend his Stockings, he ſhould forfeit his whole Parcel: And becauſe a Company of Rogues uſually plyed on the River between us, who often robbed my Tenants of their Goods and Boats, he ordered a Waterman of his to guard them, whoſe Manner was to be out of the Way until the poor Wretches were plundered;

then

then to overtake the Thieves, and ſeize all as lawful Prize to his Maſter and himſelf. It would be endleſs to repeat a Hundred other Hardſhips he hath put upon me; but it is a general Rule, that whenever he imagines the ſmalleſt Advantage will redound to one of his Foot-boys, by any new Oppreſſion of me and my whole Family and Eſtate, he never diſputeth it a Moment. All this hath rendered me ſo very inſignificant and contemptible at Home, that ſome Servants, to whom I pay the greateſt Wages, and many Tenants, who have the moſt beneficial Leaſes, are gone over to live with him; yet I am bound to continue their Wages, and pay their Rents; by which Means one third Part of my whole Income is ſpent on his Eſtate, and above another Third by his Tolls and Markets; and my poor Tenants are ſo ſunk and impoveriſhed, that, inſtead of maintaining me ſuitably to my Quality, they can hardly find me Cloaths to keep me warm, or provide the common Neceſſaries of Life for themſelves.

MATTERS being in this Poſture between me and my Lover; I received Intelligence that he had been for ſome Time making very preſſing Overtures of Marriage to my Rival, until there happened ſome Miſunderſtandings between them; ſhe gave him ill Words,

Words, and threatened to break off all Commerce with him. He, on the other Side, having either acquired Courage by his Triumphs over me, or ſuppoſing her as tame a Fool as I, thought at firſt to carry it with a high Hand; but hearing at the ſame Time, that ſhe had Thoughts of making ſome private Propoſals to join with me againſt him, and doubting, with very good Reaſon, that I would readily accept them, he ſeemed very much diſconcerted. This I thought was a proper Occaſion to ſhew ſome great Example of Generoſity and Love; and ſo, without further Conſideration, I ſent him Word, that, hearing there was like to be a Quarrel between him and my Rival, notwithſtanding all that had paſſed, and without binding him to any Conditions in my own Favour, I would ſtand by him againſt her and all the World, while I had a Penny in my Purſe, or a Petticoat to pawn. This Meſſage was ſubſcribed by all my chief Tenants; and prov'd ſo powerful, that my Rival immediately grew more tractable upon it. The Reſult of which was, that there is now a Treaty of Marriage concluded between them, the Wedding Cloaths are bought, and Nothing remaineth but to perform the Ceremony, which is put off for ſome Days, becauſe they deſign it to be a publick Wedding.

ding. And to reward my Love, Constancy, and Generosity, he hath bestowed on me the Office of being Sempstress to his Grooms and Footmen, which I am forced to accept or starve. Yet, in the Midst of this my Situation, I cannot but have some Pity for this deluded Man, to cast himself away on an infamous Creature, who, whatever she pretendeth, I can prove, would at this very Minute rather be a Whore to a certain Great Man, that shall be nameless, if she might have him Will. For my Part, I think, and so doth all the Country too, that the Man is possessed; at least none of us are able to imagine what he can possibly see in her, unless she hath bewitch'd him, or given him some Powder.

I AM sure I never sought this Alliance, and you can bear me witness, that I might have had other Matches; nay, if I were lightly disposed, I could still perhaps have Offers, that some, who hold their Heads higher, would be glad to accept. But alas! I never had any such wicked Thought; all I now desire is, only to enjoy a little Quiet, to be free from the Persecutions of this unreasonable Man, and that he will let me manage my own little Fortune to the best Advantage; for which I will undertake to pay him a considerable Pension every Year, much

much more conſiderable than what he now gets by his Oppreſſions; for he muſt needs find himſelf a Loſer at laſt, when he hath drained me and my Tenants ſo dry, that we ſhall not have a Penny for him or ourſelves. There is one Impoſition of his I had almoſt forgot, which I think unſufferable, and will appeal to you, or any reaſonable Perſon, whether it be ſo or not. I told you before, that, by an old Compact, we agreed to have the ſame Steward, at which Time I conſented likewiſe to regulate my Family and Eſtate by the ſame Method with him, which he then ſhewed me writ down in Form, and I approved of. Now, the Turn he thinks fit to give this Compact of ours is very extraordinary; for he pretends that, whatever Orders he ſhall think fit to preſcribe for the future in his Family, he may, if he will, compel mine to obſerve them, without aſking my Advice, or hearing my Reaſons. So that, I muſt not make a Leaſe without his Conſent, or give any Directions for the well-governing of my Family, but what he countermands whenever he pleaſeth. This leaveth me at ſuch Confuſion and Uncertainty, that my Servants know not when to obey me, and my Tenants, although many of them be very well inclined, ſeem quite at a Loſs.

BUT, I am too tedious upon this melancholy Subject, which, however, I hope you will forgive, ſince the Happineſs of my whole Life dependeth upon it. I deſire you will think awhile, and give your beſt Advice, what Meaſures I ſhall take with Prudence, Juſtice, Courage, and Honour, to protect my Liberty and Fortune againſt the Hardſhips and Severities I lie under from that unkind, inconſtant Man.

THE

THE ANSWER TO THE INJURED LADY.

MADAM,

I Have received your Ladyſhip's Letter, and carefully conſidered every Part of it, and ſhall give you my Opinion how you ought to proceed for your own Security. But firſt, I muſt beg Leave to tell your Ladyſhip, that you were guilty of an unpardonable Weakneſs t'other Day in making that Offer to your Lover, of ſtanding by him in any Quarrel he might have with your Rival. You know very well, that ſhe began to apprehend he had Deſigns of uſing her as he had done you; and common Prudence

might have directed you rather to have entered into ſome Meaſures with her for joining againſt him, until he might at leaſt be brought to ſome reaſonable Terms: But your invincible Hatred to that Lady hath carried your Reſentments ſo high, as to be the Cauſe of your Ruin; yet, if you pleaſe to conſider, this Averſion of yours began a good while before ſhe became your Rival, and was taken up by you and your Family, in a Sort of Compliment to your Lover, who formerly had a great Abhorrence for her. It is true, ſince that Time you have ſuffered very much by her Encroachments upon your Eſtate, but ſhe never pretended to govern or direct you; and now you have drawn a new Enemy upon yourſelf; for I think you may count upon all the ill Offices ſhe can poſſibly do you by her Credit with her Huſband; whereas, if, inſtead of openly declaring againſt her without any Provocation, you had but ſat ſtill a while, and ſaid Nothing, that Gentleman would have leſſened his Severity to you out of perfect Fear. This Weakneſs of yours, you call Generoſity, but I doubt there was more in the Matter: In ſhort, Madam, I have good Reaſons to think you were betrayed to it by the pernicious Counſels of ſome about you: For, to my certain Knowledge, ſeveral of your Tenants and Servants, to whom you

you have been very kind, are as arrant Raſcals as any in the Country. I cannot but obſerve what a mighty Difference there is in one Particular between your Ladyſhip and your Rival. Having yielded up your Perſon, you thought nothing elſe worth defending, and therefore you will not now inſiſt upon thoſe very Conditions for which you yielded at firſt. But your Ladyſhip cannot be ignorant, that ſome Years ſince your Rival did the ſame Thing, and upon no Conditions at all; nay, this Gentleman kept her as a Miſs, and yet made her pay for her very Diet and Lodging. But, it being at a Time when he had no Steward, and his Family out of Order, ſhe ſtole away, and hath now got the Trick very well known among the Women of the Town, to grant a Man the Favour over Night, and the next Day have the Impudence to deny it to his Face. But, it is too late to reproach you with any former Overſights, which cannot now be rectified. I know the Matters of Fact, as you relate them, are truly and fairly repreſented. My Advice therefore is this: Get your Tenants together as ſoon as you conveniently can, and make them agree to the following Reſolutions:

Firſt, That your Family and Tenants have no Dependence upon the ſaid Gentleman, further than by the old Agreement, which

obligeth you to have the ſame Steward, and to regulate your Houſhold by ſuch Methods as you ſhall both agree to.

Secondly, That you will not carry your Goods to the Market of his Town, unleſs you pleaſe, nor be hindered from carrying them any where elſe.

Thirdly, That the Servants you pay Wages to ſhall live at Home, or forfeit their Places.

Fourthly, That whatever Leaſe you make to a Tenant, it ſhall not be in his Power to break it.

IF he will agree to theſe Articles, I adviſe you to contribute as largely as you can, to all Charges of Pariſh and County.

I CAN aſſure you, ſeveral of that Gentleman's ableſt Tenants and Servants are againſt his ſevere Uſage of you, and would be glad of an Occaſion to convince the reſt of their Error, if you will not be wanting to yourſelf.

IF the Gentleman refuſes theſe juſt and reaſonable Offers, pray let me know it, and perhaps I may think of ſomething elſe that will be more effectual.

I am,

MADAM,

Your Ladyſhip's, &c.

LETTERS

TO AND FROM

Doctor *SWIFT.*

LETTERS

TO AND FROM

Doctor SWIFT.

LETTERS

TO AND FROM

Doctor *SWIFT.*

A Monſieur Monſieur Hunter, *Gentilhomme* Anglois, *à* Paris.

London, Jan. 12, 1708-9.

SIR,

I Know no People ſo ill uſed by your Men of Buſineſs, as their intimate Friends. About a Fortnight after Mr. *Addiſon* had received the Letter you were pleaſed to ſend me, he firſt told me of it with an Air of Recollection, and after ten further of Grace, thought fit

fit to give it me; ſo you know where to fix the whole Blame that it was no ſooner acknowledged. 'Tis a delicate Expedient you Priſoners have, of diverting yourſelves in an Enemy's Country, for which other Men would be hanged. I am conſidering, whether there be no Way of diſturbing your Quiet, by writing ſome dark Matter, that may give the *French* Court a Jealouſy of you. I ſuppoſe, Monſieur *Chamillard*, or ſome of his Commiſſaries, muſt have this Letter interpreted to them, before it comes to your Hands; and therefore, I here think good to warn them, that, if they exchange you under ſix of their Lieutenant-Generals, they will be Loſers by the Bargain. But that they may not miſtake me, I do not mean as *Viceroy de Virginia, mais comme le Colonel* Hunter. I would adviſe you to be very tender of your Honour, and not fall in Love; becauſe I have a Scruple, whether you can keep your Parole, if you become a Priſoner to the Ladies; at leaſt, it will be a Scandal for a *Free Briton* to drag two Chains at once. I preſume, you have the Liberty of *Paris*, and fifty Miles round, and have a very light Pair of Fetters, contrived to ride or dance in, and ſee *Verſailles*, and every Place elſe, except *St. Germains*. — I hear the Ladies call you already *Nôtre Priſonnier* Hunter, *le plus honnête Garçon du Monde*. — Will you *French* yet

yet own us *Britons* to be a brave People? Will they allow the Duke of *Marlborough* to be a great General? Or, are they all as partial as their Gazetteers? Have you yet met any *French* Colonel whom you remember to have formerly knocked from his Horſe, or ſhivered, at leaſt, a Launce againſt his Breaſt-Plate? Do you know the Wounds you have given, when you ſee the Scars? Do you ſalute your old Enemies with *Stetimus tela aſpera contra, contulimuſque manus? Vous ſaves que—Monſieur d'*Addiſon, *nôtre bon Ami, eſt fait Secretaire d'Etat d'Irlande*; and unleſs you make haſte over, and get me my *Virginian* Biſhoprick, he will perſuade me to go with him, for the *Vienna* Project is off, which is a great Diſappointment to the Deſign I had of diſplaying my Politicks at the Emperor's Court. I do not like the Subject you have aſſigned me to entertain you with. *Crauder* is ſick, to the Comfort of all quiet People, and *Fraud* is *Reveur à peindre*. Mr. *Addiſon* and I often drink your Health, and this Day I did it with *Will Pate*, a certain Adorer of yours, who is both a *Bel Eſprit* and a Woollen-Draper. The Whigs carry all before them, and how far they will purſue their Victories, we under-rate Whigs can hardly tell. I have not yet obſerved the Tories Noſes; their Number is not to be learnt by telling of Noſes, for every Tory has not a Noſe.—

'Tis

'Tis a Loſs you are not here to partake of three Weeks Froſt, and eat Gingerbread in a Booth by a Fire upon the *Thames*. Mrs. *Floyd* looked out with both her Eyes, and we had one Day's Thaw; but ſhe drew in her Head, and it now freezes as hard as ever. As for the Convocation, the Queen thought fit to prorogue it, though at the Expence of Dr. *Atterbury*'s Diſpleaſure, who was deſigned their Prolocutor, and is now raging at the Diſappointment. I amuſe myſelf ſometimes with writing Verſes to Mr. *Finch*, and ſometimes with Projects for uniting of Parties, which I perfect over Night, and burn in the Morning. Sometimes Mr. *Addiſon* and I ſteal to a Pint of bad Wine, and wiſh for no third Perſon but you, who, if you were with us, would never be ſatisfied without three more.— You know, I believe, that poor Dr. *Gregory* is dead, and *Keil* ſolicits to be his Succeſſor; but Party reaches even to Lines and Circles, and he will hardly carry it, being reputed a Tory, which yet he utterly denies.—We are here nine Times madder after Operas than ever; and have got a new *Caſtrato* from *Italy*, called *Nicolini*, who exceeds *Valentini*, I know not how many Barrs Length. Lords *Sommers* and *Halifax* are as well as buſy Stateſmen can be in Parliament Time. Lord *Dorſet* is Nobody's Favourite but your's and Mr. *Prior*'s, who has lately dedicated

dedicated his Book of Poems to him, which is all the Preſs has furniſhed us, of any Value, ſince you went. Mr. *Bringla*, a Gentleman of *Scotland*, ſucceeds Mr. *Addiſon* in the Secretary's Office; and Mr. *Shute*, a notable young Preſbyterian Gentleman, under Thirty Years old, is made a Commiſſioner of the Cuſtoms. This is all I can think of, either publick or private, worth telling you; perhaps you have heard Part or All of both from other Hands, but you muſt be content: Pray let us know what Hopes we have of ſeeing you, and how ſoon; and be ſo kind, or juſt, to believe me always

Your moſt faithful,

humble Servant,

JON. SWIFT.

P. S. Mr. *Steel* preſents his moſt humble Service to you; and I cannot forbear telling you of your *Mechaneté* to impute the Letter of Enthuſiaſm to me; when I have ſome good Reaſons to think the Author is now at *Paris*.

I

A Mon-

A Monsieur Monsieur Hunter, *Gentilhomme* Anglois, *à* Paris.

London, March 22, 1708-9.

SIR,

I Am very much obliged to you for the Favour of a kind Reproach you sent me, in a Letter to Mr. *Addison*, which he never told me of till this Day, and that accidentally; but I am glad at the same Time, that I did not deserve it, having sent you a long Letter, in return to that you was pleased to honour me with; and it is a Pity it should be lost; for, as I remember, it was full of the *Diei fabulas*, and such Particularities as do not usually find Place in News-Papers. Mr. *Addison* has been so taken up for some Months, in the amphibious Circumstances of premier C—— to my Lord *Sunderland*, and Secretary of State for *Ireland*, that he is the worst Man I know, either to convey an idle Letter, or deliver what he receives; so that I design, when I trust him with this, to give him

him a Memorial along with it; for, if my former has miſcarried, I am half perſuaded to give him the Blame. I find you a little lament your Bondage, and indeed in your Caſe it requires a good Share of Philoſophy: But if you will not be angry, I believe I may have been the Cauſe you are ſtill a Priſoner, for I imagine my former Letter was intercepted by the *French* Court, when the moſt Chriſtian King reading one Paſſage in it, (and duly conſidering the Weight of the Perſon who wrote it) where I ſaid, if the *French* underſtood your Value as well as we do, he would not exchange you for Count *Tallard*, and all the *Delris* of *Blenheim* together; for I muſt confeſs I did not railly when I ſaid ſo.

I HEAR your good Siſter, the Queen of *Pomunki*, waits with Impatience till you are reſtored to your Dominions; and that your Rogue of a Viceroy returns Money faſt for *England*, againſt the Time he muſt retire from his Government. Mean time *Philips* writes Verſes in a Sledge upon the frozen Sea, and tranſmits them hither, to thrive in our warmer Clime, under the Shelter of my Lord *Dorſet*. I could ſend you a great deal of News from the *Republica Grubſtreetaria*, which was never in greater Altitude, though I have been of late but a ſmall Contributor. A Cargo of Splinters from the *Arabian* Rocks have been

been lately ſhipwrecked in the *Thames*, to the irreparable Damage of the Virtuoſi. Mrs. *Long* and I are fallen out, I ſhall not trouble you with the Cauſe; but don't you think her altogether in the Wrong? But Mrs. *Barter* is ſtill in my good Graces; I deſign to make her tell me when you are to be redeemed, and will ſend you Word.—There's it now, you think I am in jeſt; but I aſſure you, the beſt Intelligence I get of publick Affairs is from Ladies, for the Miniſters never tell me any thing; and Mr. *Addiſon* is nine Times more ſecret to me than any body elſe, becauſe I have the Happineſs to be thought his Friend. The Company at St. *James's* Coffee-Houſe is as bad as ever, but it is not quite ſo good. The Beauties you left are all gone off this Froſt, and we have got a new Set for Spring, of which Mrs. *Cherwind* and Mrs. *Worſley* are the principal. The Vogue of Operas holds up wonderfully, though we have had them a Year; but I deſign to ſet up a Party among the Wits, to run them down by next Winter, if true *Engliſh* Caprice does not interpoſe to ſave us the Labour. Mademoiſelle *Spanheim* is going to marry my Lord *Fitzharding*, at leaſt I have heard ſo; and if you find it otherwiſe at your Return, the Conſequences may poſſibly be ſurvived; however, you may tell it the *Paris* Gazetteer, and let me have the Pleaſure

to

to read a Lye of my own sending. I suppose you have heard that the Town has lost an old Duke, and recovered a mad Duchess.—The Duke of *Marlborough* has at length found an Enemy that dares face him, and which he will certainly fly before, with the first Opportunity, and we are all of Opinion it will be his wisest Course to do so. Now the Way to be prodigiously witty would be by keeping you in Suspence, and not letting you know that this Enemy is nothing but this North-east Wind, which stops his Voyage to *Holland*.—This Letter going in Mr. *Addison*'s Pacquet, will, I hope, have better Luck than the former. I shall go for *Ireland* some time in Summer, being not able to make my Friends in the Ministry consider my Merits, or their Promises, enough to keep me here, so that all my Hopes now terminate in my Bishoprick of *Virginia*; in the mean time I hold fast my Claim to your Promise of corresponding with me, and that you will henceforward address your Letter for me at Mr. *Steele*'s Office, at the Cockpit, who has promised his Care in conveying them. Mr. *Domvil* is now at *Geneva*, and sends me Word he is become a Convert to the Whigs, by observing the good and ill Effects of Freedom and Slavery abroad.

I AM now with Mr. *Addison*, with whom I have fifty Times drank your Health since

you left us. He is hurrying away for *Ireland*, and I can at present lengthen my Letter no farther; and I am not certain whether you will have any from him or no, till he gets for *Ireland*. However, he commands me to assure you of his humble Service, and I pray God too much Business may not spoil *Le plus honête Homme du Monde*; for it is certain, which of a Man's good Talents he employs on Business, must be detracted from his Conversation. I cannot write longer in so good Company, and therefore conclude

Your most faithful,

and most humble Servant,

J. SWIFT.

Dr. SWIFT to Dr. WILLIAM KING, Archbishop of Dublin.

London, October 10, 1710.

MY LORD,

I Had the Honour of your Grace's Letter of *September* 16, but I was in no Pain to acknowledge it, nor shall be at any other Time, until I have something that I think worth troubling you; because I know how much an insignificant Letter is worse than none at all. I had likewise your * Memorial, *etc.* in another Packet. I should have been glad the Bishops had been here; although I take Bishops to be the worst Solicitors in the World, except for themselves. They cannot give themselves the little Troubles of Attendance that other Men are content to swallow. Else, I am sure, their two Lordships might have succeeded easier than Men of my Level are likely to do.

* A Memorial of the Bishops and Clergy of *Ireland*, concerning the First Fruits and Twentieth Parts.

As soon as I received the Pacquets from your Grace, I went to wait upon Mr. *Harley* *. I had prepared him before by another Hand where he was very intimate; and got myself represented (which I might justly do) as one extremely ill-used by the last Ministry, after some Obligations, because I refused to go certain Lengths they would have me. This happened to be in some Sort Mr. *Harley*'s own Case. He had heard very often of me, and received me with the greatest Marks of Kindness and Esteem; as I was whispered he would; and the more upon the Ill-Usage I had met with. I sat with him two Hours among Company, and two Hours we were alone, where I told him my Business, and gave him the History of it. Which he heard as I could wish, and declared he would do his utmost to effect it. I told him the Difficulties we met with by Lords Lieutenants and their Secretaries, who would not suffer others to solicit, and neglected it themselves. He fell in with me entirely; and said, neither they nor himself should have the Merit of it, but the Queen, to whom he should shew my Memorial with the first Opportunity, in order, if possible, to have it done

* Lord High Treasurer of *England*, created afterwards Earl of *Oxford*.

done in this Interregnum. I said the Honour and Merit, next to the Queen, would be his; that it was a great Encouragement to the Bishops that he was in the Treasury, whom they knew to be the chief Adviser of the Queen, to grant the same Favour in *England*: That consequently the Honour and Merit were Nothing to him, who had done so much greater Things: And that, for my Part, I thought he was obliged to the Clergy of *Ireland*, for giving him an Opportunity of gratifying the Pleasure he took in doing Good to the Church. He took my Compliment extremely well, and renewed his Promises. Your Grace will please to know that, besides the First-Fruits, I told him of the Crown-Rents; and shewed the Nature and Value of them; but said, My Opinion was, that the Convocation had not mentioned them in their Petition to the Queen, delivered to Lord * *Wharton* with the Address, because they thought the Times would not then bear it; but that I looked on myself to have a discretionary Power to solicit it in so favourable a Juncture.

I HAD two Memorials ready of my own drawing up, as short as possible, shewing the Nature of the Thing, and how long it had

* Then Lord Lieutenant of *Ireland*.

been depending, *etc.* One of these Memorials had a Paragraph at the End, relating to the Crown Rents. I would have given him the laſt; but I gave him the other, which he immediately read, and promiſed to ſecond *Both* with his beſt Offices to the Queen. As I have placed that Paragraph in my Memorial, it can do no Harm, and may poſſibly do Good. However, I beg your Grace to ſay Nothing of it, but if it dieth, let it die in Silence: We muſt take up with what we can get.

I FORGOT to tell your Grace, that when I ſaid I was empowered, *etc.* he deſired to ſee my Powers: And then I heartily wiſhed them more ample than they were. And I have ſince wondered what Scruple a Number of Biſhops could have to empower a Clergyman to do the Church and them a Service, without any Imagination of Intereſt for himſelf.

MR. *Harley* has invited me to dine with him To-day: But I ſhall not put him upon this Diſcourſe ſo ſoon. If he begins it himſelf, I ſhall add it at the Bottom of this. He ſays, Mr. Secretary * *St. John* deſireth to be acquainted with me, and that he will bring us together. That may be a fur-

* Afterwards created Lord Viſcount *Bolingbroke*.

ther Help; although I told him I had not Thoughts of applying to any but himſelf, wherein he differed from me, and deſired I would ſpeak to others, if it were but for Form, and ſeemed to mean, as if he would avoid the Envy of being thought to do ſuch a Thing alone. But an old Courtier (an intimate Friend) adviſed me ſtill to let him know, I relied wholly upon his good Inclinations and Credit with the Queen, *etc.*

I FIND I am forced to ſay all this very confuſedly, juſt as it lieth in my Memory; but perhaps it may give your Grace a truer Idea how Matters are, than if I had writ in more Order.

I am, etc.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

The Archbishop to Dr. SWIFT.

Dublin, October 24, 1710.

Reverend Sir,

I THANK you for yours of the 10th Instant, and send you inclosed a farther Power by my Lord Primate and me. My Lord is not able to come to Town, which obliged me to wait on him at *Johnston*, and hindered the joining of two or three Bishops in it who are yet in Town. But I suppose our signing is sufficient. I went in the Morning to wait on his Grace, and intended, when he had signed it, to have applied to other Bishops; but he was abroad taking the Air, and I could not get it until it was late, and thought it better to sign and send it, as it is, than wait for another Post. You may expect by the next, a Letter to his Grace of *Canterbury*, and another to the Archbishop of *York*. I apprized them both of the Business. The latter, if I remember right, spoke to her Majesty about it; I am not sure, that her Majesty

jesty remembers what I said on the Subject; but am sure she was pleased to seem satisfied with it, and to scruple only the Time. I suppose, not thinking it fit to confer the Favour she designed the Clergy of *Ireland*, by the Hands it must then have passed through, but said, that in the Interval of a Change, or Absence of a chief Governor, it should be done. I hope, now is the proper Time, and that her Majesty will rather follow the Dictates of her own bountiful Inclinations, than the Intrigues of cunning covetous Counsellors.

I THOUGHT to have troubled you with a great many Things; but such a Crowd of Visitors have broken in upon me before I could lock my Gates, that I am forced to break off abruptly, recommending you to GOD's Care.

I am, etc.

WILLIAM *Dublin.*

The

The * Lord Primate and Archbiſhop of DUBLIN, to Dr. SWIFT.

Dublin, October, 24, 1710.

SIR,

WE directed a Letter to the Biſhops of *Oſſory* and *Killaloe* laſt *Auguſt*, deſiring and empowering them to ſolicit the Affair of our Firſt Fruits and Twentieth Parts, with her Majeſty; which has depended ſo long, notwithſtanding her Majeſty's good Intentions; and ſeveral Promiſes of the chief Governors here to lay our Addreſſes before her Majeſty in the beſt Manner. We were then apprehenſive that thoſe Biſhops might return from *England* before the Buſineſs could be effected, and therefore we deſired them to concern you in it; having ſo good Aſſurance of your Ability, Prudence, and Fitneſs to proſecute ſuch a Matter. We find the Biſhops returned before you came to *London*; for which we are very much concerned;

* Dr. *Narciſſus Marſh*.

and

and judging this the moſt proper Time to proſecute it with Succeſs, we entreat you to take the *full Management* of it into your Hands; and do commit the Care of ſoliciting it to your Diligence and Prudence; deſiring you to let us know from Time to Time, what Progreſs is made in it. And, if any Thing farther be neceſſary on our Part, on your Intimation, we ſhall be ready to do what ſhall be judged reaſonable.

THIS, with our Prayers on the good Succeſs of your Endeavours, is all from

SIR,

Your, &c.

NARCISSUS *Ardmagh.*
WILLIAM *Dublin.*

The

The Archbishop of DUBLIN *to Dr.* SWIFT.

Dublin, Dec. 16, 1712.

SIR,

THIS is to acknowledge the Receipt of your's of the 20th past, which came not to my Hands till *Thursday* last, by Reason of Winds that kept the Pacquets on the other Side.

I find the Matter of our First Fruits, *etc.* is talk'd of now. I reckon on Nothing certain, till her Majesty's Letter comes in Form; And Quære, Why should not you come and bring it with you? It would make you a very welcome Clergyman to *Ireland*, and be the best Means to satisfy Mankind, how it was obtained, although I think that will be out of Dispute. I am very well apprized of the Dispatch you gave this Affair, and well pleased, that I judged better of the Person fit to be employed than some of my Brethren. But now it is done, as I hope it is effectually, they will assume as

as much as their Neighbours; which I shall never contradict.

THINGS are taking a new Turn here, as well as with you, and I am of Opinion, by the Time you come here, few will profess themselves *Whiggs*. The greatest Danger I apprehend, and which terrifies me more than perhaps you will be able to imagine, is the Fury and Indiscretion of some of our own People, who never had any Merit, but by imbroiling Things; they did, and I am afraid will yet do Mischief.

I HEARTILY recommend you to GOD's Favour,

And am, etc.

WILLIAM *Dublin.*

N. B. *Doctor* SWIFT *used his Credit with the Ministry, for the Benefit of the Church of* Ireland, *so heartily and so effectually at this critical Time, that he procured a Grant from the Queen for exonerating the Clergy of* Ireland *from paying* Twentieth Parts, *dated the seventh of* February, *One Thousand Seven Hundred and Ten; and another Grant bearing the same Date, to* Narcissus, *Lord Archbishop of* Armagh, Sir Constantine Phipps,

Phipps, *Lord High Chancellor of* Ireland, William, *Lord Archbiſhop of* Dublin, John, *Lord Archbiſhop of* Tuam, *and others, of the Firſt Fruits, payable out of all Eccleſiaſtical Benefices, in truſt to be for ever applied towards purchaſing Glebes, and building Reſidentiary Houſes for poor endowed Vicars.*

THE *Succeſs of which charitable Fund hitherto, may be ſeen in the printed Pamphlet containing an Account of the Firſt Fruits of* Ireland.

The Archbiſhop to Dr. SWIFT.

London, Suffolk-ſtreet, Nov. 22, 1716.

SIR,

I READ yours of the thirteenth Inſtant with great Satisfaction. It is not only an Advantage to you and me, that there ſhould be a good Correſpondence between us, but alſo to the Publick; and I aſſure you I had much ado to perſuade People here, that we kept any tolerable Meaſures with one another;

ther; much less, that there was any thing of a good Intelligence. And therefore, you judged right, that it ought not to be said, that in some, many Months, I had not received any Letter from you.

I DO a little admire, that those that should be your fastest Friends, should be so opposite to acknowledge the Service you did *in procuring the Twentieth Parts and First Fruits*: I know no Reason for it, except the Zeal I shewed to do you *Justice* in *that Particular*, from the Beginning. But since I only did it, as obliged to bear Testimony to the Truth in a Matter, which I certainly knew, and would have done the same for the worst *Enemy* I had in the World, I see no Reason why you should suffer, because I among others was your Witness. But, be not concerned, Ingratitude is warranted by modern and ancient Custom: And it is more Honour for a Man to have it asked, why he had not a *suitable Return* to his *Merits*, than why he was overpaid. *Benefacere & male audire* is the Lot of the best Men. If Calumny or Ingratitude could have put me out of my Way, GOD knows where I should have wander'd by this Time.

I AM glad the Business of St. * *Nicholas*

* The Dean and Chapter of St. *Patrick*'s are the Appropriators of that Church, and have the Right of bestowing the Cure on whom they please.

is over any Way: My Inclination was Mr. *Wall*; that I might have joined the Vicarage of *Caſtle-knock* to the Prebend of *Malahidart*; which would have made a good Proviſion for one Man, ſerved the Cures better, and yielded more then to the Incumbent, than it can do now, when in different Hands. But I could not compaſs it without uſing more Power over my Clergy, than I am willing to exert. But as I am thankful to you for your Condeſcenſion in that Affair, ſo I will expect that thoſe, with whom you have complied, ſhould ſhew their Senſe of it, by a mutual Return of the like Compliance; when there ſhall be Occaſion. Such reciprocal kind Offices are the Ground of mutual Confidence and Friendſhip, and the Fewel that keeps them alive: And, I think, Nothing can contribute more to our common Eaſe, and the publick Good, than maintaining theſe between you and me, and with the Clergy.

We have a ſtrong Report, that my Lord *Bolingbroke* will return here, and be pardoned; certainly it muſt not be for Nothing. I hope he can tell no ill Story of you.

I Add only my Prayers for you, and am, Sir,

Your moſt humble Servant,

and Brother,

William *Dublin.*

Dr. SWIFT *to the Archbiſhop of* Dublin.

Trim, Dec. 16, 1716.

MY LORD,

I SHOULD be ſorry to ſee my Lord *Bolingbroke* following the Trade of an Informer: Becauſe he is a Perſon for whom I always had, and ſtill continue, a very great Love and Eſteem. For, I think, as the reſt of Mankind do, that Informers are a deteſtable Race of People, although they may be ſometimes neceſſary. Beſides, I do not ſee whom his Lordſhip can inform againſt, except himſelf: He was three or four Days at the Court of *France*, while he was Secretary; and it is barely poſſible he might then have entered into ſome deep Negotiation with the *Pretender*: Although I would not believe him, if he ſhould ſwear it. Becauſe *he proteſted to me*, that he never ſaw *him but once*; and that was at a great Diſtance, *in publick at an Opera*. As to any others of the Miniſtry at that Time, I am confident

he cannot accuſe them: And that they will *appear as innocent* with Relation to the *Pretender*, as any who are now at the Helm. And, as to myſelf, if I were of any Importance, I ſhould be very eaſy, under *ſuch an Accuſation*; much eaſier, than I am to think your Grace imagineth me in any Danger; or that Lord *Bolingbroke* ſhould have any ill Story to tell of me. He knoweth, and loveth, and thinketh too well of me, to be capable of ſuch an Action. But I am ſurprized to think your Grace could talk, or act, or correſpond with me for ſome Years paſt; while you muſt needs believe me a moſt falſe and vile Man; declaring to you on all Occaſions *my Abhorrence of the Pretender*; and yet privately engaged with a Miniſtry to bring him in; and therefore, warning me to look to myſelf, and prepare my Defence againſt a falſe BROTHER, coming over to diſcover ſuch Secrets as would hang me. Had there been ever the leaſt *Overture* or *Intent* of *bringing in the Pretender*, during my Acquaintance with the Miniſtry, I think I muſt have been very ſtupid not to have picked out ſome Diſcoveries or Suſpicions. And, although I am not ſure I ſhould have turned Informer, yet, I am certain I ſhould have dropp'd ſome general Cautions; and immediately have retired. When People ſay, Things were not ripe at

the

the Queen's Death; they ſay, they know not what. Things were rotten: And had the Miniſters any ſuch Thoughts, they ſhould have begun three Years before; and they, who ſay otherwiſe, underſtand Nothing of the State of the Kingdom at that Time.

BUT, whether I am miſtaken or no in other Men, I beg your Grace to believe, that I am not miſtaken in myſelf. I always profeſſed to be *againſt the Pretender*; and *am ſo ſtill.* And this is not to make my Court (which I know is vain) for I own myſelf full of Doubts, Fears, and Diſſatisfactions; which I think on as ſeldom as I can: Yet, if I were of any Value, the Publick may ſafely *rely on my Loyalty*; becauſe I look upon the *coming of the Pretender* as a greater Evil than we are like to ſuffer under the worſt Whig Miniſtry that can be found.

I HAVE not ſpoke or thought ſo much of Party theſe two Years, nor could any thing have tempted me to it, but the Grief I have in ſtanding ſo ill in your Grace's Opinion. I beg your Grace's Bleſſing,

And am, &c.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

An Answer to L—d PALM—TON'S *civil polite Letter.* [So indorsed.]

Jan. 31, 1725-6.

Mr Lord,

I DESIRE you will give yourself the last Trouble I shall ever put you to. I do entirely acquit you of any Injury or Injustice done to Mr. * *Curtis*; and if you had read that Passage in my Letter a second Time, you could not possibly have so ill understood me. The Injury and Injustice the young Man received were from those, who, claiming a Title to his Chambers, took away his Key; and reviled, and threatened to beat him; with a great deal of the like monstrous Conduct: Whereupon, at his Request, I laid the Case before † you, as it appeared to me.

* A Resident Master in *Trinity* College, whom the Dean made one of the four Minor-Canons of St. *Patrick*'s Cathedral.

† L—d Vis—t *Palm*——*ton*, (Nephew to Sir *William*

me. And it would have been very ſtrange, if, on Account of a Trifle, and of a Perſon, for whom I have no Concern further than as he was once employed by me, on the Character he bears of Piety and Learning, I ſhould charge you with Injury and Injuſtice to him, when I know from himſelf and Mr. *Reading*, that you were not anſwerable for either.

As you ſtate the Caſe of Tenant at Will, I fully agree, that no Law can compel you; but Law was not at all in my Thoughts.

Now, my Lord, if what I writ of Injury and Injuſtice were wholly applied in plain Terms to one or two of the College here, whoſe Names were below my Remembrance; you will conſider how I could deſerve an Anſwer in every Line, full of foul Inſinuations, open Reproaches, jeſting Flirts, and contumelious Terms; and what Title you claim to give me ſuch Treatment. I own my Obligation to Sir * *William Temple*, for recommending me to the late King, although without

William Temple) hath a Right to beſtow two handſome Chambers in the Univerſity of *Dublin*, upon ſuch Students as he and his Heirs ſhall think proper, on Account of the Benefactions of this Family towards the College Buildings.

* After Mr. *Swift* left the Univerſity of *Dublin*, Sir *William* (whoſe Father, Sir *John Temple*, Maſter of the Rolls in *Ireland*, had been a Friend

to

without Succeſs; and for his Choice of me to take Care of his poſthumous Writings. But I hope, you will not charge my being in his Family, as an Obligation; for I was educated to little Purpoſe, if I had choſen his Houſe on any other Motives, than the Benefit of his Converſation and Advice, and the Opportunity of purſuing my Studies. For being born to no Fortune, I was, at his Death, as much to ſeek it as ever: And, perhaps, you will allow that I was of ſome Uſe to him. This I will venture to ſay, that in the Time, when I had ſome little Credit, I did fifty times more for fifty People, from whom I never received the leaſt Service or Aſſiſtance; yet I ſhould not be pleaſed to hear a Relation of mine reproaching them with Ingratitude; although many of them well deſerve it. For, Thanks to Party, I have met in both Kingdoms with Ingratitude enough.

If I have been ill informed, you have not been much better, that *I declared no Re-*

to the Family) invited our young Author to ſpend ſome Time with him at *Moor-Park* in *England*, for the Sake of his Converſation; where he purſued his Studies through all the *Greek* and *Roman* Hiſtorians. Here it was he was introduced by his Friend to King *William*; when his Majeſty uſed to pay frequent Viſits to that great Miniſter, after he had retired from publick Buſineſs to his Seat at *Moor-Park*.

gard

gard to your Family; for ſo you expreſs yourſelf: I never had Occaſion or Opportunity to make uſe of any ſuch Words. The laſt Time I ſaw you in *London*, was the laſt Intercourſe that I remember to have had with your Family. But having always truſted to my own Innocence, I was never inquiſitive to know my Accuſers. When I mention my Loſs of Intereſt with you, I did it with Concern: And I had no Reſentment; becauſe I ſuppoſed it to ariſe only from different Sentiments in publick Matters.

My L—d, if my Letter were *polite*, it was againſt my Intention, and I intreat your Pardon for it. If I have *Wit*, I will keep it to ſhew when I am angry; which at preſent I am not: Becauſe, although nothing can excuſe thoſe intemperate Words your Pen hath let fall, yet I ſhall give Allowance to a haſty Perſon hurried on by a Miſtake beyond all Rules of Decency. If a firſt Miniſter of State had uſed me as you have done, he ſhould have heard from me in another Style; becauſe in that Caſe retaliating would be thought a Mark of Courage. But as your Lordſhip is not in a Situation to do me Good, nor, I am ſure, of a Diſpoſition to do me Miſchief; ſo I ſhould loſe the Merit of being bold, becauſe I incurred no Danger.

In this Point alone we are exactly equal:

But in Wit and Politeneſs I am as ready to yield to you, as in Titles and Eſtate.

I HAVE found out one Secret; that although you call me a *great Wit*, you do not think me ſo; otherwiſe you would have been cautious to have writ me ſuch a Letter.

You conclude with ſaying, you are ready to aſk Pardon where you have offended. Of this I acquit you, becauſe I have not taken the Offence; but whether you will acquit yourſelf, muſt be left to your Conſcience and Honour.

I HAVE formerly upon Occaſions been your humble Servant in *Ireland*; and ſhould not refuſe to be ſo ſtill, but you have ſo uſeful and excellent a Friend in Mr. *Reading*, that you need no other; and, I hope, my good Opinion of him will not leſſen yours. I am,

My Lord,

Your moſt humble Servant,

JON. SWIFT.

Dr.

Dr. SWIFT *to Dr.* SHERIDAN.

Dublin, Jan. 5, 1736.

SIR,

I AM glad you have got the Piles, becauſe it is a Mark of Health, and a ſtrong Conſtitution. I believe what you ſay of the *Legion-Club* Poem; for it plainly appears a Work of a *Legion-Club*, for I hear there are fifty different Copies; but what's that to me? And you are in the right, that they are not treated according to their Merit. You never writ ſo regularly in your Life, and therefore, when you write to me, always take Care to have the *Piles*; I mean any * *Piles*, except thoſe of Lime and Stone, and yet *Piles* are not ſo bad as the *Stone*. I find you intend to be here (by your Date) in a Dozen Days hence. The Room ſhall be ready for you, although I ſhall never have you in a

* The Author held Puns in Contempt; but would ſometimes go into them for Merriment.

Morning

Morning, or at Dinner, or in an Evening; at all other Times ſhall be peſtered with you.—As to your Veniſon, *vain is one* who expects it. I am *checking* you for your *Chicken*, and could *lamb* you for your *Lambs*. *Addenda quædam.*

My Wife a rattling,
My Children tattling.
My Money ſpent is,
And due my Rent is.
My School decreaſing,
My Income ceaſing.
All People teaſe me,
But no Man pays me.
My Worſhip is bit,
By that Rogue Niſbit.
To take the right Way,
Conſult Friend Whiteway.
Would you get ſtill more?
Go flatter * Kilmore.
Your Geeſe are old,
Your W— a Scold.
You live among ill Folks in a Dunghill.
You never have an old Friend at Cavan.

Mrs *Whiteway* is ever your Friend: but your old ones have forſaken you, as mine have me. My Head is ever bad; and I have juſt

* Mr. *Joſiah Hart*, then Biſhop of *Kilmore*.

as

as much Spirits left as a drowned Mouſe. Pray do not give yourſelf Airs of pretending to have Flies in Summer, at *Cavan*; and ſuch a *no* Summer as this: I, who am the beſt Fly-catcher in the Kingdom, have not thought it worth my while to ſhew my Skill in that Art. I believe nothing of your Garden Improvements, for I know you too well. What you ſay of your Leanneſs is incredible; for when I ſaw you laſt you were as broad as long. But if you continue to breathe free (which nothing but Exerciſe can give) you may be ſafe with as little Fleſh as I, which is none at all.

I HAD your Letter juſt before this was ſealed, but I cannot anſwer it now.

A humo-

A humourous Letter to Dr. Sheridan, *on a Literalia Scheme of Writing.*

SIR,

AS you are a famous Inſtructor of Youth in the learned Languages, I cannot doubt of your being willing to encourage all *uſeful Inventions*, that may further improve Knowledge. I have often lamented the unneceſſary Loſs of Time we ſuffer in tranſcribing our Thoughts by dividing our Words into Syllables, and writing the Vowels at length, which ſo frequently occur, that although they be but Five, yet by occurring ſo frequently as they do, they double our Labour. Beſides the great Loſs of Paper, Pens, and Ink, which many among the Learned are not ſo well able to ſpare.

I CONFESS that, in this polite and learned Age of ours, many laudable Attempts have been made for ſome Remedy againſt this Evil; partly by abbreviating Words with Apoſtrophes; and partly by lopping the Polyſyllables, leaving only one or two at moſt; as thus. 'Tis

'n't,

'n't, 't'nt, won't, can't, Poz, 'pon Rep', Phis, and many more. But alas, theſe are poor Expedients, and do not go to the Root of the Diſeaſe.

My Scheme is much more uſeful and extenſive. Although I confeſs myſelf not to be altogether the original Inventor. For I obſerve, that the ingenious Gentlemen who play at *White*'s Chocolate-Houſe, have ſome imperfect Idea of it; and I have ſeen ſome Inſtances of it, many Years older, but very imperfect. By theſe Examples, I have theſe nine Years paſt been conſidering the Force of Letters in our Alphabet, with Relation to each other; as School-miſtreſſes teach young Children to pronounce them in their Horn-books, which is in this Manner, A, Be *or* Bee, See, Dee, E, Ef, Gee, Each *or* Ach, I *or* Eye, Ka *or* Key, El, Em, En, O, Pee *or* Pe, Qu *or* Cue, Are *or* Err, Eſs, Tee *or* Tea, U *or* You, Double U *or* Double You, Ex, Wy, Izzard. Now this, I ſay, the very gaming Lords at the Chocolate-Houſes have already ſome imperfect Notion of, as far as concerns the Vowels. The ſame Thing alſo Men of Buſineſs are not ignorant of, for thus three Vowels ſhall ſtand, with the Sum affixed, for a good Promiſſory Note, I O U 20 *l.*

In

In ſhort, you need only read the Letters as they are pronounced by Boys and Girls when they are taught firſt to read, as A, Bee, Cee; and ſix Letters ſhall go as far as Ten. This is only for Diſpatch in Writing; of which take the following Specimens. But I have Materials for a Treatiſe to contract Words in Speaking, which, as finds Encouragement, I ſhall publiſh afterwards.

A Letter to your Miſtreſs.

DR Ld Ur a But; I ſtm u a Dit. Ur mpr ndurs. O b ur But ndls. A tr faces ur But. U r a Gm; a gul; a Rub. I c a b p q ur i: I b c hut k a r b ur i. I c q u a R med. U r etn: U r yy. U r a Prs. I c a Pr b for u. I dſir ur pt, Ur gnroſet; ur prſpquit; dene, enerit, fablit, ur xlnes apr. Ur a qrioet. Ritr nobls ur log. Ur a Qn Ma. Ur but dſis Apls a Pntr. I c ur But pres ur rmi.

Another

Another Letter in the Literalia *Style.*

BT, ur nt; U dfil ur Krks dli. I c ur a grr. I ph u. I aqq u. Ur nmii aqq u. Mli aqqs u. Q pd d fiii u. U r r r mprs. U th Kt. O g m ni! u a thr. u th a Br. Ur ri. I d fi u. I ſk p u. I ſq u. I k tquis u. U a But. Ur rc a But. U rſmbl ur ldr eſtr Kt on. I rmmbr dr Ptr. On Sqir. B guptr I c ur gloc. Q ep ur tmpr.

While

While Dr. SWIFT *was at Sir* William Temple's, *after he left the University of* Dublin, *he contracted a Friendſhip with a Lady, whom he has diſtinguiſhed in his Works by the Name of* STELLA, *but whoſe Proſe Name was* JOHNSON, *a Daughter of Sir* William Temple's *Steward; and in the Year* 1716 *was married to her by Dr.* Aſhe, *then Biſhop of* Clogher.— *She began to decline in Health in* 1724, *and died toward the End of* Jan. 1727-8. *When he received the News of her laſt Sickneſs he was in* England, *from whence he haſtened into* Ireland; *and upon viſiting her, compoſed the following Prayers for her Recovery, which are printed from his own Hand-writing, a Monument at once of his Affection and his Piety, and which will perpetuate more true Honour to both of them, than all he has ſung of her, or has been ſaid of him.*

Written Oct. 17, 1727.

MOST merciful Father, accept our humbleſt Prayers in Behalf of this thy languiſhing Servant: Forgive the Sins, the Frailties

ties and Infirmities of her Life paſt. Accept the good Deeds ſhe hath done in ſuch a Manner, that, at whatever Time Thou ſhalt pleaſe to call her, ſhe may be received into everlaſting Habitations. Give her Grace to continue ſincerely thankful to Thee for the many Favours Thou haſt beſtowed upon her, the Ability and Inclination and Practice to do Good, and thoſe Virtues, which have procur'd the Eſteem and Love of her Friends, and a moſt unſpotted Name in the World. O God, thou diſpenſeſt thy Bleſſings and thy Puniſhments as it becometh infinite Juſtice and Mercy; and ſince it was thy Pleaſure to afflict her with a long, conſtant, weakly State of Health, make her truly ſenſible, that it was for very wiſe Ends, and was largely made up to her in other Bleſſings more valuable and leſs common. Continue to her, O Lord, that Firmneſs and Conſtancy of Mind, wherewith thou haſt moſt graciouſly endowed her, together with that Contempt of worldly Things and Vanities, that ſhe hath ſhewn in the whole Conduct of her Life. O All-powerful Being, the leaſt Motion of whoſe Will can create or deſtroy a World, pity us, the mournful Friends of thy diſtreſſed Servant, who ſink under the Weight of her preſent Condition, and the Fear of loſing the moſt valuable of our Friends: Reſtore her to us, O Lord, if it be thy gracious Will, or inſpire

us with Conſtancy and Reſignation, to ſupport ourſelves under ſo heavy an Affliction. Reſtore her, O Lord, for the Sake of thoſe Poor, who by loſing her will be deſolate; and thoſe Sick, who will not only want her Bounty, but her Care and Tending; or elſe, in thy Mercy, raiſe up ſome other in her Place with equal Diſpoſition and better Abilities. Leſſen, O Lord, we beſeech thee, her bodily Pains, or give her a double Strength of Mind to ſupport them. And if thou wilt ſoon take her to thyſelf, turn our Thoughts rather upon that Felicity, which we hope ſhe ſhall enjoy, than upon that unſpeakable Loſs we ſhall endure. Let her Memory be ever dear unto us; and the Example of her many Virtues, as far as human Infirmity will admit, our conſtant Imitation. Accept, O Lord, theſe Prayers, poured from the very Bottom of our Hearts, in thy Mercy, and for the Merits of our Bleſſed Saviour. *Amen.*

The ſecond Prayer written Nov. 6, 1727.

O Merciful Father, who never afflicteſt thy Children, but for their own Good, and with Juſtice, over which thy Mercy always prevaileth, either to turn them to Repent-

ance, or to punish them in the present Life, in order to reward them in a better; take pity, we beseech thee, upon this thy poor afflicted Servant, languishing so long and so grievously under the Weight of thy Hand. Give her Strength, O Lord, to support her Weakness, and Patience to endure her Pains, without repining at thy Correction. Forgive every rash and inconsiderate Expression, which her Anguish may at any Time force from her Tongue, while her Heart continueth in an entire Submission to thy Will. Suppress in her, O Lord, all eager Desires of Life, and lessen her Fears of Death, by inspiring into her an humble, yet assured, Hope of thy Mercy. Give her a sincere Repentance for all her Transgressions and Omissions, and a firm Resolution to pass the Remainder of her Life in endeavouring to her utmost to observe all thy Precepts. We beseech thee likewise to compose her Thoughts; and preserve to her the Use of her Memory and Reason, during the Course of her Sickness. Give her a true Conception of the Vanity, Folly, and Insignificancy of all human Things; and strengthen her so as to beget in her a sincere Love of thee in the Midst of her Sufferings. Accept, and impute all her good Deeds, and forgive her all those Offences against thee, which she hath sincerely re-

pented of, or through the Frailty of Memory hath forgot. And now, O Lord, we turn to thee, in Behalf of ourſelves, and the reſt of her ſorrowful Friends. Let not our Grief afflict her Mind, and thereby have an ill Effect on her preſent Diſtemper. Forgive the Sorrow and Weakneſs of thoſe among us, who ſink under the Grief and Terror of loſing ſo dear and uſeful a Friend. Accept and pardon our moſt earneſt Prayers and Wiſhes for her longer Continuance in this evil World, to do what thou art pleas'd to call thy Service, and is only her bounden Duty; that ſhe may be ſtill a Comfort to us, and to all others, who will want the Benefit of her Converſation, her Advice, her good Offices, or her Charity. And ſince thou haſt promiſed, that, where two or three are gathered together in thy Name, thou wilt be in the Midſt of them, to grant their Requeſt; O Gracious Lord, grant to us, who are here met in thy Name, that thoſe Requeſts, which in the utmoſt Sincerity and Earneſtneſs of our Hearts we have now made in Behalf of this thy diſtreſſed Servant, and of ourſelves, may effectually be anſwered; through the Merits of *Jeſus Chriſt* our Lord. *Amen.*

A LETTER *from a Gentleman in the Country to his Friend in Town.*

De te——Fabula narratur.

SIR,

AS you have been pleaſed very generouſly to honour me with your Friendſhip, I think myſelf obliged to throw off all Diſguiſe, and diſcover to you my real Circumſtances, which I ſhall do with all the Openneſs and Freedom imaginable. You'll be ſurpriz'd at the Beginning of my Story, and think the whole a Joke; but you may depend upon it's being actually true, and, if need were, I can bring the Parſon of the Pariſh to teſtify the ſame.

You muſt know then, that, at this preſent Time, I live in a poor, little, ſorry Houſe of Clay, that ſtands upon the Waſte, as other Cottages do, and, what is worſt of all, am liable to be turned out at a Minute's Warning. It is a Sort of a Copyhold Tenure, and the Cuſtom of the Manor is this: For the firſt thirty Years I am to pay no Rent, but only to do Suit and Service, and attend upon the Courts, which are kept once a Week, and ſometimes oftner; for twenty Years after this I am to pay a Roſe every Year; and farther than this, during the Remainder of my Life, I am to pay a Tooth,

(which you'll ſay is a whimſical Kind of Acknowledgment) every two or three Years, or oftner, if it be demanded: And when I have nothing more to pay, *Out* muſt be the Word, and it will not be long e're my Perſon will be ſeiz'd. I might have had my Tenement (ſuch as it is) upon better Terms, if it had not been for a Fault of my Great-grand-father: He and his Wife together, with the Advice of an ill Neighbour, were concerned in robbing of an Orchard belonging to the Lord of the Manor, and ſo forfeited this great Privilege, to my Sorrow I am ſure. But however I muſt do as well as I can, and ſhall endeavour to keep my Houſe in tolerable Repair.

My Kitchen, where I dreſs my Victuals, is a comical little roundiſh Sort of a Room, ſomewhat like an Oven; it anſwers very well to the Purpoſe it was deſign'd for, and that's enough. My Garrets (or rather my Cock-lofts indeed) are very indifferently furniſhed; but they are Rooms which few People regard now, unleſs to lay Lumber in; however, I make ſhift to rub on in my little Way, and, when Rent-day comes, I muſt ſee and diſcharge as well as I can.

WHENEVER I am turn'd out, I underſtand, my Lodge, or whatever you pleaſe to call it, deſcends upon a low-ſpirited creeping Family, remarkable for nothing, but being inſtrumental

in advancing the Reputation of the great * *Moor* in *Abchurch-Lane*: But be that as it will: I have one ſnug Apartment, that lies on the left Side of my Houſe, which I reſerve for my chief-eſt Friends. It is very warm, where you will always be a welcome Gueſt, and you may depend upon a Lodging, as long as the Edifice ſhall be in the Tenure and Occupation of, Sir,

Your humble Servant.

* An Apothecary in *London*, remarkable for ſelling Worm-Powder.

A LETTER *from the Grand Miſtreſs of the Female Free Maſons to* GEORGE FALKNER, *Printer.*

Ixion *Impious, Lewd, Profane,*
Bright Juno *woo'd, but woo'd in vain.*
Long had he languiſh'd for the Dame,
Till Jove, *at length, to quench his Flame,*
Some ſay for Fear, ſome ſay for Pity,
Sent him a Cloud, like Juno *pretty,*
As like as if 'twere drawn by Painters,
On which he got a Race of Centaurs.
A Bite, quoth VENUS.——

A. B. C. lib. vi. p. 107.

SEEING it is of late become a Faſhion in Town, in writing to all the World, to addreſs

dress to you, our Society of *Female Free Masons* has also chosen you for our *Printer*; and so, without Preface, Art, or Embellishment (for Truth and a short Paper needs none of 'em) our *Female Lodge* has the whole Mystery as well as any *Lodge* in *Europe*, with proper Instructions in writing; and, what will seem more strange to you, without the least Taint of *Perjury*. By this time any *Reader* who is a *Mason*, will, I know, laugh, and not without Indignation. But that matters not much, our Sex has long owed yours this good Turn; You refused to admit Queen *Elizabeth*, and even *Semiramis* Queen of *Babylon*, tho' each of them (without *Punning*) had a great deal of *Male Flesh* upon their Bodies; but at last you will be forced to own we have it; and thus it was we came by it.

A GENTLEMAN, who is a great Friend to all our Members, who has since instructed and form'd us into a *Lodge*, and whom we therefore call our *Guardian*, fell in lately with a *Lodge of Free Masons* at *Omagh* in *Ulster*. They press'd him hard to come into their Society, and at length prevail'd. They wanted an *Old Testament* to swear him by. The *Inn-keeper*'s Bible having both *Old* and *New* bound up together, would not do: For the *Free Mason*'s Oath being of much older Date than the *New Testament*, that is, from the building of *Solomon*'s Temple (for till then it was but a Pro-

teſtation well larded over with *Curſes* and *Execrations*) they are always ſworn on the *Old Teſtament* only. They offer to buy the Fellow's *Bible*, he conſents; but finding they were to cut away the *New Teſtament* from the *Old*, concluded them, at once, a Pack of prophane Wretches, and very piouſly reſcued his *Bible*. This Cuſtom of ſwearing on the *Old Teſtament* only, is what has given Birth to the vulgar Error, That *Free Maſons* renounce the *New Teſtament*. So they proceed on the reſt of the Ceremony, deferring the Oath till next Morning, one of them having an *Old Teſtament* for the Purpoſe at his Houſe hard by. This, 'tis true, was a heinous Blunder againſt the Canons of *Free Maſonry*. But the Gentlemen were far gone in *Punch* and *Whiſky*. In ſhort, our Friend and preſent Guardian is made a *Free* but *Unſworn Maſon*, and was three Hours gone on his Journey next Morning, before the merry *Free Maſons* awoke to ſend for their *Old Teſtament*; and, what was worſe, they had taught him the Form of the Oath, againſt he was to ſwear in the Morning.

Now, as to the ſecret Words and Signals uſed among *Free Maſons*, 'tis to be obſerved, that in the *Hebrew* Alphabet (as our Guardian has informed our *Lodge* in Writing) there are four Pair of Letters, of which each Pair is ſo like, that, at firſt View, they ſeem to be the

ſame,

ſame, *Beth* and *Caph*, *Gimel* and *Nun*, *Cheth* and *Thau*, *Daleth* and *Reſch*, and on theſe depend all their Signals and Grips.

CHETH and *Thau* are ſhap'd like two ſtanding Gallowſes, of two Legs each; when two *Maſons* accoſt each other, one cries *Cheth*, the other anſwers *Thau*, ſignifying that they would ſooner be hanged on the Gallows, than divulge the *Secret*.

THEN again, *Beth* and *Caph* are each like a Gallows lying on one of the Side-Poſts, and when uſed as above, imply this pious Prayer: *May all who reveal the* Secret, *hang upon the Gallows till it falls down.* This is their *Maſter Secret*, generally call'd the *Great Word*.

DALETH and *Reſch* are like two half Gallowſes, or a Gallows cut in two, at the croſs Stick on Top, by which, when pronounced, they intimate to each other, that they would rather be half hang'd, than name either *Word* or *Signal*, before any but a *Brother*, ſo as to be underſtood.

WHEN one ſays *Gimel*, the other anſwers *Nun*; then the firſt again joining both Letters together, repeats three Times, *Gimel-Nun*, *Gimel-Nun*, *Gimel-Nun*, by which they mean that they are united as one in Intereſts, Secrecy, and Affection. This laſt Word has in Time being depraved in the Pronunciation from *Gimel-Nun* to *Gimelum*, and at laſt to *Giblun*, and ſometimes *Giblin*; which Word being by

ſome

ſome Accident diſcover'd, they, now-a-days, pretend it's but a *Mock Word*.

ANOTHER of their Words has been maim'd in the Pronunciation by the Illiterate, that is the Letter *Lamech*, which was the *Huſh Word*; for, when ſpoke by any *Brother* in a *Lodge*, it was a Warning to the reſt to have a Care of Liſteners. 'Tis now corruptly pronounced *Lan*, but the *Maſons* pretend this alſo is a *Mock Word*, for the ſame Reaſon as *Giblin*: This Play with the *Hebrew* Alphabet, is very anciently call'd the MANABOLETH.

WHEN one *Brother* orders another to walk like a *Maſon*, he muſt walk four Steps backwards; four, becauſe of the four Pair of Letters already mentioned, and backwards, becauſe the *Hebrew* is writ and read backwards.

As to their *Myſterious Grips*, they are as follows: If they be in Company, where they cannot with Safety ſpeak the above Words, they take each other by the Hand, one draws one of the Letters of the *Manaboleth* with his Finger on the other's Hand, which he returns as in ſpeaking.

IT is worth obſerving, that a certain *Lodge* in Town publiſh'd, ſome Time ago, a Sheet full of *Mock Maſonry*, purely to puzzle and banter the Town, with ſeveral falſe Signs and Words, as *Mada* or *Adam*, writ backwards, *Boas*, *Nimrod*, *Jakins*, *Pectoral*, *Guttural*, &c.

&c. but not one Word of the real ones, as you see by what has been said of the MANA BOLETH.

AFTER King *James* the VIth Accession to the Throne of *England*, he revived *Masonry*, of which he was *Grand Master*: Both in *Scotland* and *England*, it had been entirely suppres'd by Queen *Elizabeth*, because she could not get into the Secret. All Persons of Quality, after the Example of the King, got themselves admitted *Free Masons*; but they made a kind of MANABOLETH in *English*, in Imitation of the true and ancient One; as I. O. U. H. a Gold Key, that is, *I owe you each a Gold Key*; H. CCCC. his Ruin. *Each foresees his Ruin.* I. C. U. B. YY, for me, *I see you be too wise for me.* And a great deal more of the same foolish Stuff, which took its Rise from a silly *Pun* upon the Word *Bee*; for you must know, that A *Bee* has, in all Ages and Nations, been the Grand *Hieroglyphic* of *Masonry*, because it excels all other living Creatures in the Contrivance and Commodiousness of its *Habitation* or *Come*; as, among many other Authors, Doctor *Mc. Gregor*, now Professor of Mathematics in *Cambridge* (as our Guardian informs us) hath learnedly demonstrated; nay, *Masonry* or *Building*, seems to be of the very Essence or Nature of the *Bee*, for her building not the ordinary Way of all other living Creatures,

Creatures, is the generative Cauſe which produces the young ones, (you know, I ſuppoſe, that *Bees* are of *neither Sex*.)

FOR this Reaſon the Kings of *France*, both *Pagans* and *Chriſtians*, always eminent *Free Maſons*, carried three *Bees* for their *Arms*. But to avoid the Imputation of the *Egyptian* Idolatry of worſhipping a *Bee*, *Clodoveus* their firſt Chriſtian King, call'd them *Lilies* of *Flower-de-Luces*, in which, notwithſtanding the ſmall Change made for Diſguiſe Sake, there is ſtill the exact Figure of a *Bee*. You have perhaps read of a great Number of Golden Bees found in the Coffin of a *Pagan* King of *France*, near *Bruſſels*, many Ages after CHRIST, which he had ordered ſhould be buried with him, in Token of his having been a *Maſon*.

THE *Egyptians*, always excellent and ancient *Free Maſons*, paid Divine Worſhip to a *Bee* under the outward Shape of a *Bull*, the better to conceal the Myſtery, which *Bull*, by them called *Apis*, is the *Latin* Word for a *Bee*; the *Enigma* repreſenting the *Bee* by a *Bull* conſiſts in this; that, according to the Doctrine of the *Pythagorean Lodge* of *Free Maſons*, the Souls of all the *Cow-kind* tranſmigrate into Bees, as one *Virgil* a Poet, much in Favour with the Emperor *Auguſtus*, becauſe of his profound Skill in *Maſonry*, has deſcribed; and Mr. *Dryden* has thus *ſhow'd*.

Ariſtæus

Ariſtæus

Four Altars raiſes, from his Herd he culls,
For Slaughter, Four the faireſt of his *Bulls*,
Four Heifers from his Female Store he took,
All fair, and all unknowing of the Yoke;
Nine Mornings thence, with Sacrifice and
Pray'rs
The Gods invok'd, he to the Grove repairs.
Behold a Prodigy! for from within
The broken Bowels and the bloated Skin,
A buzzing Noiſe of *Bees* his Ears alarms;
Straight iſſues through the Sides aſſembling
Swarms, &c.

WHAT *Modern Maſons* call a *Lodge*, was, for the above Reaſons, by Antiquity call'd a HIVE of *Free Maſons*. And for the ſame Reaſons, when a Diſſention happens in a *Lodge*, the going off and forming another *Lodge* is to this Day called SWARMING.

OUR Guardian is of Opinion, that the preſent *Maſonry* is ſo tarniſhed by the Ignorance of the working, and ſome other illiterate *Maſons*, that very many, even whole *Lodges*, fall under the Cenſure of the venerable *Chineſe Brachman*, whoſe Hiſtory of the Riſe, Progreſs, and Decay of *Free Maſonry*, writ in the *Chineſe* Tongue, is lately tranſlated into a certain *European* Language. This *Chineſe* Sage ſays, the greateſt Part of current *Maſons* judge of the Myſteries and Uſe of that ſacred Art, juſt as a Man perfectly illiterate judges of an excellent

cellent Book, in which, when opened to him, he finds no other Beauties than the regular Uniformity in every Page, the Exactneſs of the Lines in Length, and Equidiſtance, and Blackneſs of the *Ink*, and Whiteneſs of the Paper, or, as the famous *Britiſh Free Maſon* MERLIN ſays of the Stars in the Firmament, when viewed by a *Child*, &c. But I ſhall not trouble you with the Length of the Quotation at preſent, becauſe *Merlin* and Fryer *Bacon* on *Free Maſonry* are ſoon to be dreſſed up in modern *Engliſh*, and ſold by our Printer Mr. *Faulkner*, if duly encouraged by Subſcribers; and alſo a Key to *Raymundus Lullius*, without whoſe Help, our Guardian ſays, it's impoſſible to come at the Quinteſſence of *Free Maſonry*.

BUT ſome will perhaps object, how come your unſworn Guardian by this refined and uncommon Knowledge in the great Art? To which I anſwer, that

THE Branch of the *Lodge* of *Solomon*'s Temple, afterwards called the *Lodge* of St. *John* of *Jeruſalem*, on which our Guardian fortunately hit, is, as I can eaſily prove, the antienteſt and pureſt now on Earth; from whence came the famous old *Scottiſh Lodge* of *Killwinin*, of which all the Kings of *Scotland* have been, from Time to Time, Grand Maſters without Interruption, down from the Days of *Fergus*, who reigned there more than 2000 Years ago, long before the Knights of St. *John* of *Jeruſalem*, or the Knights of *Malta*, to which two *Lodges* I muſt never-

nevertheleſs allow the Honour of having adorned the antient *Jewiſh* and *Pagan Maſonry* with many Religious and Chriſtian Rules.

Fergus, being eldeſt Son to the chief King of *Ireland*, was carefully inſtructed in all the Arts and Sciences, eſpecially in the natural Magick, and the Cabaliſtical Philoſophy (afterwards called the *Roſicrutians*) by the *Pagan* Druids of *Ireland* and *Mona*, the only true *Cabaliſts* then extant in the *Weſtern* World. (For they had it immediately from the *Phœnicians*, *Chaldeans*, and *Egyptians*, which I, though but a Woman, can prove.) The *Egyptians* probably had it immediately from *Abraham*, as the Scripture plainly hints in the Life of that Patriarch; and 'tis allowed, I am told, by Men of Learning, that the *Occult* as well as *Moral* Philoſophy of all the *Pagans* was well beſprinkled and enriched from the Cabaliſtical School of the Patriarchs, and afterwards by the *Talmudiſts* and other inferior *Rabbins*, though the prevailing Idolatry of thoſe Days much depraved and vitiated it.

Fergus, before his Deſcent upon the *Picts* in *Scotland*, raiſed that famous Structure, called to this Day *Carrick Fergus* after his Name, the moſt myſterious Piece of Architecture now on Earth, (not excepting the Pyramids of the *Egyptian* Maſons, and their *Hieroglyphicks* or *Free Maſons* Signs) as any ſkilful *Free Maſon* may eaſily perceive, by examining it according to the Rules of the Art. He built it as a *Lodge* for his College of *Free Maſons*, in thoſe Days

Days called *Druids*, which Word, our Guardian assures us, signifies an *Oak* in the *Greek* Language, because *Oak* is one of the best Timber Trees for Building, of which (especially the Marine Architecture) the *Druids* were the only Masters, though your modern Term of *Mason* implies no more than a Worker in Stone; erroneously enough indeed, or at least far short of the true and ancient Term of *Druid*; since the Marine Architecture, the most useful Branch of the Sacred Art, corresponds naturally, and perfectly, with the Word *Druid*, or *Worker* in *Oak*, and hath Nothing at all to do with Stones of any Kind, 'till *Jason*, a famous *Druid* or *Free Mason*, used the *Loadstone*; when he went in quest of the *Golden Fleece*, as it is called in the enigmatical Terms of *Free Masonry*, or, more properly speaking, of the *Cabala*, as *Masonry* was called in those Days. The Use of the *Loadstone* was then, and long after, kept as secret as any of the other Mysteries of the Art, 'till, by the unanimous Consent of all the great *Lodges*, the Use of it was made publick for the common Benefit of Mankind. *Jason*'s artificial *Frog* had it fixed in his Mouth; and having a free Swing in an Oaken Bowl, half filled with Water, always faced the *North* Pole, which gave Rise to the poetical Fable, that *Jason*'s Frog was a *Little Familiar* or *Sea Demon* presiding over the Navigation like any other Angel Guardian; for *Free Masons* in all

Ages, as well as now, have been looked upon to deal with *Sprites* or *Demons*; and hence came that Imputation which they have in many Nations lain under, of being *Conjurers*, or *Magicians*, witneſs *Merlin* and Fryar *Bacon*.

'Tis perhaps further worth remarking, that *Jaſon* took one of the Two Sacred Vocal *Oaks* of the Grove of *Dodona*, to make the Keel of the *Argos*, for ſo his Ship was called, myſterioufly joining together *Architecture* or *Maſonry*, and the *Druidical* Prieſthood or Power of explaining the Oracles. For our Guardian will have it ſo, that the *Pagan* Prieſthood was always in the *Druids* or *Maſons*, and that there was a perceivable Glimmering of the *Jewiſh Rites* in it, though much corrupted, as I ſaid, that the *Pagan* Worſhip was chiefly in Groves of *Oak*, that they always looked upon the *Oak*, as ſacred to *Jupiter*, which Notion is countenanced (making Allowance for the *Paganiſm*) by the *Patriarchs*; for you ſee in *Geneſis*, that *Abraham* ſacrificed under the *Oaks* of *Mamre*. *Joſhua* indeed took a great Stone, and put it up under the *Oak*, emblematically joining the two great Elements of *Maſonry* to raiſe an Altar for the LORD.

Our Guardian alſo ſays, that *Cæſar*'s Deſcription of the *Druids* of *Gaul*, is as exact a Picture of a *Lodge* of *Free Maſons* as can poſſibly be drawn.

His Reaſons for the *Manaboleth* are the

better

better worth diſcovering, that I believe there are even ſome *Maſons*, who know nothing of it, *viz.* that it has been an ancient Practice among the *Cabaliſtic Philoſophers*, to make every *Hebrew* Letter a *Hieroglyphic*, myſterious in its Figure above all other Letters, as being thus ſhaped, and formed by the immediate Directions of the *Almighty*, whereas all other LETTERS are of *Human Invention*.

SECONDLY, that the *Monaboleth* has a very cloſe and unconſtrained Analogy with *Maſonry*, or *Architecture*, for that every Letter of the *Hebrew* Alphabet, as alſo of the *Syriac*, *Chaldaic*, and *Iriſh* Alphabets, derived from it, have their Names from *Timber-Trees*, except ſome few who have their Names from *Stones*; and I think it's pretty plain, that *Timber* and *Stone* are as much the Elements of *Maſonry*, as the Alphabet is of *Books*, which is a near Relation enough between *Architecture* and *Learning* of all Kinds, and naturally ſhews why the *Druids*, who alſo took their Title from a Tree, kept *Learning* and *Architecture* jointly within themſelves.

NEXT Week ſhall be publiſhed the *Free-Maſon's* Oath, with the Remarks upon it of a young *Clergyman*, who has petitioned to be admitted *Chaplain* to our *Lodge*, which is to be kept at Mr. *Prater's* Female Coffee-Houſe every *Tueſday* from Nine in the Morning to Twelve, and the Tenth Day of every Month in the Year; where all Ladies of true Hearts

and ſound Morals ſhall be admitted without Swearing.

I think it proper to inſert the *Free Maſon's* SONG commonly ſung at their Meetings, though, by the bye, it is of as little Signification as the reſt of their Secrets. It was writ by one *Anderſon*, as our Guardian informs me, juſt to put a good Gloſs on the Myſtery, as you may ſee by the Words:

SONG.

I.

COME let us prepare
We Brothers that are
Aſſembled on merry Occaſion;
Let's drink, laugh and ſing,
Our Wine has a Spring;
Here's a Health to an accepted MASON.

II.

The World is in Pain
Our Secrets to gain,
And ſtill let them wonder and gaze on,
They ne'er can divine
The Word or the Sign
Of a free and an accepted MASON.

III.

'Tis this, and 'tis that,
They cannot tell what,
Why ſo many great Men of the Nation
Shou'd Aprons put on,
To make themſelves one
With a free and accepted MASON.

IV. Great

IV.

Great Kings, Dukes, and Lords,
Have laid by their Swords,
Our Myſt'ry to put a good Grace on,
And ne'er been aſham'd,
To hear themſelves nam'd,
With a free and an accepted MASON.

V.

Antiquity's Pride
We have on our Side,
And it maketh Men juſt in their Station;
There's nought but what's good,
To be underſtood
By a free and an accepted MASON.

VI.

Then join Hand in Hand,
To each other firm ſtand;
Let's be merry and put a bright Face on.
What mortal can boaſt
So noble a Toaſt,
As a free and an accepted MASON?

POSTSCRIPT.

Mr. *Faulkner*,

OUR *Lodge* unanimouſly deſire you'll give their ſincere Reſpects to your *Ingenious* DRAPER, to whoſe *Pen* we, as well as the reſt of the Nation, own ourſelves obliged. If he be not already a *Free Maſon*, he ſhall be welcome to be our *Deputy Guardian*.

Your humble Servant,

THALESTRIS.

Tſrif eht Tſugua Nilbud.

ADVICE *to the* Freemen *of the City of* Dublin, *in the Choice of a Member to repreſent them in* PARLIAMENT.[a]

THOSE few Writers, who, ſince the Death of Alderman *Burton*, have employed their Pens in giving Advice to our Citizens, how they ſhould proceed in electing a new Repreſentative for the next Seſſions, having laid aſide their Pens; I have Reaſon to hope, that all true Lovers of their Country in general, and particularly thoſe who have any Regard for the Privileges and Liberties of this great and ancient City, will think a ſecond, and a third Time, before they come to a final Determination upon what Perſon they reſolve to fix their Choice.

I am told, there are only two Perſons, who ſet up for Candidates; one is the preſent [b] Lord Mayor, and the [c] other a Gentleman of good Eſteem, an Alderman of the City, a Merchant of Reputation, and poſſeſſed of a conſiderable [d] Office under the Crown. The Queſtion is, which of theſe two Perſons it will be moſt for the Advantage of the City to elect? I have but little Acquaintance with either

[a] This Piece was publiſhed in the Year 1733; and, as it may be uſeful upon a like Occaſion, we think proper to inſert it here.

[b] HUMPHRY FRENCH. [c] JOHN MACARALL.

[d] Regiſter to the Barracks.

either, ſo that my Inquiries will be very impartial, and drawn only from the general Character and Situation of both.

IN order to this, I muſt offer my Countrymen and Fellow-Citizens ſome Reaſons why I think they ought to be more than ordinarily careful at this Juncture, upon whom they beſtow their Votes.

TO perform this with more Clearneſs, it may be proper to give you a ſhort State of our unfortunate Country.

WE conſiſt of two Parties, I do not mean Popiſh and Proteſtant, High and Low Church, Epiſcopal and Sectarians, Whig and Tory; but of thoſe *Engliſh* who happen to be born in this Kingdom, (whoſe Anceſtors reduced the whole Nation under the Obedience of the *Engliſh* Crown) and the Gentlemen ſent from t'other Side to poſſeſs moſt of the chief Employments here: This latter Party is very much enlarged and ſtrengthened by the whole Power in the Church, the Law, the Army, the Revenue, and the Civil Adminiſtration depoſited in their Hands: Although, out of political Ends, and to ſave Appearances, ſome Employments are ſtill depoſited (yet gradually in a ſmaller Number) to Perſons born here: This Proceeding, fortified with good Words, and many Promiſes, is ſufficient to flatter and feed the Hopes of Hundreds, who will never be one Farthing the better, as they might

eaſily be convinced, if they were qualified to think at all.

Civil Employments of all Kinds have been, for ſeveral Years paſt, with great Prudence, made precarious, and during Pleaſure; by which Means the Poſſeſſors are, and muſt inevitably be, for ever dependent. Yet thoſe very few of any Conſequence, which being dealt with ſo ſparing a Hand to Perſons born among us, are enough to keep Hope alive in great Numbers, who deſire to mend their Condition by the Favour of thoſe in Power.

Now, my dear Fellow-Citizens, how is it poſſible you can conceive, that any Perſon, who holds an Office of ſome Hundred Pounds a Year, which may be taken from him whenever Power ſhall think fit, will, if he ſhould be choſen a Member for any City, do the leaſt thing when he ſits in the Houſe, that he knows or fears may be diſpleaſing to thoſe who gave him, or continue him in that Office? Believe me, theſe are no Times to expect ſuch an exalted Degree of Virtue from mortal Men. *Blazing Stars* are much more frequently ſeen than ſuch heroical Worthies. And, I could ſooner hope to find ten Thouſand Pounds by digging in my Garden, than ſuch a *Phœnix* by ſearching among the preſent Race of Mankind.

I cannot forbear thinking it a very erroneous as well as modern Maxim of Politicks in the

Engliſh

Engliſh Nation, to take every Opportunity of depreſſing *Ireland*, whereof an Hundred Inſtances may be produced in Points of the higheſt Importance, had within the Memory of every middle-aged Man: Although many of the greateſt Perſons among that Party which now prevails, have formerly, upon that Article, much differed in their Opinion from their preſent Succeſſors.

BUT ſo the Fact ſtands at preſent. It is plain, that the Court and Country Party here (I mean in the Houſe of Commons) very ſeldom agree in any thing but their Loyalty to his preſent Majeſty, their Reſolutions to make him and his Viceroy eaſy in the Government, to the utmoſt of their Power, under the preſent Condition of the Kingdom. But the Perſons ſent from *England*, who (to a Trifle) are poſſeſſed of the ſole executive Power in all its Branches, with their few Adherents in Poſſeſſion who were born here, and Hundreds of Expectants, Hopers, and Promiſſees, put on quite contrary Notions with regard to *Ireland*. They count upon a univerſal Submiſſion to whatever ſhall be demanded; wherein they act ſafely, becauſe none of themſelves, except the Candidates, feel the leaſt of our Preſſures.

I REMEMBER a Perſon of Diſtinction ſome Days ago affirmed in a good deal of mixed Company, and of both Parties, That the Gentry from *England*, who now enjoy our higheſt

higheſt Employments of all Kinds, can never be poſſibly Loſers of one Farthing by the greateſt Calamities that can befal this Kingdom, except a Plague that would ſweep away a Million of our *Hewers of Wood, and Drawers of Water*: Or an Invaſion that would fright our Grandees out of the Kingdom. For this Perſon argued, that while there was a Penny left in the Treaſury, the Civil and Military Liſt muſt be paid; and that the Epiſcopal Revenues, which are uſually farmed out at ſix Times below the real Value, could hardly fail. He inſiſted farther, that, as Money diminiſhed, the Price of all Neceſſaries for Life muſt of Conſequence do ſo too, which would be for the Advantage of all Perſons in Employment, as well as of my Lords the Biſhops, and to the Ruin of every Body elſe. Among the Company there wanted not Men in Office, beſides one or two Expectants: yet I did not obſerve any of them diſpoſed to return an Anſwer: But the Conſequences drawn were theſe: That the great Men in Power ſent hither from the other Side, were by no means upon the ſame Foot with his Majeſty's other Subjects of *Ireland*. They had no common Ligament to bind them with us; they ſuffered not with our Sufferings, and if it were poſſible for us to have any Cauſe of Rejoicing, they could not rejoice with us.

SUPPOSE a Perſon, born in this Kingdom, ſhall

ſhall happen, by his Services for the *Engliſh* Intereſt, to have an Employment conferred on him worth Four hundred Pounds a Year; and that he hath likewiſe an Eſtate in Land, worth Four hundred Pounds a Year more: Suppoſe him to ſit in Parliament: Then, ſuppoſe a Land-Tax to be brought in of Five Shillings a Pound for Ten Years; I tell you how this Gentleman will compute. He hath Four hundred Pounds a Year in Land: The Tax he muſt pay yearly is One hundred Pounds; by which, in Ten Years, he will pay only a Thouſand Pounds. But if he gives his Vote againſt this Tax, he will loſe Four thouſand Pounds, by being turned out of his Employment; together with the Power and Influence he hath, by Virtue or Colour of his Employment; and thus the Balance will be againſt him Three thouſand Pounds.

I DESIRE, my Fellow-Citizens, you will pleaſe to call to mind how many Perſons you can vouch for among your Acquaintance, who have ſo much Virtue and Self-Denial, as to loſe Four hundred Pounds a Year for Life, together with the Smiles and Favour of Power, and the Hopes of higher Advancement, meerly out of a generous Love of his Country.

THE Contentions of Parties in *England* are very different from thoſe among us. The Battle there is fought for Power and Riches; and ſo it is indeed among us: But, whether a great

Employment

Employment be given to *Tom* or to *Peter*, they were both born in *England*, the Profits are to be ſpent there. All Employments (except a very few) are beſtowed on the Natives: They do not ſend to *Germany*, *Holland*, *Sweden*, or *Denmark*, much leſs to *Ireland*, for Chancellors, Biſhops, Judges, or other Officers. Their Salaries, whether well or ill got, are employ'd at home: And whatever their Morals or Politicks be, the Nation is not the poorer.

The Houſe of Commons in *England* have frequently endeavoured to limit the Number of Members, who ſhould be allowed to have Employments under the Crown. Several Acts have been made to that Purpoſe, which many wiſe Men think are not yet effectual enough, and many of them are rendered ineffectual, by leaving the Power of Re-election. Our Houſe of Commons conſiſts, I think, of about three hundred Members; if one hundred of theſe ſhould happen to be made up of Perſons already provided for, join'd with Expecters, Compliers, eaſy to be perſuaded, ſuch as will give a Vote for a Friend who is in Hopes to get ſomething; if they be merry Companions, without Suſpicion, of a natural Baſhfulneſs, not apt or able to look forwards; if good Words, Smiles, and Careſſes, have any Power over them, the larger Part of a ſecond Hundred may be very eaſily brought in at a moſt reaſonable Rate.

THERE is an *Engliſhman* * of no long ſtanding among us, but in an Employment of great Truſt, Power, and Profit. This excellent Perſon did lately publiſh, at his own Expence, a Pamphlet printed in *England* by Authority, to juſtify the Bill for a general *Exciſe*, or Inland Duty, in order to introduce that bleſſed Scheme among us. What a tender Care muſt ſuch an *Engliſh* Patriot for *Ireland* have of our Intereſt, if he ſhould condeſcend to ſit in our Parliament †? I will bridle my Indignation. However, methinks I long to ſee that Mortal, who would with Pleaſure blow us up all at a Blaſt; But, he duly receives his Thouſand Pounds a Year; makes his Progreſs like a King; is received in Pomp at every Town and Village where he travels, and ſhines in the *Engliſh* News-Papers.

I WILL now apply what I have ſaid to you, my Brethren and Fellow-Citizens. Count upon it, as a Truth next to your Creed, that no one Perſon in Office, of which he is not Maſter for Life, whether born here or in *England*, will ever hazard that Office for the Good of this Country. One of your Candidates is of

* EDWARD THOMPSON, *Eſq*; Member of Parliament for *York*, and a Commiſſioner of the Revenue of *Ireland*.

† Mr. THOMPSON was preſented with his Freedom of ſeveral Corporations in *Ireland*.

this

this Kind, and I believe him to be an honeſt Gentleman, as the Word Honeſt is generally underſtood. But, he loves his Employment better than he doth you, or his Country, or all the Countries upon Earth. Will you contribute or give him City Security, to pay him the Value of his Employment, if it ſhould be taken from him, during his Life, for voting on all Occaſions with the honeſt Country Party in the Houſe? although I muſt queſtion, whether he would do it, even upon that Condition.

WHEREFORE, ſince there are but two Candidates, I intreat you will fix on the preſent Lord-Mayor. He hath ſhewn more Virtue, more Activity, more Skill, in one Year's Government of the City, than an hundred Years can equal. He hath endeavoured, with great Succeſs, to baniſh Frauds, Corruptions, and all other Abuſes from amongſt you.

A DOZEN ſuch Men in Power would be able to reform a Kingdom. He hath no Employment under the Crown; nor is likely to get or ſolicit for any; his Education having not turned him that Way. I will aſſure for no Man's future Conduct; but he who hath hitherto practiſed the Rules of Virtue with ſo much Difficulty, in ſo great and buſy a Station, deſerves your Thanks, and the beſt Return you can make him; and you, my Brethren, have no other to give him, than that of repreſenting

ing you in Parliament. Tell me not of your Engagements and Promiſes to another. Your Promiſes were Sins of Inconſideration, at beſt; and you are bound to repent and annul them. That Gentleman, although with good Reputation, is already engag'd on the other Side. He hath Four Hundred Pounds a Year under the Crown, which he is too wiſe to part with, by facrificing ſo good an Eſtabliſhment to the empty Names of Virtue, and Love of his Country. I can aſſure you, the DRAPIER is in the Intereſts of the preſent Lord-Mayor, whatever you may be told to the contrary. I have lately heard him declare ſo in public Company, and offer ſome of theſe very Reaſons in Defence of his Opinion; although he hath a Regard and Eſteem for the other Gentleman, but would not anſwer the Good of the City and the Kingdom for a Compliment.

THE Lord-Mayor's Severity to ſome unfair Dealers, ſhould not turn the honeſt Men among them againſt him. Whatever he did, was for the Advantage of thoſe very Traders whoſe diſhoneſt Members he puniſhed. He has hitherto been above Temptation, to act wrong; and therefore, as Mankind goes, he is the moſt likely to act right as a Repreſentative of your City, as he conſtantly did in the Government of it.

A Con-

A Conſultation of four Phyſicians upon a Lord that was dying.

Firſt Doctor.

IS his Honor ſic ? Prae lætus felis Puls. It do es beat veris loto de.

Second Doctor. No notis as qui caſſi e ver fel tu metri it. Inde edit is as faſtas an alarum, ora fire bellat nite.

Third Doctor. It is veri hi.

Fourth Doctor. Noto contra dictu in mi juge mentitis veri loto de. It is as orto maladi ſum callet. Here e ver id octo reti reſto a par lori na mel an coli poſt ure.—*Firſt Doctor.* It is a me gri mas I opi ne.

Second Doctor. No docto rite quit fora quin ſi. Heris a plane ſum tomo fit. Sorites Para celſus : Prae re adit.

Firſt Doctor. Nono Doctor I ne ver quo te aqua caſu do.

Second Doctor. Sum arſo : Mi autoris no ne.

Third Doctor. No quare lingat præ ſenti des ire. His honor is ſic offa colli caſure as i ſit here.

Fourth Doctor. It is aether an atro phi ora colli caſu ſed : Ire membri re ad it in Doctor me ades Eſſe, here itis.

Third Doctor. I ne ver re ad apage init, no re ver in tendit.

Second

Second Doctor. Fer ne lis offa qui te deferent noti o nas i here.

Firſt Doctor. Notis ab ludi fluxit is veri plene.

Second Doctor. I fits a fluxit me re qui re ac lis ter.

Third Doctor. I a ver his caſis venere a laſſi diſco ver edit in as hanc cor; an da poli pus in his no ſe. An di fit be as i cetis, ago no rea me en fue.

Firſt Doctor. It is ad ange rus caſas ani.

Fourth Doctor. I mus tellure alitis ago uti humor in his Belli. Hi ſto macto is empti.

Fourth Doctor. It me bea pluri ſi; avo metis veri pro per fora manat his age.

Second Doctor. Ure par donat preſenti des ire; his dis eas is a cataride clare it.

Third Doctor. Atlas tume findit as tone in his quid ni es.

Fourth Doctor. It is alea pro ſi fora uti ſe. Prae hos his a poti curi i cantu tellus. Ab lis ter me bene ceſſa riſum decens. Itis as urem edi in manicas es.

Third Doctor. I findit iſto late tot hinc offa rem edi; fori here his Honor is de ad.

Second Doctor. His time is cum.

Firſt Doctor. Is it trudo ut hinc?

Fourth Doctor. It is veri certa in. His Par is Belli ſto ringo ut foris de partu re.

Third Doctor. Nae, i fis Ecce lens is de ad

lætus en dum asin esto prae foris sole. His Honor has bina cato liquor a de isti here.

First Doctor. Alor dis sum times as tingi as an usu reris.

Second Doctor. Api stolis alligo time a verbi mi at en dans fora forti nite.

Third Doctor. O mes ne vera tendo na nil ordinis sic nes ani more.

Fourth Doctor. Api stolis ne a quin a nil ordo fis qua liti; sum pes fore times more. It istos mala sito a Doctor o fis hic.

Second Doctor. Lætus paco fitis time.

First Doctor. Abigo ditis hi time inde editis forus alto fallas campe ringo fas fastas arato ut offa da iri; fori fera bea tinge veri minute; bimi solido. His lac quis, an das turdis assi sto ut valet is rea di forus.

Second Doctor. Ali ferus ab ast in a do, fori here ano is at adis stans.

A Specimen of Latinitas G——

EGO ludam diabolum super duos Baculos cum fe.

Voca super me cras.

Profecto ego dabo tibi tuum ventrem plenum legis.

Sine me solum cum illo. Ego capiam tempus.

Quid

Quid peſtis velles tu eſſe apud?
Ego faciam te fumare.
Duc uxorem veni ſuper.
Ego dabo tibi pyxidem in aure.
Ego faciam te ſecare Saltum.
Veni, veni, ſolve tuum Scotum, et fac non plura verba.
Id eſt plus expenſi quam veneratio.
Si tu es pro Lege, dabo tibi Legem, tuum ventrem plenum.
Ut Diabolus voluit habere id.
Quid eſt materia tecum?
Tu habes vetus Proverbium ſuper tuum latus: Nihil eſt nunquam in periculo.
Cape me apud illud, et ſuſpende me.
Ego capio te apud tuum verbum.
Tu venis in farti tempore.
Eſt formoſus corporatus homo in facie.
Eſne tu ſuper pro omni die?
Morſus: Eſne tu ibi cum tuis Urſis?
Ille eſt ex ſuper ſuam ſervationem.
Tu eſt carcer avis.
Ego amo mendacem in meo corde, et tu aptas me ad crinem.
Ego dicam tibi quid: Hic eſt magnus clamor, et parva lana.
Quid! tu es ſuper tuum altum Equum.
Tu nunquam ſervaſti tuum verbum.
Hic eſt diabolus et omne agere.
Viſne tu eſſe tam bonus, quam tuum verbum?
Ego faciam porcum vel canem de id.

Ego servo hoc pro pluvioso die.
Ego possum facere id cum digito madido.
Profecto ego habui nullam manum in id.
Esne tu in aure nido?
Tu est Homo extranei renis.
Precor, ambula super.
Ego intro non in tuas querelas.
Ego feci amorem Virgini Honoris.
Quomodo venit id circum, quod tu ludis Stultum ita?
Vos ibi, fac viam pro meo Domino.
Omnes socii apud pedem pilam.
Fœminæ et linteum aspiciunt optimè per candelæ lucem.

✱✱✱✱✱✱✱✱✱✱✱✱✱‡✱✱✱✱✱✱✱✱✱✱✱✱

Some CONSIDERATIONS *humbly offered to the Right Honourable the* Lord-Mayor, *the Court of* Aldermen *and Common-Council of the Hon. City of* DUBLIN, *in the Choice of a* Recorder *.

THE Office of Recorder to this City being vacant by the Death of a very worthy Gentleman; it is said, that five or six Per-

* Upon the Death of Mr. STOYTE, Recorder of the City of *Dublin*, in the Year 1733, several Gentlemen declared themselves Candidates to succeed him; upon which the Dean wrote the following Paper, and EATON STANNARD, Esq; (a Gentleman of great Worth and Honour, and very knowing in his Profession) was elected.

sons

ſons are ſoliciting to ſucceed him in the Employment. I am a Stranger to all their Perſons, and to moſt of their Characters. Which latter, I hope, will at this Time be canvaſſed with more Decency, than it ſometimes happeneth upon the like Occaſions. Therefore, as I am wholly impartial, I can with more Freedom deliver my Thoughts, how the ſeveral Perſons and Parties concerned ought to proceed in electing a Recorder for this great and ancient City.

And firſt, as it is a very natural, ſo I can by no Means think it an unreaſonable Opinion, that the Sons or near Relations of Aldermen, and other deſerving Citizens, ſhould be duly regarded, as proper Competitors for an Employment in the City's Diſpoſal: Provided they be equally qualified with other Candidates; and, provided that ſuch Employments require no more than common Abilities and common Honeſty. But, in the Choice of a Recorder, the Caſe is entirely different. He ought to be a Perſon of good Abilities in his Calling; of an unſpotted Character; an able Practitioner; one who hath occaſionally merited of this City before. He ought to be of ſome Maturity in Years; a Member of Parliament, and likely to continue ſo; regular in his Life; firm in his Loyalty to the *Hanover* Succeſſion; indulgent to tender Conſciences; but, at the ſame Time, a firm

Adherer to the Eſtabliſh'd Church. If he be ſuch a one, who hath already ſat in Parliament, it ought to be enquired of what Weight he was there; whether he voted on all Occaſions for the Good of his Country; and particularly for advancing the Trade and Freedom of this City: Whether he be engaged in any Faction, either National or Religious: And laſtly, whether he be a Man of Courage; not to be drawn from his Duty by the Frown or Menaces of Power, nor capable to be corrupted by Allurements or Bribes. — Theſe and many other Particulars are of infinitely more Conſequence than that ſingle Circumſtance of being deſcended by a direct or collateral Line from any Alderman, or diſtinguiſhed Citizen, dead or alive.

THERE is not a Dealer or Shop-keeper in this City of any Subſtance, whoſe thriving, leſs or more, may not depend upon the good or ill Conduct of a Recorder. He is to watch every Moment in Parliament that may the leaſt affect the Freedom, Trade, or Welfare of it.

In this approaching Election, the Commons, as they are a numerous Body, ſo they ſeem to be moſt concerned in Point of Intereſt; and their Intereſt ought to be moſt regarded, becauſe it altogether dependeth upon the true Intereſt of the City. They have no private Views; and giving their Votes, as I am informed,

formed, by Ballotting, they lie under no Awe, or Fear of diſobliging Competitors. It is therefore hoped, that they will duly conſider which of the Candidates is moſt likely to advance the Trade of themſelves and their Brother Citizens; to defend their Liberties, both *in* and *out* of Parliament, againſt all Attempts of Encroachment or Oppreſſion. And ſo GOD direct them in the Choice of a Recorder, who may for many Years ſupply that important Office with Skill, Diligence, Courage, and Fidelity. And let all the People ſay, *Amen.*

THE Beasts Confession TO THE PRIEST.

Written in the Year 1733.*

PREFACE.

I Have been long of Opinion, that there is not a more general and greater Miſtake, or of worſe Conſequences through the Commerce of Mankind, than the wrong Judgments they are apt to entertain of their own Talents: I knew a fluttering Alderman in London, *a great Frequenter of Coffee-Houſes; who, when a freſh News-paper was brought in, conſtantly ſeiz'd it firſt, and read it aloud to his Brother Citizens; but in a Manner, as*

* The following Work is grounded upon the univerſal Folly of Mankind, of miſtaking their Talents; by which the Author doth a great Honour to his own Species, almoſt equalling them with certain Brutes; wherein, indeed, he is too partial, as he freely confeſſeth: And yet he hath gone as low as he well could, by ſpecifying four Animals; the Wolf, the Aſs, the Swine, and the Ape; all equally miſchievous, except the laſt, who outdoes them in the Article of Cunning: So great is the Pride of Man.

little

little intelligible to the Standers-by as to himſelf. How many Pretenders to Learning expoſe themſelves by chuſing to diſcourſe on thoſe very Parts of Science wherewith they are leaſt acquainted? It is the ſame Caſe in every other Qualification. By the Multitude of thoſe who deal in Rhimes from Half a Sheet to Twenty, which come out every Minute, there muſt be at leaſt five Hundred Poets in the City and Suburbs of London; *half as many Coffee-Houſe Orators, excluſive of the Clergy; forty Thouſand Politicians; and four Thouſand five Hundred profound Scholars: Not to mention the Wits, the Raillers, the ſmart Fellows, and Critics; all as illiterate and impudent as a ſuburb Whore. What are we to think of the fine-dreſſed Sparks, proud of their own perſonal Deformities, which appear the more hideous by the* Contraſt *of wearing Scarlet and Gold, with what they call* * *Toupees on their Heads, and all the Frippery of a modern Beau, to make a Figure before Women; ſome of them with Hump-Backs, others hardly five Feet high, and every Feature of their Faces diſtorted? I have ſeen many of theſe inſipid Pretenders entering into Converſation with Perſons of Learning, conſtantly making the groſſeſt Blunders in every Sentence, without conveying one ſingle Idea fit for a rational Creature to ſpend a Thought on; perpetually confounding all Chro-*

* Wigs with long black Tails, worn for ſome Years paſt. *November* 1738.

nology

nology and Geography even of present Times. I compute, that London *hath eleven native Fools of the Beau and Puppy-kind, for one among us in* Dublin; *besides two Thirds of ours transplanted thither, who are now naturaliz'd; whereby that overgrown Capital exceeds ours in the Article of Dunces, by forty to one; and, what is more to our further Mortification, there is not one distinguish'd Fool of* Irish *Birth or Education, who makes any Noise in that famous Metropolis, unless the* London *Prints be very partial or defective; whereas* London *is seldom without a Dozen of their own educating, who engross the Vogue for half a Winter together, and are never heard of more, but give Place to a new Sett. This hath been the constant Progress for at least thirty Years past, only allowing for the Change of Breed and Fashion.*

WHEN

WHEN Beaſts could ſpeak, (the Learned ſay
They ſtill can do ſo every Day)
It ſeems, they had Religion then,
As much as now we find in Men,
It happen'd, when a Plague broke out,
(Which therefore made them more devout)
The King of Brutes (to make it plain,
Of Quadrupeds I only mean)
By Proclamation gave Command,
That ev'ry Subject in the Land
Should to the Prieſt confeſs their Sins;
And thus the pious Wolf begins:

GOOD Father, I muſt own with Shame,
That often I have been to blame:
I muſt confeſs, on *Friday* laſt,
Wretch that I was, I broke my Faſt:
But, I defy the baſeſt Tongue
To prove I did my Neighbour wrong;
Or ever went to ſeek my Food
By Rapine, Theft, or Thirſt of Blood.

THE Aſs approaching next, confeſs'd,
That in his Heart he lov'd a Jeſt:

A Wag he was, he needs muſt own,
And could not let a Dunce alone:
Sometimes his Friend he would not ſpare,
And might perhaps be too ſevere:
But yet, the worſt that could be ſaid,
He was a *Wit* both born and bred;
And, if it be a Sin or Shame,
Nature alone muſt bear the Blame:
One Fault he hath, is ſorry for't,
His Ears are half a Foot too ſhort;
Which could he to the Standard bring,
He'd ſhew his Face before the K——:
Then, for his Voice, there's none diſputes
That he's the Nightingale of Brutes.

THE Swine with contrite Heart allow'd,
His Shape and Beauty made him proud:
In Diet was perhaps too nice,
But Gluttony was ne'er his Vice:
In ev'ry Turn of Life content,
And meekly took what Fortune ſent:
Enquire through all the Pariſh round,
A better Neighbour ne'er was found:
His Vigilance might ſome diſpleaſe;
'Tis true, he hated Sloth like Peaſe.

THE

THE mimic Ape began his Chatter,
How evil Tongues his Life beſpatter:
Much of the cens'ring World complain'd,
Who ſaid, his Gravity was feign'd:
Indeed, the Strictneſs of his Morals
Engag'd him in an Hundred Quarrels:
He ſaw, and he was griev'd to ſee't,
His Zeal was ſometimes indiſcreet:
He found his Virtues too ſevere
For our corrupted Times to bear:
Yet, ſuch a leud licentious Age
Might well excuſe a Stoic's Rage.

THE Goat advanc'd with decent Pace;
And firſt excus'd his youthful Face;
Forgiveneſs begg'd, that he appear'd
('Twas Nature's Fault) without a Beard.
'Tis true, he was not much inclin'd
To Fondneſs for the Female Kind;
Not, as his Enemies object,
From Chance, or natural Defect;
Not by his frigid Conſtitution,
But through a pious Reſolution;
For he had made a holy Vow
Of Chaſtity, as Monks do now;

Which

Which he reſolv'd to keep for ever hence,
As ſtrictly too, as doth his * Reverence.

APPLY the Tale, and you ſhall find
How juſt it ſuits with Human-kind.
Some Faults we own: But can you gueſs?
Why?——Virtue's carried to exceſs;
Wherewith our Vanity endows us,
Though neither Foe nor Friend allows us.

THE Lawyer ſwears, you may rely on't,
He never ſqueez'd a needy Client:
And, this he makes his conſtant Rule;
For which his Brethren call him Fool:
His Conſcience always was ſo nice,
He freely gave the Poor Advice;
By which he loſt, he may affirm,
A Hundred Fees laſt *Eaſter* Term.
While others of the learned Robe
Would break the Patience of a *Job*;
No Pleader at the Bar could match
His Diligence and quick Diſpatch;
Ne'er kept a Cauſe, he well may boaſt,
Above a Term or two at moſt.

* The Prieſt his Confeſſor.

THE cringing Knave, who ſeeks a Place
Without Succeſs, thus tells his Caſe:
Why ſhould he longer mince the Matter?
He fail'd, becauſe he could not flatter;
He had not learn'd to turn his Coat,
Nor for a Party give his Vote:
His Crime he quickly underſtood;
Too zealous for the Nation's Good:
He found, the Miniſters reſent it,
Yet could not for his Heart repent it.

THE Chaplain vows he cannot fawn,
Though it would raiſe him to the Lawn:
He paſs'd his Hours among his Books;
You find it in his meagre Looks:
He might, if he were worldly wiſe,
Preferment get and ſpare his Eyes:
But own'd, he had a ſtubborn Spirit,
That made him truſt alone in Merit:
Would riſe by Merit to Promotion;
Alas! a mere chimeric Notion.

THE Doctor, if you will believe him,
Confeſs'd a Sin, and God forgive him.

Call'd

Call'd up at Midnight, ran to ſave
A blind old Beggar from the Grave:
But, ſee how *Satan* ſpreads his Snares!
He quite forgot to ſay his Pray'rs.
He cannot help it for his Heart,
Sometimes to act the Parſon's Part:
Quotes from the Bible many a Sentence
That moves his Patients to Repentance:
And, when his Med'cines do no Good,
Supports their Minds with heav'nly Food.
At which, however well intended,
He hears the Clergy are offended;
And grown ſo bold, behind his Back,
To call him Hypocrite and Quack.
In his own Church he keeps a Seat;
Says Grace before, and after Meat:
And calls, without affecting Airs,
His Houſhold twice a Day to Pray'rs.
He ſhuns Apothecaries Shops,
And hates to cram the Sick with Slops:
He ſcorns to make his Art a Trade;
Nor bribes my Lady's fav'rite Maid.
Old Nurſe-keepers would never hire
To recommend him to the Squire;
Which others, whom he will not name,
Have often practis'd to their Shame.

THE

The Statesman tells you with a Sneer,
His Fault is to be too *sincere*;
And, having no sinister Ends,
Is apt to disoblige his Friends.
The Nation's Good, his Master's Glory,
Without Regard to *Whig* or *Tory*,
Were all the Schemes he had in View;
Yet he was seconded by few.
Though some had spread a Thousand Lyes,
'Twas *He* defeated the Excise.
'Twas known, though he had borne Aspersion,
That *Standing Troops* were his Aversion;
His Practice was, in ev'ry Station,
To serve the King, and please the Nation.
Though hard to find in ev'ry Case
The fittest Man to fill a Place:
His Promises he ne'er forgot,
But took Memorials on the Spot:
His Enemies, for want of Charity,
Said, he affected Popularity.
'Tis true, the People understood,
That all he did was for their Good;
Their kind Affections he has try'd;
No Love is lost on either Side.

He came to Court with Fortune clear,
Which now he runs out ev'ry Year;
Muſt, at the Rate that he goes on,
Inevitably be undone.
Oh! if his Majeſty would please
To give him but a Writ of Eaſe,
Would grant him Licence to retire,
As it hath long been his Deſire,
By fair Accounts it would be found,
He's poorer by ten Thouſand Pound.
He owns, and hopes it is no Sin,
He ne'er was partial to his Kin;
He thought it baſe for Men in Stations
To crowd the Court with their Relations;
His Country was his deareſt Mother,
And ev'ry virtuous Man his Brother;
Through Modeſty or awkward Shame,
(For which he owns himſelf to blame)
He found the worſt Men he cou'd,
Without Reſpect to Friends, or Blood;
Nor ever acts on private Views,
When he hath Liberty to chuſe.

THE Sharper ſwore he hated Play,
Except to paſs an Hour away:

And

And well he might; for to his Coſt,
By want of Skill, he always loſt;
He heard there was a Club of Cheats,
Who had contriv'd a Thouſand Feats;
Could change the Stock, or cog a Dye,
And thus deceive the ſharpeſt Eye:
No wonder how his Fortune ſunk,
His Brothers fleece him when he's drunk.

I OWN the Moral not exact;
Beſides, the Tale is falſe in Fact;
And ſo abſurd, that, could I raiſe up
From Fields *Elyſian* fabling *Eſop*,
I would accuſe him to his Face,
For libelling the *Four-foot* Race.
Creatures of ev'ry Kind but ours
Well comprehend their nat'ral Pow'rs;
While We, whom *Reaſon* ought to ſway,
Miſtake our Talents ev'ry Day.
The Aſs was never known ſo ſtupid
To act the Part of *Tray* or *Cupid*;
Nor leaps upon his Maſter's Lap,
There to be ſtroak'd, and fed with Pap;
As *Eſop* would the World perſuade;
He better underſtands his Trade:

Nor comes whene'er his Lady whistles;
But carries Loads, and feeds on Thistles.
Our Author's Meaning, I presume, is
A Creature * *bipes & implumis*;
Wherein the Moralist design'd
A Compliment on Human-kind:
For, here he owns, that now and then
† Beasts may *degen'rate* into Men.

* *A Definition of Man disapproved by all Logicians*: Homo est Animal bipes, implume, erecto vultu.

† *Vide* Gulliver *in his Account of the* Houyhnhnms.

Advertiſement,

For the Honour of the KINGDOM of IRELAND.

THIS is to inform the Publick, that a Gentleman of long Study, Obſervation, and Experience, hath employ'd himſelf for ſeveral Years in making Collections of Facts, relating to the Conduct of Divines, Phyſicians, Lawyers, Soldiers, Merchants, Traders, *and* Squires, *containing an Hiſtorical Account of the moſt remarkable* Corruptions, Frauds, Oppreſſions, Knaveries, *and* Perjuries; *wherein the Names of all the Perſons concerned ſhall be inſerted at full Length, with ſome Account of their Families and Stations.*

But whereas the ſaid Gentleman cannot compleat his Hiſtory without ſome Aſſiſtance from

the Publick, he humbly desires, that all Persons who have any Memoirs, or Accounts relating to themselves, *their* Families, *their* Friends, *or* Acquaintance, *which are well attested, and fit to enrich the Work, will please to send them to the Printer of this Advertisement: And, if any of the said Persons, who are disposed to send Materials, happen to live in the Country, it is desired their Letters may be either franked, or the Post paid.*

This Collection is to commence with the Year 1700, *and be continued to the present Year* 1738. *The Work is to be entituled,* The Auther's Critical History of his own Times.

It is intended to be printed by Subscription, in a large Octavo; each Volume to contain five Hundred Facts, and to be sold for a British *Crown: The Author proposeth that the whole Work (which will take in the Period of thirty-eight Years) will be contained in eighteen Volumes.*

Whoever shall send the Author any Accounts of Persons who have performed any Acts of Justice, Charity, Publick Spirit, Gratitude, Fidelity, *or the like, attested by indubitable Witnesses, within the same Period; the said Facts shall be printed by Way of Appendix at the End of each Volume, and no Addition to the Price of the Work demanded. But, lest such Persons may apprehend, that the relating of these Facts may be injurious to their Reputa-*

tions, their Names ſhall not be ſet down without particular Direction.

N. B. *There will be a ſmall Number printed on Royal Paper for the Curious, at only two* Britiſh *Crowns. There will alſo be the* Effigies *of the moſt eminent Perſons mentioned in this Work, prefixed to each Volume, curiouſly engraved by Mr.* Hogarth.

SUBSCRIPTIONS *are taken in by the Printer hereof, and by the Bookſellers of* London *and* Dublin.

Part of the IXth ODE *of the Fourth* BOOK *of* HORACE, *addreſs'd to Doctor* WILLIAM KING, *late Lord Archbiſhop of* Dublin.

Paulùm ſepultæ, &c.

VIRTUE conceal'd within our Breaſt
Is Inactivity at beſt:
But, never ſhall the Muſe endure
To let your Virtues lie obſcure,
Or ſuffer Envy to conceal
Your Labours for the Publick Weal.
Within your Breaſt all Wiſdom lies,
Either to govern or adviſe;
Your ſteddy Soul preſerves her Frame
In good and evil Times the ſame.
Pale Avarice, and lurking Fraud
Stand in your ſacred Preſence aw'd;

Your

Your Hand alone from Gold abſtains,
Which drags the ſlaviſh World in Chains.

HIM for a happy Man I own,
Whoſe Fortune is not overgrown;
And happy he who wiſely knows
To uſe the Gifts, that Heav'n beſtows;
Or, if it pleaſe the Pow'rs Divine,
Can ſuffer Want, and not repine.
The Man, who, Infamy to ſhun,
Into the Arms of Death would run,
That Man is ready to defend
With Life his Country, or his Friend.

VERSES *made for Women who cry Apples, &c.*

APPLES.

COME, buy my fine Wares,
Plumbs, Apples, and Pears,
A Hundred a Penny,
In Conſcience too many;
Come, will you have any?
My Children are ſeven,
I wiſh them in Heaven,
My Husband's a Sot,
With his Pipe and his Pot,
Not a Farthing will gain 'em,
And I muſt maintain 'em.

ASPA-

ASPARAGUS.

RIPE 'Sparagraſs,
Fit for Lad or Laſs
To make their Water paſs:
O, 'tis pretty Picking
With a tender Chicken.

ONYONS.

COME, follow me by the Smell,
Here's delicate Onyons to ſell,
I promiſe to uſe you well.
They make the Blood warmer,
You'll feed like a Farmer:
For this is ev'ry Cook's Opinion,
No ſav'ry Diſh without an Onyon;
But leſt your Kiſſing ſhould be ſpoil'd,
Your Onyons muſt be th'roughly boil'd;

Or

Or elſe you may ſpare
Your Miſtreſs a Share,
The Secret will never be known;
She cannot diſcover
The Breath of her Lover,
But think it as ſweet as her own.

OYSTERS.

CHARMING Oyſters I cry,
My Maſters, come buy,
So plump and ſo freſh,
So ſweet is their Fleſh,
No *Colcheſter* Oyſter
Is ſweeter and moiſter;
Your Stomach they ſettle,
And rouſe up your Mettle;
They'll make you a Dad
Of a Laſs or a Lad;
And Madam your Wife
They'll pleaſe to the Life;
Be ſhe barren, be ſhe old,
Be ſhe Slut, or be ſhe Scold,

Eat

Eat my Oysters, and lie near her,
She'll be fruitful never fear her.

HERRINGS.

BE not sparing,
Leave off Swearing.
Buy my Herring
Fresh from * *Malahide*,
Better ne'er was try'd.
Come, eat 'em with pure fresh Butter and
Mustard,
Their Bellies are soft, and as white as a
Custard.
Come, Six-pence a Dozen to get me some
Bread,
Or, like my own Herrings, I soon shall be
dead.

* *Malahide*, about five Miles from *Dublin*, famous for Herrings.

ORANGES.

ORANGES.

COME buy my fine Oranges, Sauce for your Veal,
And charming when ſqueez'd in a Pot of brown Ale,
Well röaſted, with Sugar and Wine in a Cup,
They'll make a ſweet Biſhop when Gentlefolks ſup.

To LOVE.

IN all I wiſh how happy ſhould I be,
Thou grand Deluder, were it not for thee?
So weak thou art, that Fools thy Pow'r deſpiſe,
And yet ſo ſtrong, thou triumph'ſt o'er the Wiſe.
Thy Traps are laid with ſuch peculiar Art,
They catch the Cautious; let the Raſh depart.
Moſt Nets are fill'd by want of Thought and Care,
But too much Thinking brings us to thy Snare.
Where held by thee, in Slavery we ſtay,
And throw the pleaſing Part of Life away.
But, what does moſt my Indignation move,
Diſcretion, thou wer't ne'er a Friend to Love.
Thy chief Delight is to defeat thoſe Arts
By which he kindles mutual Flames in Hearts:
While the blind ſoit'ring God is at his Play,
Thou ſteal'ſt his golden pointed Darts away;

Thoſe

Those Darts which, never fail; and in their
Stead,
Convey'st malignant Arrows tipt with Lead:
The heedless God, suspecting no Deceits,
Shoots on, and thinks he has done wond'rous
Feats;
But, the poor Nymph, who feels her Vitals
burn,
And from her Shepherd can find no Return,
Laments and rages at the Pow'r divine,
When, curs'd Discretion, all the Fault was
thine;
Cupid and *Hymen* thou hast set at Odds,
And bred such Feuds betwixt those Kindred
Gods,
That *Venus* cannot reconcile her Sons,
When one appears, away the other runs.
The former Scales, wherein he us'd to poise
Love against Love, and equal Joys with Joys,
Are now fill'd up with Avarice and Pride,
Where Titles, Power, and Riches still subside.
Then, gentle *Venus*, to thy Father run,
And tell him how thy Children are undone;
Prepare his Bolts, to give one fatal Blow,
And strike Discretion to the Shades below.

The

The following Lines were wrote upon a very old Glaſs of Sir Arthur Acheſon's.

FRAIL Glaſs, thou mortal art, as well as I,
Tho' none can tell, which of us firſt ſhall die.

Anſwer'd extempore by Dr. SWIFT.

We both are mortal; but thou, frailer Creature,
May'ſt die, like me, by Chance, but not by Nature.

VERSES *cut by two of the* DEAN's *Friends, upon a Pane of Glaſs in one of his Parlours.*

A BARD on whom *Phœbus* his Spirit beſtow'd,
Reſolving t'acknowledge the Bounty he ow'd,
Found out a new Method at once of confeſſing,
And making the moſt of ſo mighty a Bleſſing;
To the God he'd be grateful, but Mortals he'd chouſe
By making his Patron preſide in his Houſe.

And wiſely foreſaw this Advantage from thence,
That the God wou'd in Honour bear moſt of th' Expence:
So, the Bard he finds Drink, and leaves *Phœbus* to treat
With the Thoughts he inſpires, regardleſs of Meat.
Hence they that come hither expecting to dine,
Are always fobb'd off with ſheer Wit and ſheer Wine.

On another Window.

ARE the Gueſts of this Houſe ſtill doom'd to be cheated?
Sure the Fates have decreed they by Halves ſhould be treated.
In the Day of good * *John*, if you came here to dine,
You had Choice of good Meat, no Choice of good Wine.

* Dr. *John Stearne*, late Lord Biſhop of *Clogher*, who had been the Predeceſſor of Dr. *Swift* in the Deanry of St. *Patrick*'s, and was always diſtinguiſh'd for his great Hoſpitality.

In

In *Jonathan's* Reign, if you come here to eat,
You have Choice of good Wine, no Choice
of good Meat.
Oh *Jove!* then how fully might all Sides be
bleſt,
Would'ſt thou but agree to this humble Re-
queſt?
Put both Deans in one; or, if that's too much
Trouble,
Inſtead of the Deans, make the Deanry double,

An EPITAPH *by Dr.* SWIFT *to the Memory of* FREDERICK *Duke of* SCHOMBERG, *who was unhappily killed in crossing the River* Boyne *on the 1st of* July 1690, *and was buried in St. Patrick's Cathedral, where the Dean and Chapter erected a small Monument to his Honour, at their own Expence.*

Hic infra situm est Corpus
FREDERICI DUCIS DE SCHOMBERG,
ad BUDINDAM occisi, A. D. 1690.
DECANUS et CAPITULUM maximopere
etiam atque etiam petierunt,
Ut HEREDES DUCIS Monumentum,
In memoriam PARENTIS, erigendum curarent:
Sed postquam per Epistolas, per Amicos,
diu ac sæpè orando nil profecere;
Hunc demum Lapidem ipsi statuerunt,

* Sal-

* Saltem ut ſcias, Hoſpes,
Ubinam terrarum SCONBERGENSES Cineres
deliteſcunt.

Plus potuit fama Virtutis apud Alienos,
Quam Sanguinis proximitas apud Suos.
A. D. 1731.

* The Words that Dr. *Swift* firſt concluded the Epitaph with, were ſtill ſtronger; namely, *Saltem ut ſciat Viator indignabundus, quali in cellulâ tanti Ductoris cineres deliteſcunt.* For the Author was always heard to ſpeak with great Reverence of the Memory of that brave Duke, as well as his Glorious Maſter King WILLIAM; and indeed of all others, who have ſtruggled for the Liberties of theſe Kingdoms againſt the repeated Attempts of Arbitrary Power.

A BALLAD *on the Game of* TRAFFIC.

Written at the Castle of Dublin, *in the Time of the Earl of* Berkley's *Government.*

MY * *Lord* to find out who must deal
Delivers Cards about,
But the first Knave doth seldom fail
To find the *Doctor* out.

But then his *Honour* cry'd, Godzooks!
And seem'd to knit his Brow;
For on a Knave he never looks,
But H'thinks upon *Jack How.*

My *Lady*, tho' she is no Player,
Some bungling Partner takes,
And wedg'd in Corner of a Chair
Takes Snuff, and holds the Stakes.

* The Earl of *Berkley.*

Dame

Dame *Floyd* looks out in grave Suſpence
For Pair-royals and Sequents;
But wiſely cautious of her Pence,
The Caſtle ſeldom frequents.

Quoth *Herries*, fairly putting Caſes,
I'd won it on my Word,
If I had put a fair of Aces,
And could pick up a Third.

BUT *Weſton* has a new-caſt Gown
On *Sundays* to be fine in,
And, if ſhe can but win a *Crown*,
'Twill juſt new dye the Lining.

" WITH theſe is Parſon *Swift*,
" Not knowing how to ſpend his Time,
" Does make a wretched Shift,
" To deafen them with Puns and Rhime."

Lady Betty Berkley *finding this Ballad in the Author's Room unfiniſhed, ſhe underwrit the laſt Stanza, and left the Paper where ſhe had found it; which occaſioned a Song, printed in the Fourth Volume of the Miſcellanies, pag. 73. written by the Author in a counterfeit Hand, as if a third Perſon had done it.*

To the Tune of the *Cut-purſe*.

VERSES *ſaid to be written on the* UNION.

THE * Queen has lately loſt a Part
Of her entirely-*Engliſh* Heart,
For want of which, by way of Botch,
She piec'd it up again with *Scotch.*
Bleſt Revolution, which creates
Divided Hearts, united States!
See how the double Nation lies;
Like a rich Coat with Skirts of Frize:
As if a Man in making Poſies
Should bundle Thiſtles up with Roſes.
Who ever yet a Union ſaw
Of Kingdoms, without Faith or Law?
Henceforward let no Stateſman dare,
A Kingdom to a Ship compare;
Leſt he ſhould call our Commonweal
A Veſſel with a double Keel:
Which juſt like ours, new rigg'd and mann'd,
And got about a League from Land,

* Anne.

By

By Change of Wind to Leeward Side
The Pilot knew not how to guide.
So toſſing Faction will o'erwhelm
Our crazy double-bottom'd Realm.

WILL. WOOD's PETITION *to* the People of *IRELAND*, being an excellent New SONG.

Suppoſed to be made and ſung in the Street of Dublin, *by* William Wood, *Iron-monger and Halfpenny-monger*, 1725.

MY dear *Iriſh* Fokes,
Come leave off your Jokes,
And buy up my Halfpence ſo fine;
So fair and ſo bright,
They'll give you Delight;
Obſerve how they glifter and ſhine.
They'll ſell, to my Grief,
As cheap as Neck-beef,
For Counters at Cards to your Wife:
And every Day
Your Children may play
Span-farthing, or Toſs on the Knife.

Come

Come hither and try;
I'll teach you to buy
A Pot of good Ale for a Farthing:
Come; Three-pence a Score,
I aſk no more,
And a Fig for the Drapier and * *Harding.*

When Tradeſmen have Gold,
The Thief will be bold,
By Day and by Night for to rob him:
My Copper is ſuch,
No Robber will touch,
And ſo you may daintily bob him.

The little Black-guard
Who gets very hard
His Half pence for cleaning your Shoes:
When his Pockets are cramm'd
With mine, and be d——'d,
He may ſwear he has nothing to loſe.

Here's Half pence in plenty,
For one you'll have twenty,
Tho' Thouſands are not worth a Pudden.
Your Neighbours will think,
When your Pocket cries Chink,
You are grown plaguy rich on ſudden.

* The Drapier's Printer.

You

You will be my Thankers,
I'll make you my Bankers,
As good as * *Ben Burton* or *Fade:*
For nothing ſhall paſs
But my pretty Braſs,
And then you'll be all of a Trade.

I'm a Son of a Whore
If I have a Word more
To ſay in this wretched Condition.
If my Coin will not paſs,
I muſt die like an Aſs;
And ſo I conclude my Petition.

* Two famous Bankers.

An

An EPIGRAM ON *WOOD's* BRASS-MONEY.

CART'RET was welcom'd to the Shore
First with the brazen Canons Roar.
To meet him next, the Soldier comes,
With brazen Trumps and brazen Drums.
Approaching near the Town, he hears
The brazen Bells ſalute his Ears:
But when *Wood*'s Braſs began to ſound,
Guns, Trumpets, Drums, and Bells were drown'd.

ANOTHER,

On the D——e of C——s.

J—s B—s was the Dean's familiar Friend;
J—s grows a *Du—*; their Friendſhip here muſt end.
Surely the Dean deſerves a ſore Rebuke,
From knowing *James*, to ſay, he knows a *D—e*.

An

An EPIGRAM *on* Scolding.

GREAT Folks are of a finer Mold;
Lord! how politely they can ſcold!
While a coarſe *Engliſh* Tongue will itch,
For Whore and Rogue, and Dog and Bitch.

CATULLUS *de* LESBIA.

LESBIA mi dicit ſemper male; nec facet unquam
De me. Leſbia me, diſpeream, niſi amat.
Quo ſigno? Quia ſunt totidem mea. Deprecor illam
Aſſiduè; verum, diſpeream, niſi amo.

In ENGLISH.

LESBIA for ever on me rails,
To talk of me ſhe never fails.
Now hang me, but, for all her Art,
I find that I have gain'd her Heart.
My Proof is thus: I plainly ſee,
The Caſe is juſt the ſame with me;
I curſe her ev'ry Hour ſincerely,
Yet, hang me, but I love her dearly.

Mr. JASON HASSARD, *a Woollen Drapier in* Dublin, *put up the Sign of the* Golden Fleece, *and desired a Motto in Verse.*

JASON, the valiant Prince of *Greece*,
From *Colchos* brought the *Golden Fleece*;
We comb the Wool, refine the Stuff,
From modern *Jasons* that's enuff.
Oh! could we tame yon *watchful Dragon*,
Old *Jason* would have less to brag on.

The AUTHOR's *Manner of Living.*

ON rainy Days alone I dine,
Upon a Chick, and Pint of Wine.
On rainy Days, I dine alone,
And pick my Chicken to the Bone:
But this my Servant much enrages,
No Scraps remain to save Board-wages.
In Weather fine I nothing spend,
But often spunge upon a Friend:
Yet where he's not so rich as I;
I pay my Club, and so GOOD by——.

To

To a LADY, *who deſired the Author to write ſome Verſes upon her in the Heroic Style.*

Written at *London* in the Year 1726.

AFTER venting all my Spight,
Tell me, what have I to write?
Ev'ry Error I would find
Thro' the Mazes of your Mind,
Have my buſy Muſe employ'd,
Till the Company is cloy'd.
Are you poſitive and fretful,
Heedleſs, ignorant, forgetful?
Theſe, and twenty Follies more,
I have often told before.
Hearken what my Lady ſays,
Have I nothing then to praiſe?
Ill it fits you to be witty,
Where a Fault ſhould move your Pity,
If you think me too conceited,
Or to Paſſion quickly heated:

If

If my wand'ring Head be leſs
Set on Reading then on Dreſs:
If I always ſeem ſo dull t'ye;
I can ſolve the Diffi--culty.

YOU would teach me to be wiſe;
Truth and Honour how to prize;
How to ſhine in Converſation,
And with Credit fill my Station;
How to reliſh Notions high;
How to live, and how to die.

BUT it was decreed by Fate,
Mr. *Dean*, you come too late;
Well I know, you can diſcern,
I am now too old to learn:
Follies, from my Youth inſtill'd,
Have my Soul entirely fill'd:
In my Head and Heart they center;
Nor will let your Leſſons enter.

BRED a Fondling and an Heireſs;
Dreſs'd like any Lady-May'reſs;
Cocker'd by the Servants round,
Was too good to touch the Ground;
Thought the Life of ev'ry Lady
Should be one continual Play-day;
Balls, and Maſquerades, and Shows;
Viſits, Plays, and powder'd Beaux.

THUS you have my Caſe at large;
And may now perform your Charge.
Thoſe Materials I have furniſh'd,
When by you refin'd and burniſh'd,
Muſt, that all the World may know 'em,
Be reduc'd into a Poem.
But, I beg, ſuſpend awhile
That ſame paultry burleſque Style;
Drop for once your conſtant Rule,
Turning all to Ridicule;
Teaching others how to ape ye;
Court nor Parliament can 'ſcape ye;
Treat the Publick and your Friends
Both alike, while neither mends.
SING my Praiſe in Strain ſublime;
Treat not me with doggrel Rhyme,
'Tis but juſt you ſhould produce,
With each Fault, each Fault's Excuſe;
Not to publiſh ev'ry Trifle,
And my few Perfections ſtifle,
With ſome Gifts at leaſt endow me,
Which my very Foes allow me.
Am I ſpightful, proud, unjuſt?
Did I ever break my Truſt?
Which of all your *modern* Dames
Cenſures leſs, or leſs defames?

In good Manners am I faulty?
Can you call me rude or haughty?
Did I e'er my Mite withhold
From the impotent and old?
When did ever I omit
Due Regard for Men of Wit?
When have I Esteem express'd
For a Coxcomb gaily dress'd?
Do I, like the Female Tribe,
Think it Wit to sneer and gibe?
Who, with less designing Ends,
Kindlier entertains their Friends?
With good Words and Count'nance sprightly,
Strive to treat them all politely.

THINK not Cards my chief Diversion:
'Tis a wrong unjust Aspersion:
Never knew I any Good in 'um,
But to doze my Head like *Lodanum*.
We by Play, as Men by Drinking,
Pass our Nights to drive out Thinking.
From my Ailments give me Leisure,
I shall read and think with Pleasure:
Conversation learn to relish,
And with Books my Mind embellish.

Now, methinks, I hear you cry;
Mr. *Dean*, you must reply.

MADAM, I allow 'tis true:
All theſe Praiſes are your Due.
You, like ſome acute Philoſopher,
Ev'ry Fault have drawn a Gloſs over;
Placing in the ſtrongeſt Light
All your Virtues to my Sight.

THOUGH you lead a blameleſs Life,
Live an humble, prudent Wife;
Anſwer all domeſtick Ends;
What is this to us your Friends?
Though your Children by a Nod
Stand in awe without the Rod:
Though, by your obliging Sway,
Servants love you, and obey;
Though you treat us with a Smile;
Clear your Looks, and ſmooth your Style;
Load our Plates from ev'ry Diſh;
This is not the Thing we wiſh.
Col'nel———may be your Debtor;
We expect Employment better.
You muſt learn, if you would gain us,
With good Senſe to entertain us.

SCHOLARS, when good Senſe deſcribing,
Call it taſting and imbibing:
Metaphoric Meat and Drink
Is to underſtand and think:

We may *carve* for others thus;
And let others carve for us;
To diſcourſe and to attend,
Is, to *help* yourſelf and Friend.
Converſation is but *carving*;
Carve for all, yourſelf is ſtarving:
Give no more to ev'ry Gueſt,
Than he's able to digeſt:
Give him always of the Prime;
And but a little at a Time.
Carve to all but juſt enuff;
Let them neither ſtarve, nor ſtuff:
And that you may have your Due,
Let your Neighbours *carve* for you.
This Compariſon will hold,
Could it well in Rhime be told,
How Converſings, Lift'nings, Thinkings;
Juſtly may reſemble Drinkings;
For a Friend a Glaſs you fill,
What is this but to inſtil?

To conclude this long Eſſay;
Pardon if I diſobey;
Nor, againſt my nat'ral Vein,
Treat you in Heroic Strain.
I, as all the Pariſh knows,
Hardly can be grave in Proſe:

Still to laſh, and laſhing ſmile,
Ill befits a lofty Style.
From the Planet of my Birth
I encounter Vice with Mirth.
Wicked Miniſters of State
I can eaſier ſcorn than hate:
And, I find it anſwers right;
Scorn torments them more than Spight.
All the Vices of a Court
Do but ſerve to make me Sport.
Were I in ſome foreign Realm,
Which all Vices overwhelm;
* * * * * * *
* * * * * * *
* * * * * * *
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* * * * * * *

WHEN my Muſe officious ventures
On the Nation's Repreſenters;
Teaching by what *golden* Rules,
Into Knaves they turn their Fools:
How the Helm is rul'd by *W——le*,
At whoſe Oars, like Slaves, they all pull
Let the Veſſel ſplit on Shelves;
With the Freight enrich themſelves:

Safe within my little Wherry,
All their Madneſs makes me merry:
Like the Watermen of *Thames*,
I row by, and call them Names.
Like the ever-laughing Sage,
In a Jeſt I ſpend my Rage.
(Though it muſt be underſtood,
I would hang them if I cou'd)
If I can but fill my Nitch,
I attempt no higher Pitch.
Leave to *D'Anvers* and his Mate,
Maxims wiſe to rule the State.
Pult'ney deep, accompliſh'd *St. Johns*, * * *
Scourge the Villains with a Vengeance; * *
Let me, tho' the Smell be noiſom, * * *
Strip their Bums; let * *Caleb* horſe 'um; * *
Then apply *Alecto*'s Whip, * * * * *
Till they wriggle, howl, and ſkip. * * *

DUCE is in you, Mr. *Dean!*
What can all this Paſſion mean?
Mention Courts, you'll ne'er be quiet;
On Corruptions running Riot,

* *Caleb D'Anvers*, the famous Writer of the Paper called the *Craftſman*. Theſe Papers are ſuppoſed to be written by the Lord B——*ke* and Mr. P——*liney*, created Earl of B——*th*.

End,

End, as it befits your Station:
Come to Uſe and Application:
Nor with Senates keep a Fuſs.
I ſubmit and anſwer thus.

IF the Machinations brewing
To complete the public Ruin,
Never once could have the Pow'r
To affect me half an Hour;
(Sooner would I write, in Buſkins,
Mournful Elegies on * *Blaſkins*)
If I laugh at *Whig* and *Tory*;
I conclude *à fortiori*,
All your Eloquence will ſcarce
Drive me from my fav'rite Farce.
This I muſt inſiſt on. For,
It is well obſerv'd by † *Horace*,
Ridicule has greater Pow'r
To reform the World, than ſow'r.
Horſes, thus, let Jockies judge elſe,
Switches better guide than Cudgels.
Baſtings heavy, dry, obtuſe,
Only Dulneſs can produce;

* A famous Thief, who was hang'd ſome Years ſince.

† *Ridiculum acri*
Fortius & melius, &c.

While a little gentle Jerking
Sets the Spirits all a working.

THUS, I find it by Experiment,
Scolding moves you less than Merriment.
I may storm and rage in vain;
It but stupifies your Brain.
But with Raillery to nettle,
Sets your Thoughts upon their Mettle:
Gives Imagination Scope;
Never lets your Mind elope:
Drives out Brangling and Contention,
Brings in Reason and Invention.
For your Sake, as well as mine,
I the lofty Style decline.

I, WHO love to have a Fling
Both at S—n—e—h—le and ——;
That they might some better Way tread,
To avoid the publick Hatred;
Thought no Method more commodious,
Than to shew their Vices odious:
Which I chose to make appear,
Not by Anger, but a Sneer;
As my Method of reforming
Is by laughing, not by storming.
(For my Friends have always thought
Tenderness my greatest Fault)

Would you have me change my Style;
On your Faults no longer ſmile:
But, to patch up all your Quarrels,
Quote you Texts from *Plutarch*'s Morals;
Or, from *Solomon* produce
Maxims teaching Wiſdom's Uſe.

IF I treat you like a *C——d H——*,
You have cheap enough compounded;
Can you put in higher Claims,
Than the Owners of St. *J——s*?
You are not ſo great a Grievance,
As the Hirelings of St. *St——'s*.
You are of a lower Claſs
Than my Friend Sir *R——t Braſs*;
None of theſe have Mercy found,
I have laugh'd, and laſh'd them round.

HAVE you ſeen a Rocket fly?
You could ſwear it pierc'd the Sky:
It but reach'd the middle Air,
Burſting into Pieces there:
Thouſand Sparkles falling down,
Light on many a Coxcomb's Crown:
See what Mirth the Sport creates;
Singes Hair, but breaks no Pates.

Thus

Thus ſhould I attempt to climb,
Treat you in a Style ſublime,
Such a Rocket is my Muſe;
Should I lofty Numbers chuſe,
E're I reach'd *Parnaſſus'* Top,
I ſhould burſt, and burſting drop.
All my *Fire* would fall in Scraps;
Give your Head ſome gentle Raps;
Only make it ſmart a while;
Then, could I forbear to ſmile,
When I found the tingling Pain,
Ent'ring warm your frigid Brain:
Make you able upon Sight
To decide of Wrong and Right;
Talk with Senſe whate'er you pleaſe on;
Learn to reliſh Truth and Reaſon,

THUS we both ſhould gain our Prize;
I to laugh, and you grow wiſe.

THE

THE DISCOVERY.

WHEN wise Lord *B——ly* first came here,
Statesmen and Mob expected Wonders,
Nor thought to find so great a Peer
E're a Week past committing Blunders.
Till on a Day cut out by Fate,
When Folks come thick to make their Court,
Out slipt a Mystery of State,
To give the Town and Country Sport.
Now enters * *Bush* with new State-Airs,
His Lordship's premier Minister;
And who, in all profound Affairs,
Is held as needful as his † Glyster.

* My Lord's wise Secretary.

† Always taken before my Lord went to Council.

With

With Head reclining on his Shoulder,
He deals and hears myſterious Chat,
While every ignorant Beholder
Aſks of his Neighbour, Who is that?
With this he put up to my Lord,
The Courtiers kept their Diſtance due,
He twitch'd his Sleeve, and ſtole a Word;
Then to a Corner both withdrew.
Imagine now, my Lord and *Buſh*
Whiſp'ring in Junta moſt profound,
Like good King * *Phyz*, and good King *Uſh*,
While all the reſt ſtood gaping round.
At length a Spark, not too well bred,
Of forward Face, and Ear acute,
Advanc'd on Tiptoe, lean'd his Head,
To over-hear the grand Diſpute.
To learn what Northern Kings deſign,
Or from *Whitehall* ſome new Expreſs,
Papiſts diſarm'd, or Fall of Coin,
For ſure (thought he) it can't be leſs.
My Lord, ſaid *Buſh*, a Friend and I
Diſguis'd in two old thread-bare Coats,
E're Morning's Dawn, ſtole out to ſpy
How Markets went for Hay and Oats:

* Vide the *Rehearſal*.

With

With that he draws two Handfuls out,
The one was Oats, the other Hay;
Put this to's Excellency's Snout,
And begs he would the other weigh.
My Lord seems pleas'd, but still directs
By all means to bring down the Rates;
Then with a Congee circumflex,
Bush, smiling round on all, retreats.
Our List'ner stood awhile confus'd,
But gath'ring Spirits wisely ran for't,
Enrag'd to see the World abus'd,
By two such whisp'ring Kings of *Brentford*.

The PROBLEM.

That my Lord B——ly stinks, when he's in Love.

DID ever Problem thus perplex,
Or more employ the Female Sex?
So sweet a Passion, who would think,
Jove ever form'd to make a Stink?

The Ladies vow and swear they'll try,
Whether it be a Truth or Lye.
LOVE's Fire, it seems, like inward Heat,
Works in my Lord by Stool and Sweat,
Which brings a Stink from every Pore,
And from behind, and from before;
Yet what is wonderful to tell it,
None but the fav'rite Nymph can smell it.
But now to solve the nat'ral Cause
By sober Philosophic Laws;
Whether all Passions, when in Ferment,
Work out, as Anger does in Vermin;
So when a Weazel you torment,
You find his Passion by his Scent.
* * * * * * * * * * *
We read of Kings, who in a Fright,
Tho' on a Throne, would fall to sh——
Besides all this, deep Scholars know,
That the main String of *Cupid*'s Bow
Once on a Time was an A——gut,
Now to a nobler Office put,
By Favour or Desert prefer'd,
From giving Passage to a T——
But still, tho' fix'd among the Stars,
Does sympathize with human A——
Thus, when you fell an hard-bound Breech,
Conclude Love's Bow-string at full Stretch,

Till

Till the kind Looſeneſs comes, and then,
Conclude the Bow relax'd again.

AND now, the Ladies all are bent
To try the great Experiment,
Ambitious of a Regent's Heart,
Spread all their Charms to catch a F——.
Watching the firſt unſav'ry Wind,
Some ply before, and ſome behind.
My Lord, on Fire amidſt the Dames,
F——ts like a Lawrel in the Flames.
The Fair approach the ſpeaking Part
To try the Back-way to his Heart.

For, as when we a Gun diſcharge,
Altho' the Bore be ne'er ſo large,
Before the Flame from Muzzle burſt,
Juſt at the Breech it flaſhes firſt;
So from my Lord his Paſſion broke,
He farted firſt, and then he ſpoke.

THE Ladies vaniſh in the Smother
To confer Notes with one another;
And now they all agree to name
Whom each one thought the happy Dame.
Quoth *Neal*, Whate'er the reſt may think,
I'm ſure 'twas I, that ſmelt the Stink.
You ſmell the Stink, by G—— you lye,
Quoth *Roſs*, for I'll be ſworn 'twas I.

Ladies, quoth *Lewens*, pray forbear,
Let's not fall out, we all had Share,
And by the moſt I can diſcover,
My Lord's an univerſal Lover.

A LOVE-POEM FROM A PHYSICIAN to his MISTRESS,

Written at *London* in the Year 1738.

BY Poets we are well aſſur'd
That Love, alas! can ne'er be *cur'd*;
A complicated Heap of *Ills*,
Deſpiſing *Bliſters* and *Pills*.
Ah! *Chloe*, this I find is true,
Since firſt I gave my Heart to you.
Now, by your Cruelty *bard-bound*
I ſtrain my *Guts*, my *Colon* wound:
Now, Jealouſy my *grumbling Tripes*
Aſſaults, with grating, grinding *Gripes*:
When Pity in thoſe Eyes I view,
My *Bowels* wambling make me *ſpew*.

When

When I an am'rous Kiss design'd,
I *belch'd* a Hurricane of *Wind*,
Once, you a gentle Sigh let fall,
Remember how I *suck'd* it all;
What *Colic Pangs* from thence I felt
Had you but known, your *Heart* would melt,
Like ruffling Winds in Caverns pent,
Till Nature pointed out a Vent.
How have you torn my *Howrs* to Pieces,
With Maggots, Humours, and Caprices!
By which I got the *Hæmorrhoids*,
And loathsome *Worms* my *Anus* voids.
Whene'er I hear a Rival nam'd,
I feel my Belly all inflam'd;
Which breaking out in *Boyls* and *Blains*,
With *yellow Filth* my Linen stains,
Or, parch'd with unextinguish'd *Thirst*,
Small Beer I *guzzle* till I *burst*;
And then I drag a bloated *Corpus*
Swell'd with a *Dropsy* like a Porpus;
When, if I cannot *purge* or *stale*,
I must be tapp'd to fill a *Pail*.

On a PRINTER'S *being sent to* Newgate, *by* ——.

BETTER we all were in our Graves
Than live in Slavery to Slaves,
Worse than the Anarchy at Sea,
Where Fishes on each other prey;
Where ev'ry Trout can make as high Rants
O'er his Inferiors as our Tyrants;
And swagger while the Coast is clear;
But should a lordly Pike appear,
Away you see the Varlet scud,
Or hide his coward Snout in Mud.
Thus, if a Gudgeon meet a Roach,
He dare not venture to approach;
Yet still has Impudence to rise,
And, like *Domitian*, leap at Flies.

On the Little House by the Church-yard of Castleknock.

WHOEVER pleaseth to enquire,
Why yonder Steeple wants a Spire,

The

The gray old Fellow Poet * *Joe*
The Philoſophic Cauſe will ſhow.
Once on a Time, a Weſtern Blaſt
At leaſt twelve Inches overcaſt,
Reck'ning Roof, Weathercock and all,
Which came with a prodigious Fall;
And tumbling topſy-turvy round
Light with its Bottom on the Ground.
FOR, by the Laws of Gravitation,
It fell into its proper Station.
THIS is the little ſtrutting Pile,
You ſee juſt by the Church-yard Stile;
The Walls in tumbling gave a Knock;
And thus the Steeple got a Shock;
From whence the neighb'ring Farmer calls
The Steeple, Knock, the Vicar, † *Walls*.
THE Vicar once a Week creeps in,
Sits with his Knees up to his Chin;
Here conns his Notes, and takes a Whet,
Till the ſmall ragged Flock is met.
A TRAVELLER, who by did paſs,
Obſerv'd the Roof behind the Graſs;
On Tiptoe ſtood and rear'd his Snout,
And ſaw the Parſon creeping out;

* Mr. *Beaumont* of *Trim*.
† Rev. Archdeacon *Wall*.

Was much ſurpriz'd to ſee a Crow
Venture to build his Neſt ſo low.
A SCHOOL-BOY ran unto't and thought,
The Crib was down, the Blackbird caught,
A Third, who loſt his Way by Night,
Was forc'd, for Safety, to alight,
And ſtopping o'er the Fabric-roof,
His Horſe had like to ſpoil his Hoof.
Warburton took it in his Noddle,
This Building was deſign'd a Model,
Or of a Pigeon-houſe, or Oven,
To bake one Loaf, or keep one Dove in.
THEN * Mrs. *Johnſon* gave her Verdict,
And ev'ry one was pleas'd, that heard it:
All that you make this Stir about,
Is but a Still which wants a Spout.
The Rev'rend Dr. † *Raymond* gueſs'd
More probably than all the reſt;
He ſaid, but that it wanted Room,
It might have been a Pigmy's Tomb.
THE Doctor's Family came by,
And little Miſs began to cry;
Give me that Houſe in my own Hand;
Then Madam bad the Chariot ſtand,

* A Friend of the Author's.

† Miniſter of *Trim*.

call'd

Call'd to the Clerk in Manner mild,
Pray reach that Thing here to the Child,
That Thing, I mean, among the Kale,
And here's to buy a Pot of Ale.

The Clerk said to her in a Heat,
What? sell my Master's Country-Seat?
Where he comes ev'ry Week from Town;
He would not sell it for a Crown.
Poh! Fellow, keep not such a Pother,
In half an Hour thou'lt make another.

Says * *Nancy*, I can make for Miss
A finer House ten times than this,
The Dean will give me Willow-Sticks,
And *Joe* my Apron-full of Bricks.

* The Waiting-Woman.

The Author and his Friends used to divert themselves for Amusement in making Riddles, some of which have been printed in the Fifth Volume of the Miscellanies, and were well received; as we hope the following will be, although we cannot tell the Authors of each.

A RIDDLE.

I With borrow'd Silver shine,
What you see is none of mine.
First I shew you but a Quarter,
Like the Bow that guards the *Tartar*,
Then the Half, and then the Whole,
Ever dancing round the Pole.
And what will raise your Admiration,
I am not one of GOD's Creation,

But

But sprung (and I this Truth maintain)
Like *Pallas* from my Father's Brain.
And after all, I chiefly owe
My Beauty to the Shades below.
Most wondrous Forms you see me wear,
A Man, a Woman, Lion, Bear,
A Fish, a Fowl, a Cloud, a Field,
All Figures Heav'n or Earth can yield;
Like *Daphne* sometimes in a Tree,
Yet am not one of all you see.

ANOTHER.

BEgotten, and born, and dying with Noise,
The Terror of Women, and Pleasure of Boys,
Like the Fiction of Poets concerning the Wind,
I'm chiefly unruly, when strongest confin'd.
For Silver and Gold I don't trouble my Head,
But all I delight in is Pieces of Lead;
Except when I trade with a Ship or a Town,
Why then I make Pieces of Iron go down.
One Property more I would have you remark,
No Lady was ever more fond of a Spark;

The Moment I get one my Soul's all a-fire,
And I roar out my Joy, and in Transports ex-
pire.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

ANOTHER.

THERE is a Gate, we know full well,
That ſtands 'twixt Heav'n, and Earth, and Hell,
Where many for a Paſſage venture,
But very few are found to enter;
Although 'tis open Night and Day,
They for that Reaſon ſhun this Way:
Both Dukes and Lords abhor it's Wood,
They can't come near it for their Blood,
What other Way they take to go,
Another Time I'll let you know.
Yet Commoners, with greateſt Eaſe,
Can find an Entrance when they pleaſe.
The pooreſt hither march in State,
(Or they can never paſs the Gate)
Like *Roman* Generals triumphant,
And then they take a Turn and jump on't.
If graveſt Parſons here advance,
They cannot paſs before they dance;
There's not a Soul, that does reſort here,
But ſtrips himſelf to pay the Porter.

ANO-

ANOTHER.

FROM Heav'n I fall, tho' from Earth I begin,
No Lady alive can ſhew ſuch a Skin.
I'm bright as an Angel, and light as a Feather,
But heavy and dark, when you ſqueeze me together.
Tho' Candor and Truth in my Aſpect I bear,
Yet many poor Creatures I help to enſnare.
Tho' ſo much of Heav'n appears in my Make,
The fouleſt Impreſſions I eaſily take,
My Parent and I produce one another,
The Mother the Daughter, the Daughter the Mother.

ANOTHER.

I'M up, and down, and round about,
Yet all the World can't find me out,
Tho' Hundreds have employ'd their Leiſure,
They never yet cou'd find my Meaſure.

I'm

I'm found almoſt in ev'ry Garden,
Nay, in the Compaſs of a Farthing.
There's neither Chariot, Coach, nor Mill,
Can move an Inch except I will.

ANOTHER.

I AM jet-black, as you may ſee,
The Son of Pitch, and gloomy Night;
Yet all that know me will agree,
I'm dead except I live in Light.

Sometimes in Panegyric high,
Like lofty *Pindar*, I can ſoar,
And raiſe a Virgin to the Sky,
Or ſink her to a pocky Whore.

My Blood this Day is very ſweet,
To-morrow of a bitter Juice,
Like Milk 'tis cry'd about the Street,
And ſo apply'd to diff'rent Uſe.

Moſt wond'rous is my magic Power:
For with one Colour I can paint;
I'll make the Dev'l a Saint this Hour,
Next make a Devil of a Saint.

Thro'

Thro' diſtant Regions I can fly,
  Provide me but with Paper Wings,
And fairly ſhew a Reaſon, why
  There ſhould be Quarrels among Kings.

And after all you'll think it odd,
  When learned Doctors will diſpute,
That I ſhould point the Word of God,
  And ſhew where they can beſt confute.

Let Lawyers bawl and ſtrain their Throats,
  'Tis I that muſt the Lands convey,
And ſtrip the Clients to their Coats;
  Nay, give their very Souls away.

ANOTHER.

EVER eating, never cloying,
  All devouring, all deſtroying,
Never finding full Repaſt,
Till I eat the World at laſt.

ANO.

ANOTHER.

WE are little airy Creatures,
All of diff'rent Voice and Features,
One of us in Glass is fat,
One of us you'll find in Jet,
T'other you may see in Tin,
And the fourth a Box within,
If the fifth you shou'd pursue,
It can never fly from you.

ANOTHER.

ALL of us in one you'll find,
Brethren of a wond'rous Kind,
Yet among us all no Brother
Knows one Tittle of the other:
We in frequent Councils are,
And our Marks of Things declare,
Where, to us unknown, a Clerk
Sits, and takes them in the Dark.

He's

He's the Register of all
In our Ken, both great and small;
By us forms his Laws, and Rules,
He's our Master, we his Tools;
Yet we can, with greatest Ease,
Turn and wind him where we please.

ONE of us alone can sleep,
Yet no Watch the rest will keep,
But the Moment that he closes,
Ev'ry Brother else reposes.

IF Wine's bought, or Victuals dress,
One enjoys them for the rest.

Pierce us all with wounding Steel,
One for all of us will feel.

Tho' ten thousand Cannons roar,
Add to them ten thousand more,
Yet but one of us is found
Who regards the dreadful Sound.

Do what is not fit to tell,
There's but one of us can smell.

ANOTHER.

FONTINELLA *to* FLORINDA.

WHEN on my Boſom thy bright Eyes,
Florinda, dart their heav'nly Beams,
I feel not the leaſt Love-Surprize,
Yet endleſs Tears flow down in Streams.
There's nought ſo beautiful in thee,
But you may find the ſame in me.

The Lilies of thy Skin compare;
In me you ſee them full as white.
The Roſes of your Cheeks, I dare
Affirm, can't glow to more Delight.
Then, ſince I ſhew as fine a Face,
Can you refuſe a ſoft Embrace?

Ah lovely Nymph, thou'rt in thy Prime!
And ſo am I whilſt thou art here;
But ſoon will come the fatal Time,
When all we ſee ſhall diſappear.
'Tis mine to make a juſt Reflection,
And your's to follow my Direction.

Then catch Admirers while you may;
Treat not your Lovers with Diſdain;
For Time with Beauty flies away,
And there is no Return again.
To you the ſad Account I bring,
Life's Autumn has no ſecond Spring.

ANOTHER.

NEVER ſpeaking, ſtill awake,
Pleaſing moſt when moſt I ſpeak,
The Delight of old and young,
Tho' I ſpeak without a Tongue.
Nought but one Thing can confound me,
Many Voices joining round me;
Then I fret, and rave, and gabble,
Like the Labourers of *Babel*.
Now I am a Dog, or Cow,
I can bark, or I can low,
I can bleat, or I can ſing,
Like the Warblers of the Spring.
Let the love-ſick Bard complain,
And I mourn the cruel Pain;

Let

Let the happy Swain rejoice,
And I join my helping Voice;
Both are welcome, Grief or Joy,
I with either ſport and toy.
Tho' a Lady, I am ſtout,
Drums and Trumpets bring me out;
Then I claſh, and roar, and rattle,
Join in all the Din of Battle.
Jove, with all his loudeſt Thunder,
When I'm vext, can't keep me under;
Yet ſo tender is my Ear,
That the loweſt Voice I fear;
Much I dread the Courtier's Fate,
When his Merit's out of Date,
For I hate a ſilent Breath,
And a Whiſper is my Death.

ANOTHER.

MOST Things by me do riſe and fall,
And as I pleaſe they're great and ſmall;
Invading Foes, without Reſiſtance,
With Eaſe I make to keep their Diſtance;
Again, as I'm diſpos'd, the Foe
Will come, tho' not a Foot they go.

Both

Both Mountains, Woods, and Hills, and Rocks,
And gaming Goats, and fleecy Flocks,
And lowing Herds, and piping Swains,
Come dancing to me o'er the Plains.
The greateſt Whale, that ſwims the Sea,
Does inſtantly my Pow'r obey.
In vain from me the Sailor flies,
The quickeſt Ship I can ſurprize,
And turn it as I have a Mind,
And move it againſt Tide and Wind.
Nay, bring me here the talleſt Man,
I'll ſqueeze him to a little Span,
Or bring a tender Child and pliant,
You'll ſee me ſtretch him to a Giant;
Nor ſhall they in the leaſt complain,
Becauſe my Magic gives no Pain.

ANOTHER.

WE are little Brethren twain,
Arbiters of Loſs and Gain,
Many to our Counters run,
Some are made, and ſome undone.

But Men find it, to their Coſt,
Few are made, but Numbers loſt.
Tho' we play them Tricks for ever,
Yet they always hope our Favour.

To Doctor SHERIDAN.

DEAR *Sheridan!* a gentle Pair
Of *Gallſtown* Lads (for ſuch they are)
Beſides a Brace of grave Divines
Adore the Smoothneſs of thy Lines;
Smooth as our Baſon's Silver Flood,
E're *George* had robb'd it of it's Mud;
Smoother than *Pegaſus'* old Shoe,
E're *Vidon* comes to make him new.
The Board on which we ſet our A—s
Is not ſo ſmooth as are thy Verſes,
Compar'd with which (and that's enuff)
A Smoothing-Ir'n itſelf is ruff.
Nor praiſe I leſs that Circumciſion,
By modern Poets call'd Eliſion,
With which, in proper Station plac'd,
Thy poliſh'd Lines are firmly brac'd.

Thus,

Thus, a wiſe Taylor is not pinching;
But turns at ev'ry Seam an Inch in,
Or elſe, be ſure, your Broad-cloth Breeches
Will ne'er be ſmooth, nor hold their Stitches.
Thy Verſe, like Bricks, defy the Weather,
When ſmooth'd by rubbing them together;
Thy Words ſo cloſely wedg'd, and ſhort are,
Like Walls, more laſting without Mortar;
By leaving out the needleſs Vowels
You ſave the Charge of Lime and Trowels.
One Letter ſtill another locks,
Each groov'd, and dove-tail'd, like a Box,
Thy Muſe is tuckt up and ſuccinct,
In Chains thy Syllables are linkt.
Thy Words together ty'd in ſmall Hanks,
Cloſe as the *Macedonian* Phalanx;
Or like the Umbo of the *Romans*,
Which fierceſt Foes could break by no Means.
The Critic to his Grief will find
How firmly theſe Indentures bind:
So, in the kindred Painter's Art
The ſhort'ning is the niceſt Part.
Philologers of future Ages
How will they pore upon thy Pages!
Nor will they dare to break the Joints,
But help thee to be read with Points:

Or elſe, to ſhew their learned Labour, you
May backward be perus'd like *Hebrew*,
Wherein they need not loſe a Bit
Or of thy Harmony or Wit,
To make a Work completely fine,
Number and Weight and Meaſure join.
Then all muſt grant your Lines are weighty,
Where thirty weigh as much as eighty.
All muſt allow your Numbers more,
Where twenty Lines exceed fourſcore;
Nor can we think your Meaſure ſhort,
Where leſs than forty fill a Quart,
With *Alexandrian* in the Cloſe,
Long, long, long, long, like *Dan's* long Noſe.

A RE-

A REBUS *written by a* * LADY, *on the Rev. D—n* S——T. *With his* ANSWER.

CUT the Name of the MAN who his *Mistress* deny'd, } *Jo-seph.*
And let the *first* of it be only apply'd
To join with the Prophet who DAVID did chide. } *Nathan.*
Then say what a *Horse* is that runs very *fast*,
And that which deserves to be *first* put the *last*;
Spell all then, and put them together, to find
The NAME and the VIRTUES of him I design'd.
Like the *Patriarch* in *Egypt*, he's vers'd in the *State*,
Like the *Prophet* in *Jewry*, he's free with the *Great*.
Like a *Racer* he flies to succour with Speed,
When his *Friends* want his Aid, or *Desert* is in Need.

* Mrs. *Vanhomrigh*.

The ANSWER.

THE NYMPH who wrote this in an amorous Fit,
I cannot but envy the Pride of her *Wit*.
Which thus ſhe will venture profuſely to throw
On ſo mean a *Deſign*, and a *Subject* ſo low.
For mean's her *Deſign*, and her *Subject* as mean,
The *Firſt* but a REBUS, the *Laſt* but a DEAN.
A *Dean*'s but a *Parſon*, and what is a *Rebus*?
A Thing never known to the *Muſes* or *Phœbus*.
The Corruption of Verſe; for, when all is done,
It is but a *Paraphraſe* made on a *Pun*;
But a Genius like her's no Subject can ſtifle,
It ſhews and diſcovers itſelf through a *Trifle*.
By reading this *Trifle*, I quickly began
To find her a great *Wit*, but the *Dean* a ſmall Man.
Rich Ladies will furniſh their Garrets with Stuff,
Which others for Mantuas would think fine enough:

So

So the *Wit* that is laviſhly thrown away here,
Might furniſh a ſecond Rate *Poet* a Year.
Thus much for the *Verſe*, we proceed to the next,
Where the NYMPH has entirely forſaken her *Text*:
Her fine Panegyrics are quite out of Seaſon,
And what *She* deſcribes to be *Merit* is *Treaſon*:
The Changes which Faction has made in the State,
Have put the *Dean*'s Politics quite out of Date:
Now no one regards what he utters with Freedom,
And ſhould he write *Pamphlets*, no Great Man would read 'em;
And ſhould *Want* or *Deſert* ſtand in need of his Aid,
This *Racer* wou'd prove but a dull-founder'd *Jade*.

Written by the Rev. Doctor SWIFT, *on his own* Deafneſs.

VErtiginoſus, inops, ſurdus, male gratus amicis;
Non campana ſonans, tonitru non ab Jove miſſum,
Quod mage mirandum, ſaltem ſi credere fas eſt,
Non clamoſa meas mulier jam percutit aures.

In ENGLISH.

DEAF, giddy, helpleſs, left alone,
To all my Friends a Burthen grown;
No more I hear my Church's Bell,
Than if it rang out for my Knell:
At Thunder now no more I ſtart,
Than at the Rumbling of a Cart:
Nay, what's incredible, alack!
I hardly hear a Woman's Clack.

TOM's

TOM's *Metamorphoſis into a Poet and Spaniel.*

TOM was a little merry Grig,
Fiddled and danc'd to his own Jigg;
Good-natur'd, but a little ſilly,
Irreſolute, and ſhally-ſhilly;
What he ſhould do he cou'd not gueſs:
They mov'd him like a Man at Cheſs.
SWIFT told him once that he had Wit:
SWIFT was in Jeſt, poor TOM was bit;
Thought himſelf Son of ſecond *Phœbus*,
For Ballad, Pun, Lampoon, and Rebus.
He took a Draught of *Helicon*,
But ſwallow'd ſo much Water down,
He got a Dropſy: Now they ſay 'tis
Turn'd to poetic Diabetes;
And all the Liquor he has paſt
Is without Spirit, Salt, or Taſte.
But ſince it paſt, TOM thought it Wit,
And therefore writ, and writ, and writ.

He writ the Wonder of all Wonders,
He writ the Blunder of all Blunders:
He writ a merry Farce for Poppet,
Taught Actors how to squeak and hop it;
A Treatise on the Wooden Man *;
A Ballad on the Nose of DAN †;
The Art of making *April*-Fools,
And four and thirty punning Rules:
The Learned say that TOM went Snacks
With PHILOMATHS for Almanacks;
Tho' they divided are, and some say
He writ for WHALEY, some for CAMPSAY ‡.
Hundreds there are who will make Oath
He wrote alternately for both:
For tho' they made the Calculations,
TOM writ the monthly Observations.
Such were his Writings; but his Chatter
Was one continued Clitter Clatter.
SWIFT slit his Tongue, and made him talk,
Cry *Cup of Sack*, and *Walk, Knaves, walk*:
And fitted little prating *Poll*
For wiry Cage in common Hall.

* The Sign of a Wooden Man in *Essex-Street, Dublin.*

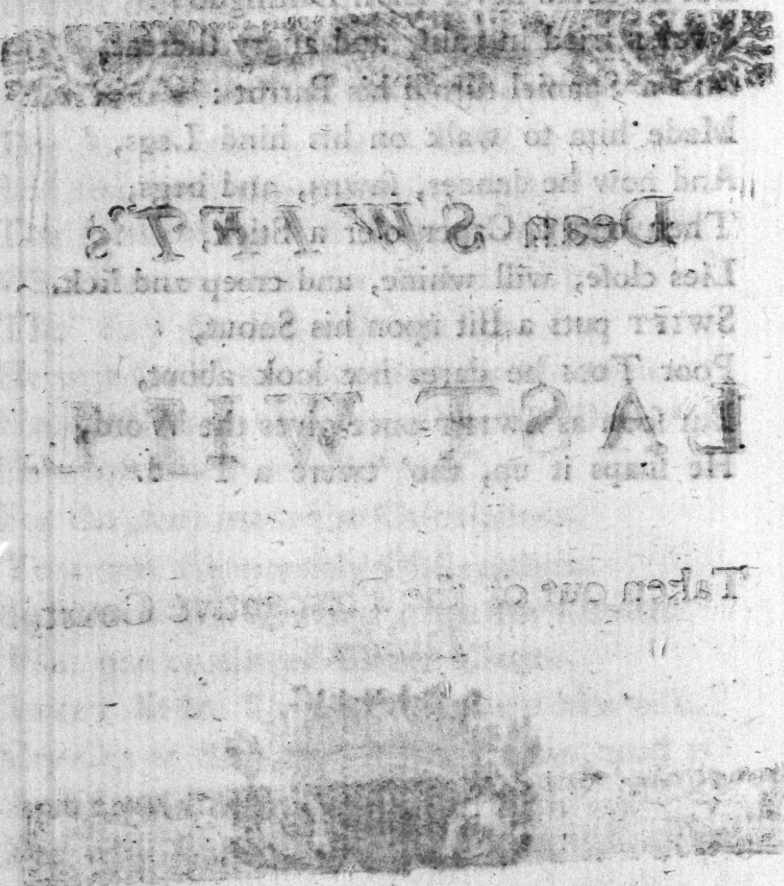
† A Person remarkable for a Nose of an enormous Size.

‡ Two Almanack-Makers in *Dublin.*

Made

Made him expert at quibble Jargon,
And quaint at ſelling of a Bargain.
Poll he could talk in different Linguo's,
But he could never learn Diſtinguo's:
SWIFT tried in vain, and angry thereat,
Into a Spaniel turn'd his Parrot:
Made him to walk on his hind Legs,
And now he dances, fawns, and begs,
Then cuts a Caper o'er a Stick,
Lies cloſe, will whine, and creep and lick.
SWIFT puts a Bit upon his Snout,
Poor TOM he dares not look about,
But ſoon as SWIFT once gives the Word,
He ſnaps it up, tho' 'twere a T—d.

Dean



Dean *SWIFT*'s

LAST WILL.

Taken out of the Prerogative Court, *Dublin*.

Dean Swift's

LAST WILL.

Taken out of the Prerogative Court,
Dublin.

THE LAST WILL OF Dr. SWIFT.

IN the Name of God, *Amen*, I JONATHAN SWIFT, Doctor in Divinity, and Dean of the Cathedral Church of St. *Patrick Dublin*, being at this Preſent of ſound Mind, although weak in Body, do here make my laſt Will and Teſtament, hereby revoking all my former Wills.

Imprimis, I bequeath my Soul to GOD, (in humble Hopes of his Mercy through *Jeſus Chriſt*) and my Body to the Earth. And I deſire that my Body may be buried in the great

Iſle

Iſle of the ſaid Cathedral, on the South Side, under the Pillar next to the Monument of Primate *Narciſſus Marſh*, three Days after my Deceaſe, as privately as poſſible, and at Twelve o'Clock at Night: And that a Black Marble of Feet ſquare, and ſeven Feet from the Ground, fixed to the Wall, may be erected, with the following Inſcription in large Letters, deeply cut, and ſtrongly gilded:

HIC DEPOSITUM EST CORPUS
JONATHAN SWIFT, S.T.P.
HUJUS ECCLESIÆ CATHEDRALIS
DECANI,
UBI SÆVA INDIGNATIO
ULTERIUS COR LACERARE NEQUIT.
ABI, VIATOR,
ET IMITARE, SI POTERIS,
STRENUUM PRO VIRILI LIBERTATIS VINDICEM.
OBIIT ANNO [MDCCXLV.]
MENSIS [OCTOBRIS] DIE [19.]
ÆTATIS ANNO [LXXVIII.]

Item: I give and bequeath to my Executors all my worldly Subſtance, of what Nature or Kind

Kind soever (excepting such Part thereof as is herein after particularly devised) for the following Uses and Purposes, that is to say, to the Intent that they, or the Survivors or Survivor of them, his Executors, or Administrators, as soon as conveniently may be after my Death, shall turn it all into ready Money, and lay out the same in purchasing Lands of Inheritance in Fee-simple, situate in any Province of *Ireland*, except *Connaught*, but as near to the City of *Dublin*, as conveniently can be found, and not incumbered with, or subject to any Leases for Lives renewable, or any Terms for Years longer than Thirty-one. And I desire that a yearly Annuity of Twenty Pounds *Sterling*, but of the annual Profits of such Lands when purchased, and out of the yearly Income of my said Fortune, devised to my Executors as aforesaid, until such Purchase shall be made, shall be paid to *Rebecca Dingley* of the City of *Dublin*, Spinster, during her Life, by two equal half-yearly Payments, on the Feasts of *All-Saints*, and St. *Philip* and St. *Jacob*, the first Payment to be made on such of the said Feasts as shall happen next after my Death. And that the Residue of the yearly Profits of the said Lands when purchased, and, until such Purchase be made, the Residue of the yearly Income, and Interest of my said Fortune, devised as aforesaid to my Executors, shall be laid out in purchasing a Piece of Land, situate near Dr. *Steven*'s Hospi-

tak; or, if it cannot be there had, ſomewhere in or near the City of *Dublin*, large enough for the Purpoſes herein after mentioned, and in building thereon an Hoſpital large enough for the Reception of as many Idiots and Lunaticks as the annual Income of the ſaid Lands and worldly Subſtance ſhall be ſufficient to maintain: And I deſire that the ſaid Hoſpital may be called ST. PATRICK'S HOSPITAL, and may be built in ſuch a manner, that another Building may be added unto it, in caſe the Endowment thereof ſhould be enlarged; ſo that the additional Building may make the whole Edifice regular and complete. And my further Will and Deſire is, that, when the ſaid Hoſpital ſhall be built, the whole yearly Income of the ſaid Lands and Eſtate ſhall for ever after be laid out in providing Victuals, Cloathing, Medicines, Attendance, and all other Neceſſaries for ſuch Idiots and Lunaticks, as ſhall be received into the ſame; and in repairing and enlarging the Building, from Time to Time, as there may be Occaſion. And, if a ſufficient Number of Idiots and Lunaticks cannot readily be found, I deſire that Incurables may be taken into the ſaid Hoſpital to ſupply ſuch Deficiency: But that no Perſon ſhall be admitted into it, that labours under any infectious Diſeaſe: And that all ſuch Idiots, Lunaticks and Incurables as ſhall be received into the ſaid Hoſpital,

Hoſpital, ſhall conſtantly live and reſide therein, as well in the Night as in the Day; and that the Salaries of Agents, Receivers, Officers, Servants, and Attendants, to be employed in the Buſineſs of the ſaid Hoſpital, ſhall not in the whole exceed one Fifth Part of the clear yearly Income, or Revenue thereof. And, I further deſire that my Executors, the Survivors or Survivor of them, or the Heirs of ſuch, ſhall not have Power to demiſe any Part of the ſaid Lands ſo to be purchaſed as aforeſaid, but with Conſent of the Lord Primate, the Lord High Chancellor, the Lord Archbiſhop of *Dublin*, the Dean of *Chriſt-Church*, the Dean of St. *Patrick*'s, the Phyſician to the State, and the Surgeon-General, all for the Time being, or the greater Part of them, under their Hands in Writing; and that no Leaſes of any Part of the ſaid Lands ſhall ever be made other than Leaſes for Years not exceeding Thirty-one, in Poſſeſſion, and not in Reverſion or Remainder, and not diſpuniſhable of Waſte, whereon ſhall be reſerved the beſt and moſt improved Rents that can reaſonably and moderately, without racking the Tenants, be gotten for the ſame, without Fine. Provided always, and it is my Will and earneſt Deſire, that no Leaſe of any Part of the ſaid Lands ſo to be purchaſed as aforeſaid, ſhall ever be made to, or in Truſt for any Perſon any way concerned in the Execution of this Truſt, or to, or in Truſt for any

Perſon any way related or allied, either by Conſanguinity or Affinity, to any of the Perſons who ſhall at that Time be concerned in the Execution of this Truſt: And that, if any Leaſe ſhall happen to be made contrary to my Intention above expreſſed, the ſame ſhall be utterly void and of no Effect. And I further deſire, until the Charter herein aftermentioned be obtained, my Executors, or the Survivors or Survivor of them, his Heirs, Executors, or Adminiſtrators, ſhall not act in the Execution of this Truſt, but with the Conſent and Approbation of the ſaid ſeven additional Truſtees, or the greater Part of them, under their Hands in Writing, and ſhall, with ſuch Conſent and Approbation as aforeſaid, have Power from Time to Time to make Rules, Orders, and Regulations for the Government and Direction of the ſaid Hoſpital. And, I make it my Requeſt to my ſaid Executors, that they may in convenient Time apply to his Majeſty for a Charter to incorporate them, or ſuch of them as ſhall be then living, and the ſaid additional Truſtees, for the better Management and Conduct of this Charity, with a Power to purchaſe Lands; and to ſupply by Election ſuch Vacancies happening in the Corporation, as ſhall not be ſupplied by Succeſſion, and ſuch other Powers as may be thought expedient for the due Execution of this Truſt, according to my Intention herein before expreſſed. And when ſuch Charter ſhall be obtained, I deſire that my Executors, or the Survivors

vivors or Survivor of them, or the Heirs of such Survivor, may convey to the Use of such Corporation in Fee simple, for the Purposes aforesaid, all such Lands and Tenements, as shall be purchased in manner above mentioned. Provided always, and it is my Will and Intention, that my Executors, until the said Charter, and afterwards the Corporation to be hereby incorporated, shall out of the yearly Profits of the said Lands, when purchased, and out of the yearly Income of my said Fortune devised to my Executors as aforesaid, until such Purchase be made, have Power to reimburse themselves for all such Sums of their own Money, as they shall necessarily expend in the Execution of this Trust. And that, until the said Charter be obtained, all Acts which shall at any Time be done in Execution of this Trust by the greater Part of my Executors then living, with the Consent of the greater Part of the said additional Trustees under their Hands in Writing, shall be as valid and effectual, as if all my Executors had concurred in the same.

Item, Whereas I purchased the Inheritance of the Tythes of the Parish of *Effernuch* near *Trim* in the County of *Meath*, for Two Hundred and Sixty Pounds *Sterling*; I bequeath the said Tythes to the Vicars of *Laracor* for the Time being, that is to say, so long as the present Episcopal Religion shall continue to be the

National Eſtabliſhed Faith and Profeſſion in this Kingdom: But whenever any other Form of Chriſtian Religion ſhall become the Eſtabliſhed Faith in the Kingdom, I leave the ſaid Tythes of *Efferknock* to be beſtowed, as the Profits come in, to the Poor of the ſaid Pariſh of *Laracor*, by a Weekly Proportion, and by ſuch Officers as may then have the Power of diſtributing Charities to the Poor of the ſaid Pariſh, while Chriſtianity under any Shape ſhall be tolerated among us, ſtill excepting profeſſed *Jews*, *Atheiſts* and *Infidels*.

Item: Whereas I have ſome Leaſes of certain Houſes in *Kevin's-ſtreet*, near the Deanry-Houſe, built upon the Dean's Ground, and one other Houſe now inhabited by * *Henry Land*, in *Deanry Lane*, alias *Mitre-Alley*, ſome of which Leaſes are let for forty-one Years, or forty at leaſt, and not yet half expired, I bequeath to Mrs. *Martha Whiteway* my Leaſe or Leaſes of the ſaid Houſes. I alſo bequeath to the ſaid *Martha* my Leaſe of forty Years of *Goodman's Holding*, for which I receive Ten Pounds *per Annum*, which are two Houſes, or more, lately built. I bequeath alſo to the ſaid *Martha* the Sum of Three Hundred Pounds Sterling, to be paid her by my Executors out of my ready Money, or Bank Bills, immediately after my Death, as ſoon as the Executors meet.

* Sexton of St. *Patrick's* Cathedral.

I leave, moreover, to the ſaid *Martha* my repeating Gold Watch, my yellow Tortoiſe-Shell Snuff-Box, and her Choice of four Gold Rings, out of ſeven which I now poſſeſs.

Item: I bequeath to Mrs. *Mary Swift*, alias *Harriſon*, Daughter of the ſaid *Martha*, my plain Gold Watch made by *Quare*, to whom alſo I give my *Japan* Writing Deſk, beſtowed to me by the Lady *Worſeley*, my ſquare Tortoiſe-Shell Snuff-Box, richly lined and inlaid with Gold, given to me by the Right Honourable *Henrietta* now Counteſs of *Oxford*, and the Seal with a *Pegaſus*, given to me by the Counteſs of *Granville*.

Item: I bequeath to Mr. *Pfolliot Whiteway*, eldeſt Son of the aforeſaid *Martha*, who is bred to be an Attorney, the Sum of Sixty Pounds, as alſo Five Pounds to be laid out in the Purchaſe of ſuch Law Books, as the Honourable Mr. Juſtice *Lyndſay*, Mr. * *Stannard*, or Mr. † *Mc Aulay* ſhall judge proper for him.

Item: I bequeath to Mr. *John Whiteway*, youngeſt Son of the ſaid *Martha*, who is to be

* *Eaton Stannard*, Eſq; Recorder of the City of *Dublin*.

† *Alexander Mc Aulay*, Eſq; Counſellor at Law, and made Judge of the Conſiſtorial Court, *Nov.* 1745.

brought up a Surgeon, the Sum of one Hundred Pounds, in order to qualify him for a Surgeon, but under the Direction of his Mother; which said Sum of One Hundred Pounds is to be paid to Mrs. *Whiteway*, in Behalf of her said Son *John*, out of the Arrears which shall be due to me from my Church-Livings (except those of the Deanry Tythes, which are now let to the Reverend Doctor *Wilson*) as soon as the said Arrears can be paid to my Executors. I also leave the said *John* Five Pounds, to be laid out in buying such Physical or Chirurgical Books, as Doctor *Gratian* and Mr. * *Nichols* shall think fit for him.

Item: I bequeath to Mrs. † *Anne Ridgeway*, now in my Family, the Profits of the Lease of two Houses let to *John Cowsly*, for forty Years, of which only eight or nine are expired, for which the said *Cowsly* payeth me Nine Pounds Sterling, for Rent yearly. I also bequeath to the said *Anne* the Sum of one Hundred Pounds Sterling, to be paid her by my Executors in six Weeks after my Decease, out of whatever Money or Bank Bills I may possess when I die: As also three Gold Rings, the Remainder of the seven above-mentioned, after Mrs. *Whiteway* hath made her Choice of four; and all my small Pieces of Plate, not exceeding in Weight

* *John Nichols*, Esq; Surgeon-General.

† Daughter to Mrs. *Brent*, and who for many Years had been his faithful domestic Friend.

one

one Ounce and one third Part of an Ounce.

Item: I bequeath to my dearest Friend *Alexander Pope*, of *Twickenham*, Esq; my Picture in Miniature, drawn by *Zinck*, of *Robert*, late Earl of *Oxford*.

Item: I leave to *Edward*, now Earl of *Oxford*, my Seal of *Julius Cæsar*, as also another Seal, supposed to be a young *Hercules*, both very choice Antiques, and set in Gold: Both which I chuse to bestow on the said Earl, because they belonged to her late most excellent Majesty Queen *Anne*, of ever Glorious, Immortal and truly Pious Memory, the real nursing Mother of all her Kingdoms.

Item: I leave to the Reverend Mr. *James Stopford*, Vicar of *Finglass*, my Picture of King *Charles* the First, drawn by *Vandike*, which was given to me by the said *James*; as also my large Picture of Birds, which was given to me by *Thomas* Earl of *Pembroke*.

Item: I bequeath to the Reverend Mr. *Robert Grattan*, Prebendary of St. *Audeon*'s, my Gold Bottle-Screw, which he gave me, and my strong Box, on Condition of his giving the sole Use of the said Box to his Brother Dr. *James Grattan*, during the Life of the said Doctor, who hath more Occasion for it; and the second best Beaver Hat I shall die possessed of.

Item:

Item: I bequeath to Mr. *John Grattan*, Prebendary of *Clonmethan*, my Silver Box, in which the Freedom of the City of *Cork* was presented to me; in which I desire the said *John* to keep the Tobacco he usually cheweth, call'd Pigtail.

Item: I bequeath all my Horses and Mares to the Reverend Mr. *John Jackson*, Vicar of *Santry*, together with all my Horse-Furniture: Lamenting that I had not Credit enough with any Chief Governor (since the Change of Times) to get some additional Church-Preferment for so virtuous and worthy a Gentleman. I also leave him my third best Beaver Hat.

Item: I bequeath to the Reverend Doctor *Francis Wilson*, the Works of *Plato* in three Folio Volumes, the Earl of *Clarendon*'s History in three Folio Volumes, and my best Bible; together with thirteen small *Persian* Pictures in the Drawing-Room, and the small Silver Tankard given to me by the Contribution of some Friends, whose Names are engraved at the Bottom of the said Tankard.

Item: I bequeath to the Earl of *Orrery* the enamell'd Silver Plates to distinguish Bottles of Wine by, given to me by his excellent Lady, and the Half-length Picture of the late Countess of *Orkney* in the Drawing-Room.

Item: I

Item: I bequeath to *Alexander Mc Aulay*, Eſq; the Gold Box, in which the Freedom of the City of *Dulin* was preſented to me, as a Teſtimony of the Eſteem and Love I have for him, on Account of his great Learning, fine natural Parts, unaffected Piety and Benevolence, and his truly honourable Zeal in Defence of the legal Rights of the Clergy, in Oppoſition to all their unprovoked Oppreſſors.

Item: I bequeath to *Deane Swift*, Eſq; my large Silver Standiſh, conſiſting of a large Silver Plate, an Ink Pot, a Sand Box and Bell of the ſame Metal.

Item: I bequeath to Mrs. *Mary Barber* the Medal of Queen *Anne* and Prince *George*, which ſhe formerly gave me.

Item: I leave to the Reverend Mr. * *John Worral* my beſt Beaver Hat.

Item: I bequeath to the Reverend Doctor *Patrick Delany* my Medal of Queen *Anne* in Silver, and on the Reverſe the Biſhops of *England* kneeling before her Moſt Sacred Majeſty.

Item: I bequeath to the Reverend Mr. *James King*, Prebendary of *Tipper*, my large

* Vicar to the Dean of *Chriſt-Church*, and Maſter of both Choirs.

gilded

gilded Medal of King *Charles* the First, and on the Reverse a Crown of Martyrdom, with other Devices. My Will, nevertheless, is, that if any of the above-named Legatees should die before me, that then, and in that Case, the respective Legacies to them bequeathed, shall revert to myself, and become again subject to my Disposal.

Item: Whereas I have the Lease of a Field in Trust for me, commonly called the *Vineyard*, let to the Reverend Doctor *Francis Corbet*, and the Trust declared by the said Doctor; the said Field, with some Land on this Side of the Road, making in all about three Acres, for which I pay yearly to the Dean and Chapter of St. *Patrick's* ***

Whereas I have built a strong Wall round the said Piece of Ground, eight or nine Feet high, faced to the South Aspect with Brick, which cost me above Six Hundred Pounds *Sterling*: And likewise another Piece of Ground as aforesaid, of half an Acre, adjoining to the Burial Place, called the *Cabbage-Garden*, now tenanted by *William White*, Gardener: My Will is, that the Ground enclosed by the great Wall, may be sold for the Remainder of the Lease, at the highest Price my Executors can get for it, in Belief and Hopes, that the said Price will exceed Three Hundred Pounds at the lowest Value.

For

For which my Succeſſor in the Deanry ſhall have the firſt Refuſal; and it is my earneſt Deſire, that the ſucceeding Deans and Chapters may preſerve the ſaid *Vineyard* and Piece of Land adjoining, where the ſaid *White* now liveth, ſo as to be always in the Hands of the ſucceeding Deans during their Office, by each Dean leſſening one Fourth of the Purchaſe Money to each ſucceeding Dean, and for no more than the preſent Rent.

And I appoint the Honourable *Robert Lyndſay*, one of the Judges of the Court of Common-Pleas; *Henry Singleton*, Eſq; Prime Serjeant to his Majeſty; the Reverend Doctor *Patrick Delany*, Chancellor of St. *Patrick's*; the Reverend Dr. *Francis Wilſon*, Prebendary of *Kilmacktolway*; *Eaton Stannard*, Eſq; Recorder of the City of *Dublin*; the Reverend Mr. *Robert Grattan*, Prebendary of St. *Audeon's*; the Reverend Mr. [illegible] Prebendary of *Clonmethan*; the Reverend Mr. *James Stopford*, Vicar of *Finglas*; the Reverend Mr. *James King*, Prebendary of *Tipper*; and *Alexander M'Aullay*, Eſq; my Executors.

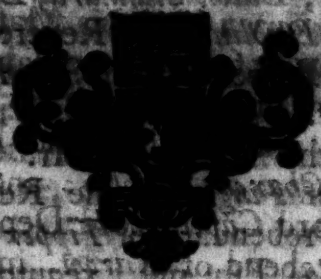
In Witneſs whereof, I have hereunto ſet my Hand and Seal, and publiſhed and declared this as

as my last Will and Teſtament, this Third Day of *May*, 1740.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

Signed, ſealed and publiſhed by the above-named Jonathan Swift, *in Preſence of Us, who have ſubſcribed our Names in his Preſence,*

Jo. Wynne.
Jo. Rochfort.
William Dunkin.



JONA-

JONATHAN SWIFT was born *November* 30, 1667, in *Hoey's Alley* in *Warburgh* Parish, *Dublin*; being, as appears from his own Teſtimony *, *a younger Son of a younger* Branch *of a Family not undiſtinguiſhed in its Time*, and which, from this Produce, we may venture to ſay, will for ever remain ſo. His Father, a Lawyer (if we may credit ſome late *Memoirs*) caught the Itch on his Return from a Circuit, by lying in a foul Bed, and loſt his Life by uſing a Mercurial Preparation for the Cure of it. The Son was educated at home, till he was ſent to *Kilkenny* School, from whence he went to *Trinity College*, in the Univerſity of *Dublin*, where he was entered a Penſioner in *April* 1682, under Dr. *George Aſh* †, afterwards Biſhop of *Clogher*; took his Bachelor of Arts Degree at *Dublin*, *February* 1685, his Maſter of Arts Degree at *Oxford* [illegible] was ordained a Deacon in 1694, and [illegible] *January* in the ſame Year, was admitted into Prieſts Orders, in *Chriſt Church*, *Dublin*; and ſoon after preſented by Lord *Capel*, Lord Deputy of *Ireland*, to the Prebend of *Kilroot*, in the Dioceſe of *Connor*; which he reſign'd in Favour of a poor Man with many Children. On *February* 1699 he was preſented to the Rectory

* Letter XLI. to Lord *Bolingbroke*, 1729.
† Dr. *Swift* to Mr. *Pope*, Letter II. 1715.

of

of *Agher*, and the Vicarages of *Laracor* and *Rathbegan* in the County of *Meath*; and was collated by the Archbishop of *Dublin* to the Prebend of *Dunlavan* in the Cathedral of *St. Patrick's*. In *February* 1701, he took his Degree of Doctor in Divinity; and, upon the Promotion of Dr. *Sterne* to a Bishoprick, was presented by the Crown to the Deanry of *St. Patrick's*, by Letters Patent *May* 16, 1713, and died *October* 17, 1745.

A Let-

The following Letter being no leſs characteriſtic of him in his younger Days, than his Will in his latter, we ſhall here ſubjoin it.

——— *Talis ad imum*
Qualis ab incepto.

A Letter from Dr. SWIFT *to the Reverend Mr.* KENDALL, *Vicar of* Thornton *in* Leiceſterſhire.

SIR, *Feb.* 11, 1691.

IF any Thing made me wonder at your Letter, it was your almoſt inviting me to do ſo in the Beginning, which indeed grew leſs upon knowing the Occaſion, ſince 'tis what I have heard from more than one in and about *Leiceſter*. And for the Friendſhip between us, as I ſuppoſe *yours* to be real, ſo I think it would be proper to imagine *mine*, until you find any Cauſe to believe it pretended; though I might have ſome Quarrel at you in three or four Lines, which are very ill beſtowed in complimenting me. And as to that of my great Proſpects of making my Fortune, on which, as your Kindneſs only looks on the beſt Side, ſo my own cold Temper and unconfined Humour is much greater Hindrance than any Fear of that which is the Subject of

your Letter. I ſhall ſpeak plainly to you, that the very ordinary Obſervations I made, with going half a Mile beyond the Univerſity, have taught me Experience enough, not to think of Marriage, till I ſettle my Fortune in the World, which I am ſure will not be in ſome Years. And even then itſelf, I am ſo hard to pleaſe, that I ſuppoſe I ſhall put it off to the other World. How all this ſuits with my Behaviour to the Woman in hand you may eaſily imagine, when you know that there is ſomething in me which muſt be employed; and, when I am alone, turns all, for want of Practice, into Speculation and Thought; inſomuch that in theſe ſeven Weeks I have been here, I have writ and burnt, and writ again, upon almoſt all Manner of Subjects, more than perhaps any Man in *England*. And this is it, which a Perſon of great Honour in *Ireland* (who was pleaſed to ſtoop ſo low as to look into my Mind) uſed to tell me, that my Mind was like a conjured Spirit, that would do Miſchief if I would not give it Employment. 'Tis this Humour that makes me ſo buſy when I am in Company, to turn all that Way: And ſince it commonly ends in Talk, whether it be Love, or common Converſation, it is all alike. This is ſo common, that I could remember twenty Women in my Life, to whom I have behaved myſelf juſt the ſame Way, and, I profeſs, without any other Deſign, than

of

of entertaining myſelf when I am very idle, or when ſomething goes amiſs in my Affairs. This I always have done, as a Man of the World, when I had no Deſign for any Thing grave in it, and what I thought (at worſt) a harmleſs Impertinence. But whenever I began to take ſober Reſolutions, or (as now) to think of entering into the Church, I never found it would be hard to put off this Kind of Folly at the Porch. Beſides, perhaps in ſo general a Converſation among that Sex, I might pretend a little to underſtand where I am, when I go to chooſe for a Wife, and think, that tho' the cunningeſt Sharper of the Town may have a Cheat put upon him, yet it muſt be cleanlier carried than this, which you think I am going to top upon myſelf. And truely, if you know how metaphyſical I am that Way, you would little fear I ſhould venture on one, who has given ſo much Occaſion to Tongues. For tho' the People is a lying Sort of Beaſt (and, I think, in *Leiceſter* above all Parts that I ever was in) yet they ſeldom talk without ſome Glimpſe of a Reaſon; which I declare (ſo unpardonably jealous I am) to be a ſufficient Cauſe for me to hate any Woman, any farther than a bare Acquaintance, except all Things elſe were agreeable, and that I had mathematical Demonſtrations for the Falſhood of the firſt, which if it be not impoſſible, I am ſure is very

like it. Among all the young Gentlemen that I have known, who have ruined themſelves by marrying, (which, I aſſure you, is a great Number) I have made this general Rule: That they are either young, raw, and ignorant Scholars, who, for want of knowing Company, believe every ſilk Petticoat includes an *Angel*; or elſe they have been a Sort of honeſt young Men, who perhaps are too literal, in rather marrying than burning, and ſo entail Miſeries on themſelves and Poſterity, by an over-acting Modeſty. I think I am very far excluded from lighting under either of theſe Heads. I confeſs I have known one or two Men of Senſe enough, who, inclined to Frolicks, have married and ruined themſelves out of a Maggot. But a thouſand houſhold Thoughts, which always drive Matrimony out of my Mind, whenever it chances to come there, will, I am ſure, fright me from that. Beſides, I am naturally temperate, and never engaged in the contrary, which uſually produces thoſe Effects. Your Hints at particular Stories I do not underſtand, having never heard them, but juſt ſo hinted. I thought it proper to give you this, to ſhew you how I thank you for your Regard of me: And I hope my Carriage will be ſo, as my Friends need not be aſhamed of the Name. I ſhould not have behaved myſelf after the Manner I did in *Leiceſter*, if I had not valued my own Entertainment

tainment beyond the Obloquy of a Parcel of very wretched Fools, which I ſolemnly pronounce the Inhabitants of *Leiceſter* to be; and ſo I content myſelf with Retaliation. I hope you will forgive this Trouble; and ſo, with my Service to your good Wife,

I am, Good Couſin,

Your very [*] *Friend and Servant,*

JON. SWIFT.

[*] There ſeems to have been a Word omitted here through Haſte.

FINIS.

BRITISH MUSEUM
4
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58

THE WORKS OF Doctor *SWIFT.*

VOLUME THE THIRTEENTH.

Consisting of

His WILL; with some LETTERS and POEMS never before printed.

BRITISH MUSEUM
4
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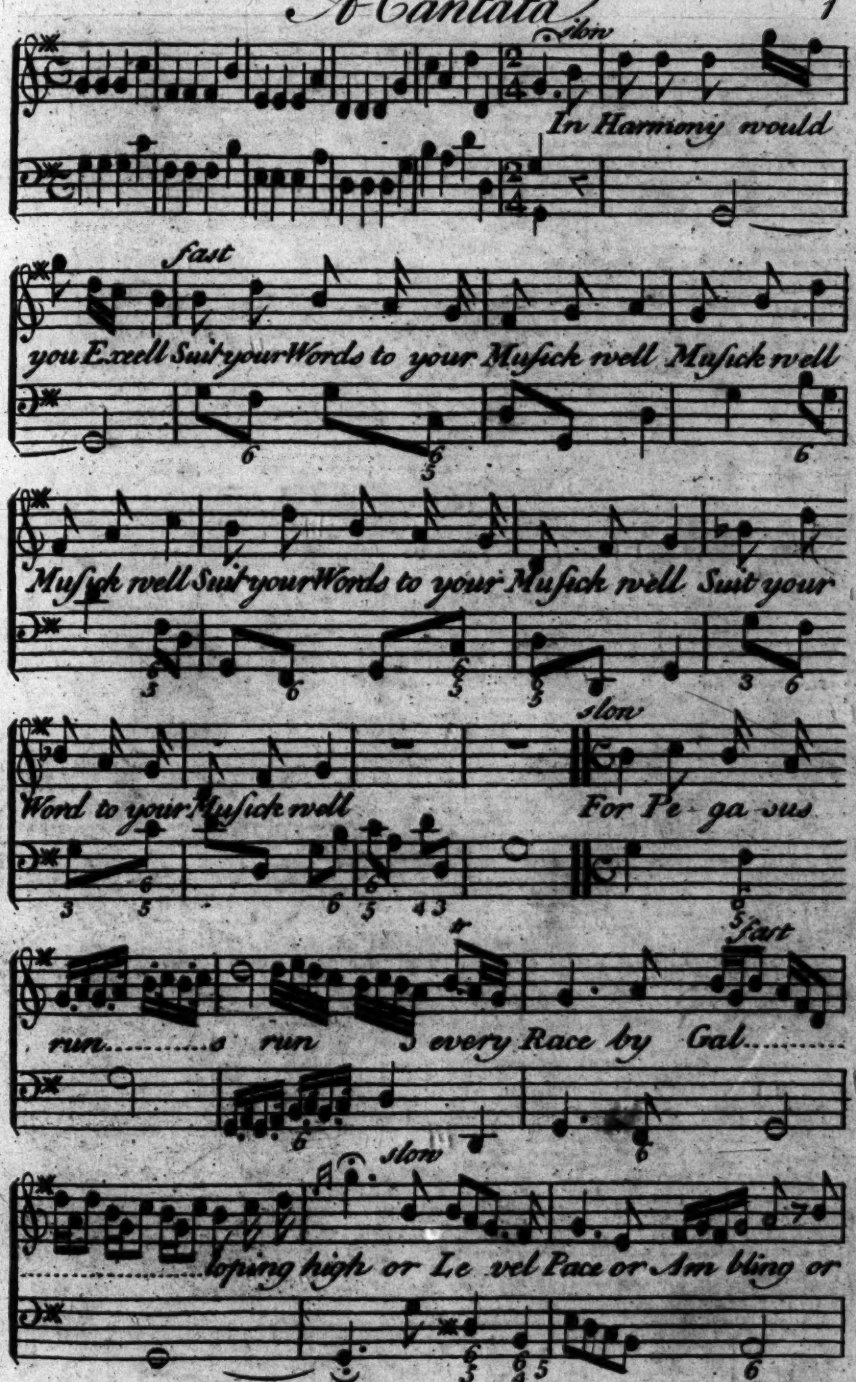
JAN

A Cantata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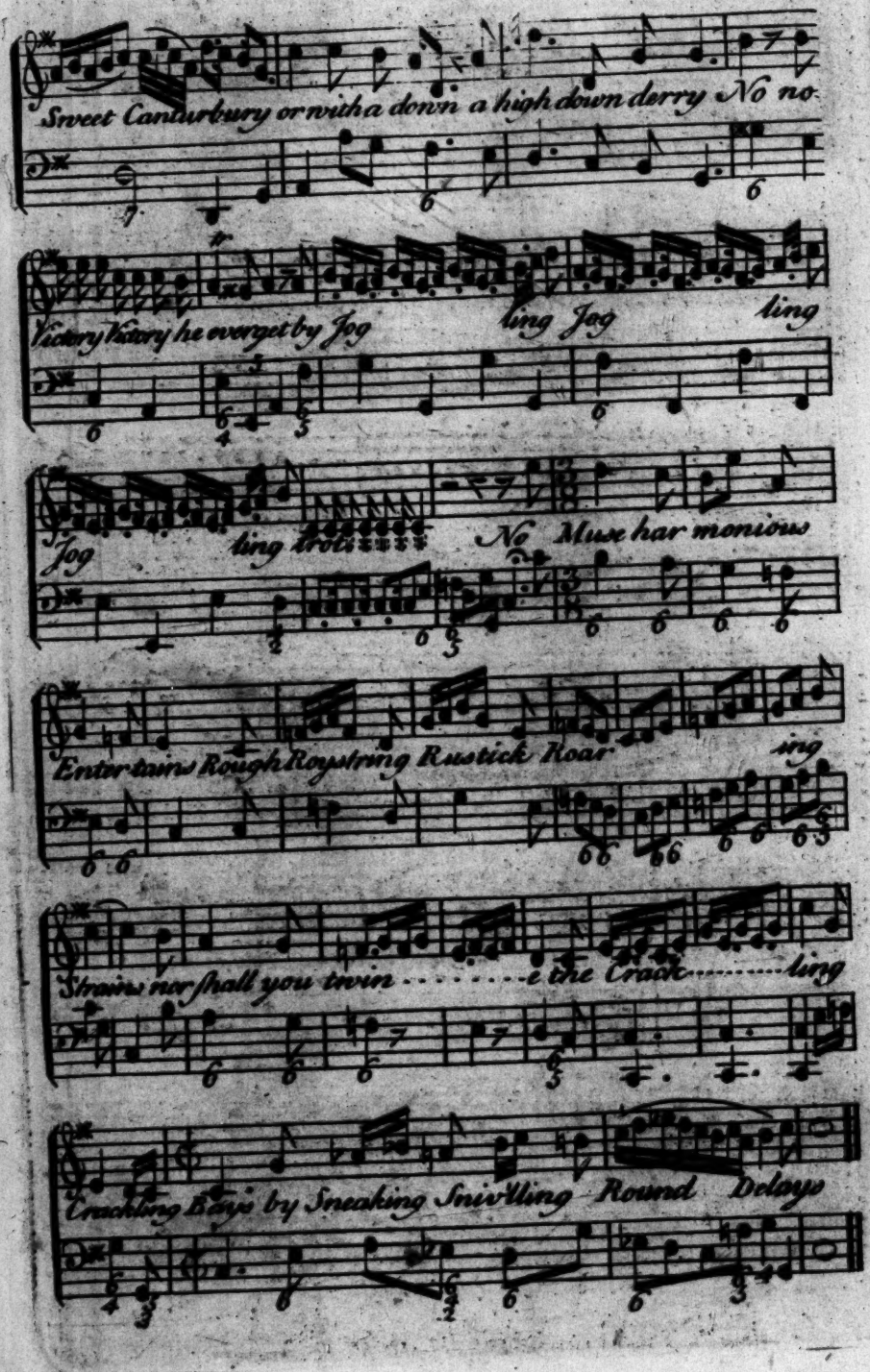
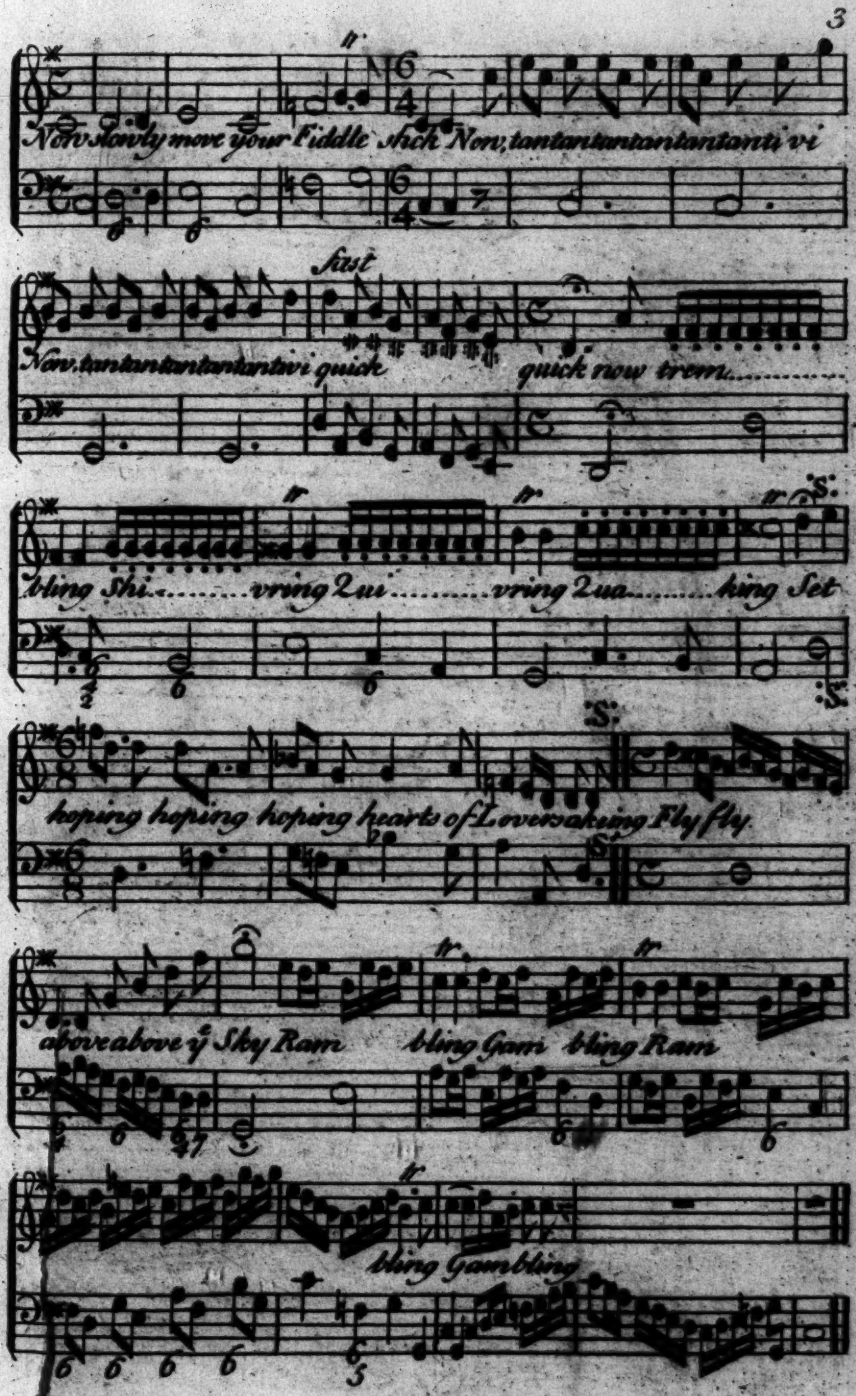
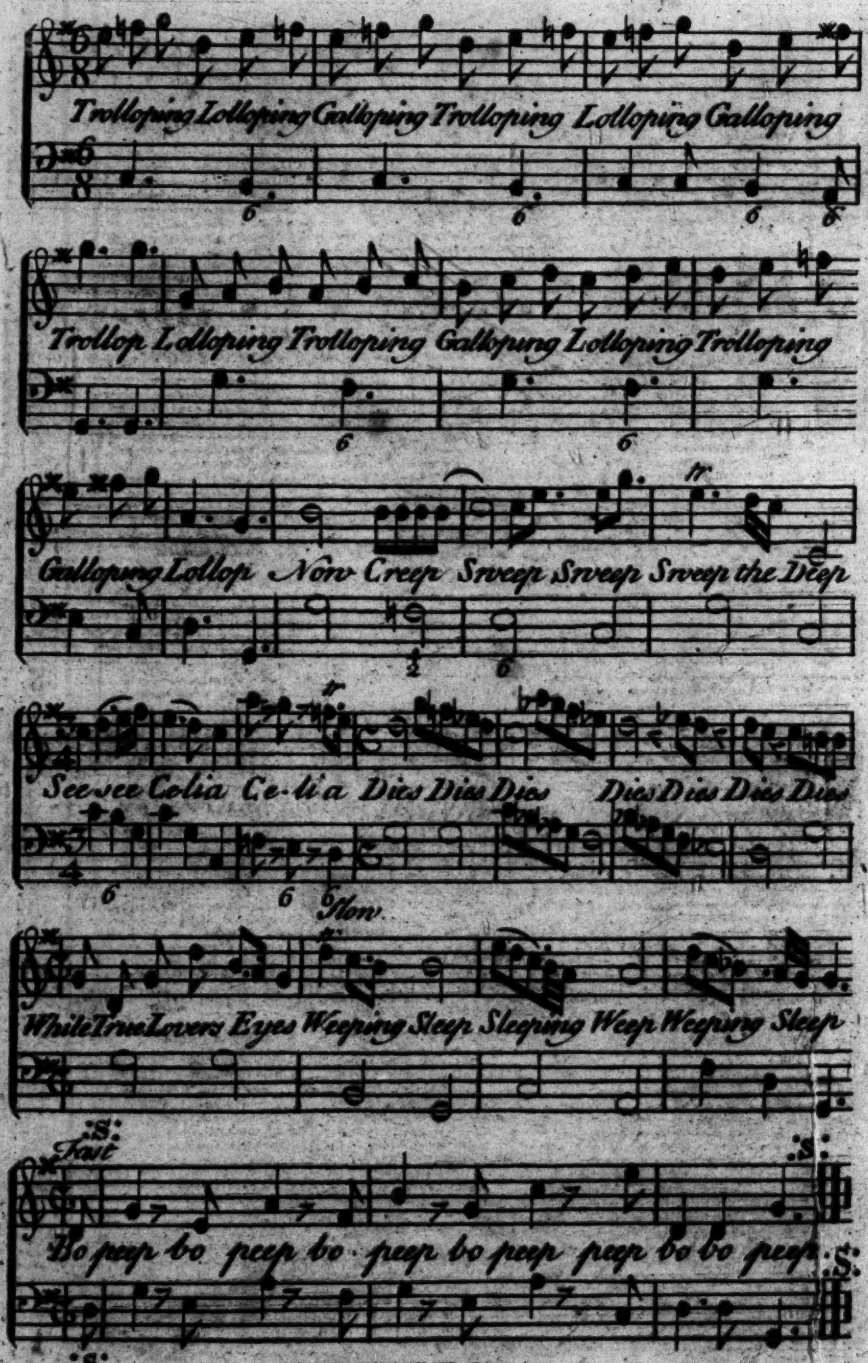
slow
..... loping high or Le vel Pace or Am bling or


Sweet Canturbury or with a down a high down derry No no
Victory Victory he everget by Jog ling Jog ling
Jog ling trot No Muse har monious
Enter tains Rough Roystring Rustick Roar ing
Strains nor shall you twin ..... e the Crack ..... ling
Crackling Bays by Sneaking Sniv'lling Round Delays


Now slowly move your Fiddle shck Now, tantantantantantanti vi
fast
Now, tantantantantantivi quick quick now trem.....
bling Shi.....vring Qui.....vring Qua.....king Set
hoping hoping hoping hearts of Lovers a king Fly fly
above above ye Sky Ram bling Gam bling Ram
bling Gambling



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